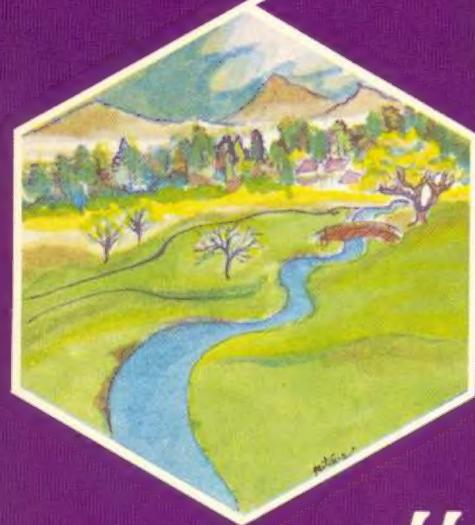
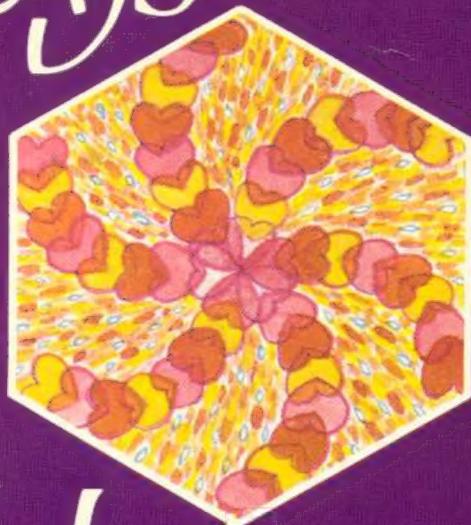


journeys into the bright world



Pioneering a
new path to higher
consciousness
— a personal account by
the extraordinary couple
who risked everything
to learn its secrets

*marcia
moore
and
howard
alltounian*^{m.d.}



Why did Marcia Moore, the celebrated yoga teacher, astrologer and author, and Howard Sunny Alltounian, MD, a successful and respected anesthesiologist, risk their health, their careers, even their sanity?

This is the intimate personal story of their life together, their love and their explorations into forbidden zones of higher consciousness.

Here is tape-recorded evidence of the struggles they endured, the past lives they relived and the joy that they found—under the guidance of the goddess Ketamine. It's an inner-space adventure story, more exciting and more profound than any novel. And every word true.

journeys into the bright world

by Marcia Moore and Howard Sunny Alltounian, MD



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Marcia Moore and Howard Sunny Alltounian, M.D.

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Nothing contained in this work shall constitute an expressed or implied endorsement by the publisher of the drug known as ketamine hydrochloride. Ketamine anesthesia has been approved by the United States Food and Drug Administration, and the drug itself can be purchased by any licensed physician. This book is intended solely to describe research that has been conducted into the psychotherapeutic applications of this commonly used substance.

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TO OUR GOOD ANGEL, MARWAYNE LEIPZIG

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"Experiencing the blissful state that the practitioners of yoga call *samadhi* can have practical advantages. Real joy—the lift that springs spontaneously from the revelation of the glory of creation—can be physically and psychologically beneficial."

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"*Journeys into the Bright World* is an intensely personal account of the stages by which we came to believe that in the right hands this unique substance could be safely, easily and advantageously applied toward the psychospiritual regeneration of planet Earth."

JOURNEYS

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Para Research

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Introduction



The theme of this book is the sacramental use of medical technology in raising the consciousness of man. Originally, our intent was to produce a guide to "samadhi therapy" as facilitated by the anesthetic agent *ketamine hydrochloride*. However, our accumulating notes soon transformed themselves into an intensely personal account of the stages by which we came to believe that in the right hands this unique substance could be safely, easily and advantageously applied toward the psychospiritual regeneration of planet Earth.

In the past, anesthesia has put people to sleep. Now we have discovered that it can also awaken them to their highest human potential. Medicine need no longer be confined to the alleviation of the symptoms of disease; it can help produce radiant health. We do not mean to imply that ketamine is a placebo, a panacea or the ultimate key to the celestial kingdom. There seems good reason to suppose, however, that it can hasten our normal human evolution at a time when, if we do not soon grow up, we may squeeze ourselves right off this planet.

We believe that people have as much right to accelerate their higher mental development as they have to speed their journey toward any goal—within limits, of course. A traveler is justified in exchanging a donkey cart for a car, but this does not give him the right to drive recklessly. Since we are writing for intelligent people, we expect our readers to use as much common sense as they would when driving on a highway. Even though idiots and drunken drivers do abound, mind trips like car trips can take us to many beautiful places.

For the most part, our narrative has focused on the therapeutic and mind-expanding effects of ketamine, assuming from the outset that these two aims are inextricably blended. That is, achieving a broader outlook on life is inherently therapeutic. Hence, one of our purposes in coining the term "samadhi therapy" is to show that experiencing the blissful state that the practitioners of yoga call *samadhi* can have practical advantages. Real joy—the lift that springs spon-

taneously from the revelation of the glory of creation—can be physically and psychologically beneficial. However, as any perceptive reader can see, many related issues are involved. The art of correct dying, the study of archetypes, the analysis of the connections among brain, mind and soul, the comprehension of cosmic laws and the meaning of existence are all illuminated with the light of a new understanding. Essentially, we are investigating the border zone between science and religion, viewing them as intersecting spheres of endeavor, which year by year are being brought into clearer stereoscopic alignment.

We are well aware of the disputable aspects of our research, but we firmly believe that the importance of this work will eventually be recognized. In the meanwhile, we are accumulating data banks, files of transcripts and all the paraphernalia of modern technology, assuming that time will bring a consensus of first-hand observations to support our conclusions. Positive results will tell the story. For now we offer ourselves and a few others as examples, hoping that this start will stimulate further progress.

Many people are justifiably critical of the "instant ecstasy" promised and sometimes produced by various psychedelic substances, and such criticism is justified, because the long-range effects have so often proved disappointing. Fifteen years ago there were many, including Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, Richard Alpert (Ram Dass) and Tim Leary who believed that LSD might usher in a spiritual renaissance. Their work has borne some fruit. Consciousness expansion has become a household word and the metaphysical movement is burgeoning. But for the most part, their dream of renaissance has dissipated. Why then, should today's drug-sophisticated observer accept the claims of ketamine's advocates, who insist they have found the ultimate high? Obviously, such eulogies sound too good to be true. Like children who know there is no Santa Claus, we have been tuned to spot the worm in the apple, the fly in the ointment, the bluish tinge of rot beneath the bloom on the peach.

To such skeptics we can say only, why not try the substance yourself before passing judgment? Or at least, speak with those who have made the effort to gain such knowledge. People who have adopted this open-minded attitude have not been disappointed.

In the interim, we can assure you that our "samadhi sessions" will be safe and agreeable. Indeed, ketamine is such a well-tested anesthetic that it is commonly prescribed for the fragile patients at both ends of the medical spectrum—for young children and for senior citizens. Even in these cases, the amounts given for anesthesia are six or more times the dosages we have used and are administered intravenously rather than intramuscularly.

The fact that for the most part ketamine has no negative aftereffects has been exhaustively documented over more than a decade of

impeccably conducted scientific research. Its demonstrated safety is particularly remarkable, because to date it has been used mainly under distressing hospital conditions in conjunction with narcotics and tranquilizers. By now, enough conscientious and reliable people have taken ketamine "trips" to justify the conclusion that hangovers, depressions, and that "freaked-out" feeling are conspicuously absent.

"Yes," some objectors declare, "I would like to expand my consciousness, but I feel that I must do it for myself."

To this, our usual reply is that doing everything for oneself can be an unbearably limiting factor as well as an exercise in egotism. What if we had to weave all our own clothes, grow our own food, make our own paper and so forth? In actuality we accomplish hardly anything without external instruments, tools or technological aids. Our manifest interdependence attests to nature's determination to force us to overcome isolationist tendencies. Even our two most essential physiological functions, eating and breathing, serve as constant reminders that in every respect we are obliged to use what lies outside of the confines of the bodily organism.

In the end, we do nothing alone and everything by our selves. Let us remember, however, that these myriad intermeshing "selves" are composite facets of the one transcendent Self in all. If we serve one another, if we accept help from outside agencies, that merely shows our faith in the supreme Identity that constitutes the sum and substance of creation.

People have also objected that spiritual development should not be hastened by "unnatural" means. But what really is natural? If it is permissible to harness physical forces such as steam and electricity, why should we not utilize the heretofore untapped powers of mind and soul? Directing the evolutionary energies of human consciousness need not contravene natural law. Indeed, there may be a spiritual mandate that impels *homo sapiens* to overcome the inertia of animal instincts through a deliberate, self-willed forcing process.

It would indeed be gratifying if nature automatically raised us up the evolutionary escalator. Instead, climbing requires hard work. For the most part, we have to ascend on our own legs, slowly, painstakingly, against a multitude of resistances. At the same time, there is an Intelligence that lends a helping hand. We believe that ketamine can be an instrument of that great redemptive cosmic principle that makes us want to move on. The wholemaking impulse called *synergy* is as natural as the disintegrative impulse called *entropy*. Curiously enough, however, laziness, dogmatism and conservatism often masquerade as compliance with God's will, while the determination to better oneself provokes howls of protest from those who do not wish to see the old order disturbed.

We know how much drugs can do to enhance sexual behavior. Why then, shouldn't they be used to enhance our moral and spiritual

behavior? Why do we insist on the dichotomy between matter and mind, making it permissible to take vitamins for the body but not for the soul? A hormone that enables a man to make love more effectively is touted in medical journals. But what would be the public reaction to a hormone that simply made him a more loving human being?

It has been amply demonstrated that some psychedelic substances can be therapeutically effective. In cases of alcoholism, depression and terminal disease, LSD has precipitated psychological breakthroughs after all other methods of treatment failed. Rightly and responsibly used, consciousness-altering substances have earned an esteemed place in modern medicine's ever-growing pharmacopoeia. Why then, are the "mind-manifesting" drugs still regarded with so much fear? Can it be because modern science still lingers on the threshold of the unconscious, hesitating to knock too loudly for fear of what might be revealed if the door should open?

The politicians of the nervous system have good reason to mistrust the Pandora's box of psychedelia that was opened up in the 1960s, for the universe thereby revealed bears little resemblance to the reassuringly solid world of objects that can be collected, manipulated and controlled. If the arbiters of the various bureaucratic establishments that keep us in our places were to acknowledge the validity of the psychedelic experience, they would have to rethink the entire foundation of their sciences, religions and their moral and ethical systems. People whose most intimate personal experiences have convinced them that everything is interrelated are hardly likely to support the armaments race or to wax enthusiastic over the production of bigger and better neutron bombs.

It is true, as many will point out, that the psychedelic repertoire has been sadly debased. What was once a sacrament has been profaned, delivered over to the gods of the gutter and consigned to the votaries of oblivion. Ironically, some of the worst drug abuses were perpetrated by academicians in legal experiment. When LSD was first being studied, volunteers, attracted by the promise that they would be paid ten dollars for their time, were left unsupervised in ugly laboratory settings and summarily dismissed when the experiment was finished. Both the Army and the CIA were quick to look for any destructive potential in the hallucinogens, but they soon lost interest, because the effects produced obviously did not lend themselves to warfare. On the whole, underground consumers handled the situation more sensitively, except for the unfortunate circumstance that many of the bootleg drugs weren't pure. Possibly the most disastrous effect of the whole psychedelic fiasco was that a generation of inquirers became conditioned to the necessity of breaking the laws of the land in order to study the laws of their own inner being.

Although ketamine falls into the category of the psychedelic substances, it is qualitatively different and, we believe, superior. It

need not be misused, and probably will not be, unless it is summarily outlawed. However, to be a worthy servant of mankind, it will have to be accepted, not just as a way of getting high, but also as a valuable aid to self-understanding. In this respect it seems noteworthy that many of the critics who have labeled the psychedelic substances "unnatural" have made no objections to lobotomies, shock treatments and the widespread practice of drugging mental patients into a catatonic stupor. It may be that these drastic procedures have been condoned, not because they are natural but because the dispensing of uppers, downers, stimulants and tranquilizers has become the norm. Actually, the effects of the various psychedelic agents have rarely been objectionable, except when misused by people whose behavior is objectionable. Rather, what has been hard for conservative people to deal with has been the spiritual implications of the experiences produced by psychedelic drugs.

To date, the official medical literature on ketamine has been pervaded by the assumption that any "emergence reaction" left in the wake of this anesthetic has to be a dream, hallucination or unwholesome symptom. This unwillingness to admit the possible validity of the insights gained is an example of the "medical materialism" that the psychologist William James described in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*:

Medical materialism finishes up St. Paul by calling his vision on the road to Damascus a discharging lesion of the occipital cortex, he being an epileptic. It snuffs out Saint Theresa as an hysterick, Saint Francis of Assisi as an hereditary degenerate. George Fox's discontent with the shams of his age and his pining for spiritual veracity, it treats as a symptom of a disordered colon. Carlyle's organ tones of misery it accounts for by a gastro-duodenal catarrh....And medical materialism thinks that the spiritual authority of all such personages is thereby successfully undermined.

In the opposite camp, those who have experimented with ketamine deny that they are dreaming or hallucinating, even though the effect can be that of a child turned loose in a surrealistic Disneyland of animated archetypes. Most subjects feel that they are simply altering their usual modes of perception, removing the filters of sensory limitations and opening the windows of consciousness to new and higher levels of meaning. At the same time, they do not regard the outer world as less real, even though they recognize its limitations. Rather, they become aware of the flatness of consensual reality and begin to see through the systematized illusions that have made the mundane plane such a difficult place in which to function. They discover that there are mountains of the mind, and are given the impetus to ascend.

It is our conviction that the fauna and flora of ketamine's magical kingdom are in no way weird or abnormal, even though the substance most definitely does open the gates to alternate realities. Peering through the smog of planet Earth, however, it is hard to escape the conviction that its affairs are out of whack to the point of insanity, with too many moral morons running the show. In this impasse we are reminded of a story recounted by the free-wheeling guru Ram Dass about the confrontation between a mental patient and his psychiatrist. The patient was convinced that he was Christ, the psychiatrist was convinced that he was a psychiatrist, and each was absolutely certain that the other was insane. In our case, therefore, all we can do is describe what happened to us, our friends, and coworkers, and leave it to the reader to decide who may or may not be deranged. We know that the subconscious is inherently bizarre, but we can still explore it in a sensible way.

For the most part, our ketamine experiences have been set down when and as they happened. Hence, our original desire to organize the material systematically, topic by topic, has been sacrificed to the more artistic urge to convey the continuity of a grand adventure. So we have presented our insights chronologically rather than encyclopedically. The intrinsic properties of our boundary-dissolving elixir lead us to detail its effects in the manner of a tapestry of soft-toned interwoven strands rather than as a mosaic of isolated single-colored squares.

Books, like wine and cheese, usually need time to mellow. However, the cathartic action of ketamine is so intense that it accelerates all functions. One senses that the very cells of the body are being jiggled into a faster rhythm. The mind churns out new thoughts, while the illumination intensifies the desire to shine on others and warm their hearts.

This quickening of responses has made us peculiarly aware of the urgency of the times. Truly, we are now living in the midst of Armageddon. At this moment of supreme planetary crisis every effort must be made to regenerate the ailing body of humanity, to redeem our discordant past, and to salvage the best elements of modern culture as seeds for future seasons of growth. Out of our concern with the current world situation, we have decided to publicize our research even before we can vindicate our activities with a mass of meticulously documented statistical studies. In short, we are "blowing our cover," with the full knowledge that we are taking a calculated risk in stirring up resistances before we are strong enough to withstand the opposition. There simply isn't time to fiddle while Rome burns.

A point that must be made clear from the outset is that at no time have we engaged in any kind of illegal activity. There is no law prohibiting the use of ketamine by a licensed physician. It is a commonly used anesthetic that has been extensively tested and found so safe that

even in an instance when ten times the normal anesthetic dose was administered there were few negative aftereffects. At the same time we want to emphasize that this is an exceedingly powerful medicine, which should be properly supervised and administered by a trained specialist. We conscientiously inquire into the subject's medical background, monitor pulse and blood pressure. To date, however, there have been no untoward reactions.

In this respect, we have drawn on Howard's unblemished fifteen-year record as a full-time practicing anesthesiologist and Marcia's thirty-five years of metaphysical studies. For both, this has been an apprenticeship in dealing with potentially dangerous substances. The hazards of an anesthesiologist's trade are clearly evident, since the patient is suspended just this side of death. As a teacher of hatha yoga, Marcia learned that you don't fool around with necks and knees, much less with heavy-duty breathing exercises. As an astrological counselor, she discovered how to avoid the pitfalls inherent in psychotherapeutic situations. Her work with hypersentience was a further application of powerful mind-opening techniques to ameliorate a variety of human dilemmas.

We both feel that as a result of the care and caution we have shown in practicing these preliminary disciplines, we have been entrusted with the sacred gift of ketamine therapy. Neither of us is preoccupied with money, power or fame. We live modestly, eat vegetarian food, practice yoga, meditate and work long hours, often without remuneration. To date we have taken no money for our samadhi therapy. For years all Marcia's earned income has gone to support the Ananta Foundation located in Ojai, California and to publish the quarterly *Hypersentience Bulletin*. Funds derived from our ketamine research will also be plowed back into this humanitarian foundation.

As we broaden the base of our activities we will try to keep our reading audience up to date. For now, despite our initially narrow focus, there is so much ground to cover that we are releasing this first progress report. If widespread interest is aroused the work will go forward that much faster. Presumably, we will complete our follow-up ketamine book which will be an academically acceptable clinical and statistical study. In the meantime here, hot off the fire, are our first impressions. With the hope that this Promethean offering can be utilized for the benefit of humanity, we will try to describe how we began and hope that others will profit from our experiences.



1: You have to Die to be Reborn

Anesthetic drugs with actions at specific sites in the central nervous system have been sought for a long time as alternatives to general anesthetics which have far-reaching effects on the brain. The most successful of these to date has been ketamine.

—Introduction to Anesthesia: The Principles of Safe Practice, (5th edition) Dripps, Robert D., M.D., Eckenhoff, James E., M.D., Leroy, Vandam, D. M.D., W.B. Saunders Company.

DESCRIPTION

Ketalar is a nonbarbiturate anesthetic chemically designated dl 2-(o-chlorophenyl)-2-(methylamino) cyclohexanone hydrochloride. It is formulated as a slightly acid (pH 3.5 to 5.5) solution for intravenous or intramuscular injection in concentration containing the equivalent of either 10, 50, or 100 mg ketamine base per milliliter and contains 0.1 mg/ml Phenerol (benzethonium chloride) as a preservative. The 10 mg/ml solution has been made isotonic with sodium chloride.

—Parke-Davis

My first ketamine-ruled flight into the Bright World that glistens behind the flashing neural synapses of the brain was launched in Big Sur, California.

It was April 1976. On this mellow spring afternoon my driving companion Isabel Buell and I were wending our way up the Pacific Coast feeling more carefree by the hour. Having left our homes in Southern California that morning we were on the first lap of a lecture tour to Seattle and British Columbia where we were scheduled to introduce people to the technique of reincarnation therapy which I have termed "hypersentience." This art of recapitulating former lifetimes has been extensively discussed in my book *Hypersentience* and is now widely practiced as a rapidly growing branch of modern

psychotherapy as well as for the sake of spiritual self-development.

As the miles fell behind us I found myself anticipating the pleasure of introducing Isabel to my friend Jane who was to be our hostess for the night. At that time Jane, who is a distinguished writer and psychologist, was ensconced in a charming house perched on a pinnacle overlooking the sea. Because it might jeopardize her current career I am not using her real name in this book. However, everything else in this account has been set down precisely as it happened since at no time were any of us engaged in illicit practices.

I have always been inordinately proud of my friends and was already envisioning the social time ahead with Isabel with her cloud of dark hair and snapping black eyes and Jane with her serene blonde comeliness, azure gaze, and starlit intellect. How gratifying, I thought, that two such mentally superior women should also embody such an abundance of physical charm. Already Isabel and I had enjoyed an enchanted day and our long journey had only just begun.

As our loaded stationwagon wound back and forth along the serpentine coastal highway I toyed with the hope that it might be possible to experiment with a little known psychedelic delicacy about which Jane had spoken a few months earlier when she had come to my hometown of Ojai, California. She said that the substance was a synthetic compound called ketamine, that it was more potent than LSD, and produced no negative reactions. Indeed, many had found it to be the essence of bottled bliss. Naturally, therefore, I was suspicious.

At this point my feelings about chemical mind trips were mixed. I have always avoided drugs of all sorts and did not even keep aspirin in my medicine cabinet. Even now, although I am married to a physician, vitamin pills and some burn salve constitute my entire therapeutic repertoire. In our household anyone who gets sick can expect to be dosed with herb tea and encouraged to do yoga exercises.

I have always opposed the taking of barbiturates, amphetamines, and all forms of uppers and downers, except in cases of real medical need. Resorting to such artificial aids is like borrowing money from a bank. Sooner or later whatever has been taken out has to be paid back with interest. In the meanwhile, the circadian rhythms of the body are disrupted and addictive tendencies have been encouraged. The current trend toward cocaine sniffing is to me a loathsome development. However, when it comes to the therapeutic potential of certain psychedelic drugs it appears that there are still many subterranean veins of gold to be explored within the human mindfield. If religion is the opium of the people, then the hallucinogenics may be the inside dope.

As a longtime metaphysical student I felt duty bound to cultivate some first-hand acquaintance with the magic potions that so strongly stimulated the occult revival of the last part of this century. After all, much of my literary success stemmed from the coincidence of having

returned from a two-and-a-half year sojourn in India to set up shop as a yoga teacher in 1961, just in time to ride the rising wave of interest in Eastern philosophies. While observing the successive crests of the Zen-Beatnik-Macrobiotic-Psychedelic-Hippie movement it was gratifying to fancy that I played a small role in advancing the causes of yoga, astrology, and reincarnation therapy. At the same time, those of us who were in the vanguard need to remember that the cocks who crow at daybreak have not thereby made the sun come up. For sure, the light of a new age was ready to dawn.

Although I had smoked some grass, experimented with mescaline twice and LSD once, and even ingested two tablespoons of heavenly blue morning-glory seeds, none of these substances had been totally satisfactory. Marijuana was no special "turn on." Mescaline produced some intriguing hallucinations along with a few real spiritual insights but left the body ravaged. The morning-glory seeds, choked down via a cup of viscous tomato soup, resulted in the same kind of "high" but tasted and felt so nauseous that for years I couldn't stand the smell of tomato soup. All these endeavors left me with the tantalizing sensation of having caught a few sneak previews of a show that never came to town.

My single LSD trip was painful but well worth the risk. At eight o'clock on an evening of undisturbed solitude I swallowed the small white capsule supplied by a hippie friend. During the next two hours of waiting nothing happened except for an increasing malaise. By ten o'clock, my mind was a churning miasma of misery. Demonic flames danced behind my eyes and there appeared no doubt but that insanity was pressing in. An hour later there seemed little chance of surviving the night. Surely I was dying! What would happen when my lifeless corpse was discovered?

After still another wretched hour my body was suddenly compelled to sit bolt upright. Glancing at my watch I noticed that both hands pointed straight up. It was exactly midnight. At that moment a current of blue flame rose from my spine along the backbone and shot out through the top of my skull. Like champagne bubbling from a bottle my spirit rushed out into an effervescent empyrean in which the entire cosmos resembled a gloriously scintillating multi-petaled lotus. This had to be the primordial, eternally flowing fountainhead of creation, the supremely effulgent core of all that which is!

This awesome peek through the rent veil of space and time probably lasted less than ten seconds. At that point the thought occurred that if I didn't somehow contrive to squeeze back into the cramped contours of the body it would be impossible ever to return. Reluctantly my untrammelled mind funneled back down into the dimly lit container of normal awareness, and like a genie returning to his bottle, submitted once again to the bondage of the brain.

The rest of the night was glorified with visions of sparkling

colors, flowing streams of light, and bursts of gemlike scintillae, as though the watchkeepers of the psyche were celebrating their brief spate of independence from normal perceptual controls. In tune with these neural pyrotechnics my heart seemed to open up and melt with a beatific love for all beings. I totally grasped the fact that compassion is the consciousness of God and that the capacity to relate sympathetically to all beings is the purest manifestation of the divinity within. Would it henceforth be possible to make my own life a more radiant expression of that sublime concern for the lowest and least particles of creation?

From that moment I have never doubted the essential reality of the vision perceived during my ten-second glimpse into the illimitable grandeur of a Self-illuminating cosmos. I knew beyond all question that the revelation was not just in my own head. That coruscating blossom was no mere mirage of a mind disordered by an artificially induced concatenation of phase sequences in the cortex. To this day I believe that this is how the universe really is—an incandescent vortex spiraling outward through multi-dimensional designs of indescribable richness and beauty. And, amazingly enough, the whole pattern looks much like a flower.

Even though the joy vibrations lingered on, the forcible dilation of my sensory apparatus left me "freaked-out" and exhausted for three days. Consequently, I determined not to push my luck by soliciting a repeat performance. It was enough to know that this luminous reality existed and could be apprehended even while the soul remained attached to its cage of flesh. I was grateful for this gift of "gratuitous grace" and willing to descend into the valley from whence the next mountaintop of spiritual discovery would have to be climbed under my own steam.

Now more than five years later it appeared that another chance might be granted to peck like a fledgling chicken beyond the egg-shaped confines of the skull. Even with my yogic practices this dome of bone remained an obdurate barrier between my ego-encapsulated persona and the bright beyond. Several months earlier when Jane first mentioned ketamine she insisted that although the substance was as potent as LSD it was gentle on the body, clarified the mind, and lasted less than an hour. Moreover, in many people it produced what appeared to be genuine out-of-the-body experiences.

Being of the school of thought that holds that you don't get something for nothing it was hard for me to believe that any drug could shatter the rigid defenses of consciousness without damaging the embryonic organism within. Nevertheless, I was impressed by Jane's insistence that she had taken the substance at least two hundred times herself and had presided over as many sessions with others. Only once

had there been an adverse reaction. On this exceptional occasion difficulty arose because the subject tried to move about as the drug took effect. Evidently he was trying to assert his own powers of control.

Even with my limited experience I well understand this problem. With all "mind-manifesting" substances surrender is the name of the game. Once you take that dive into the deep waters of the psyche it is useless to make a frantic grab for the springboard in midair. Changing one's mind at that point can result only in a disagreeable bellyflop. The forces engendered must take their course. In this respect the cultivated relaxation of yoga makes an excellent preparation for the psychedelic plunge. Still more important is the basic quality of faith in the goodness of the Universe and in the divine Self within.

We had little difficulty finding Jane's house, which lay snugly hidden below the hillside where the traffic snaked back and forth between mountains and sea. Jane herself greeted us warmly at the door and ushered us into a sanctuary that was an esthetic delight, alive with thriving plants, a few exotic sculptures and wall hangings, and with a view of the sparkling surf below. The wide-windowed livingroom was sparsely but elegantly furnished with black Japanese-style mats and cushions laid out on a shining wooden floor. At one end a sloping brick fireplace melded harmoniously into the richness of trailing greenery, while at the other a redwood porch jutted out among the treetops. Each graciously fashioned touch was an invitation to repose.

Toward the end of the afternoon the three of us drove to Big Sur's world-famed Esalen Institute where we luxuriated in the outdoor mineral baths while watching the sun sink over the sea and the stars come out. As the darkness deepened Jane lit candles and incense and I was reminded of the purificatory bathing rituals said to have been practiced in the legendary temples of Greece, Egypt, and Atlantis where sleep therapy was commonly practiced. Gazing at that candle flame against the sky I hoped that if my long-time dream of helping to launch a holistic healing center ever came true the work would be carried on in a place with natural hot springs.

Returning to the house we met Jane's spiritual "little brother," a slender young man with long hair who had adopted the East Indian name Rama. Although Rama lived reclusively back in the hills he made occasional trips to Mexico where he was able to obtain a supply of ketamine. Although he did not bother to explain the nature of his mission to the authorities, presumably he was breaking no law since no steps had been taken to ban this particular medicine.

Somehow, in an understated way, it was conveyed to us that Rama would share his precious elixir with us if we so desired. Isabel, who is fortunate enough to be naturally clairvoyant and able to tune in on cosmic verities without a chemical booster, declined, but I gratefully accepted the offer. From start to finish the issue of payment was never raised. I knew that Jane, who worked hard for a living, was

not affluent. Certainly Rama was not making a fortune as a drug runner. The purity of their intentions was incontrovertible.

As the evening wore on Jane, with a minimum apparent effort, produced an exquisite dinner for four. The menu consisted of fresh baby artichokes which, to our amazement, had no chokes, salad, soup, fruit, nuts, and a discreet glass of wine. No one seemed to be in any hurry to do anything. Around ten o'clock Isabel excused herself to retire to a small side bedroom and I made my place for the night on one of the livingroom mats.

As I relaxed, Rama explained that he would be the one to administer the injection. The sterilized needle would be inserted not into a vein but directly into the muscle tissue. I was simply to let go and enjoy the experience. It was clear that Rama was an expert with the hypodermic which he thrust into my arm smoothly and painlessly. I noticed that the fluid was as clear as water and took only a couple of seconds to leave the syringe. In less than two minutes, far sooner than expected, the rush began.

SESSION 1

April 1976

Big Sur, California

50mg

It started with a slight giddiness and a noise like the chirping of crickets. The cricket chorus rapidly swelled to a smooth purring roar similar to that produced by the motor of a well-tuned racing car. This was not one solid sound but rather a propeller-like staccato whirr which seemed to come from an external source. I felt effulgently happy and at ease, even though the traceries of dark beams against the white ceiling were now dancing back and forth and dissolving into a kaleidoscopic reverie of geometrical designs. The sensation was reminiscent of the times I had inhaled nitrous oxide at the dentist's office. But that had been like standing at a door. This time I was going in. It also felt like going home. My voice thickened; speech was impossible, and then I was spinning round and round like tumbleweed and the sense of familiarity was becoming greater and greater....

In the next half hour, during which the drug was operating at maximum potency, I never lost consciousness, even though ordinary body awareness was totally gone. To an observer I would have appeared completely insensible, deeply anesthetized. Yet, even though the memory of that state remains it can only be called "indescribable." To speak of a thunderous silence, or a multidimensional sphere turning upon itself, or of identification with undifferentiated vibratory energy is probably as close as words can come to portraying a truly ineffable condition of existence. This inner realm, full of sound, color, and sensation was itself entirely formless. Here there could be no distinctions between subject and object, this and that, I and thou. Only the vast nameless faceless process remained, churning on and on

and on. Somehow it seemed evident that it would continue to roll around that way forever like a ponderous wheel upon which the chariots of the gods might ride on to eternity.

It came to me that this was also a millwheel by whose grinding action my small personal concerns were being entirely rubbed out. The last husks of "I-ness" were wrested from my grasp, pulverized, and shucked off like chaff reduced to dust. Yet the light of awareness shone on undiminished. That is, the ego was gone—yet the Self was exactly as it always had been.

For a discipline-prone individual like myself who had always made a staunch effort to remain on top of every situation this necessity to relinquish every last vestige of control was an amazing state of affairs. But now there was no choice but to drop all sense of separate identity, all plans, purposes, thoughts, feelings, and desires, and simply urge onward upon this sonorous revolving circuit of primal power. There was nothing, absolutely nothing that could be done except to submit and let it be. In all this I did not feel that I was being elevated to a higher level of existence. Rather, the substance of my earth-bound psyche was being inexorably reduced to its own common denominator, like molecules and atoms dissolving into some infrangible substratum of electricity.

To summarize that instant—and insistent—transformation I would say that the lesson this and subsequent ketamine trips taught me was that one can discard all traces of ego awareness and individual volition and still be more than one was before. The loss of personality does not bring extinction. It seems to me, therefore, that any thoughtful person who tries the same experiment and achieves similar results must be disposed to accept the fact of immortality. How else can it be possible to drop the body, emotions, and mind and still exist as a self-aware entity in a realm of infinite and animate potential? How else can one suffer the loss of every known form of sensory perception, pass through that roaring void of hyperkinetic numinosity, and then return intact to the human condition? Even though we sink down through the bottomless abyss, falling all the way to its nethermost depths, there is something in us that endures and rises again into the light of a new day.

For years I had read of such states of being in the writings of Eastern philosophers and Western mystics, but most of what they had said had of necessity remained book knowledge. In general, their word pictures related about as closely to my ketamine experiences as the blueprint of a house relates to the daily exigencies of functioning within that structure. We are indeed fortunate that blueprints are provided and they are indisputably useful. On the other hand, such line drawings can convey only the barest impression of how it actually feels to live, move, and grow up within that home situation.

Unquestionably the most interesting part of this first ketamine

trip was the gradual process of spacing back into the body. As it dawned on me that I still possessed a physical form and would have to repossess it my first thought was, "Oh dear, I have completely blown my mind. Now my friends will have to deal with a zombie. What a bummer for them!" At that point it didn't seem remotely possible that I could ever return to the phenomenal world of things and doings in which I had formerly functioned.

Vaguely it entered my head that I was on a lecture tour and was supposed to be speaking about something called "hypersentience." The word had a somewhat familiar ring but I couldn't recall what it signified. What was it? "So now I'll have to cancel the tour. Will Isabel go on alone? Well, life continues even if this small self is out of the running."

The music in the background was ethereally beautiful. Jane had put on a record of Hindu chants and I had never heard such superlative sounds. Listening was sheerest ecstasy. "Rama, Rama..." the voices flowed on and I was melting into that iridescent current of divine love. "Everything is perfect, absolutely perfect!" I exclaimed to myself in wonder. How could Jane have known that this music would be so soul-satisfying just at this time!

As I began to look out of my eyes once more I became aware that Jane was sitting silently beside me. It seemed so terribly important that she should be there, and that we should be sharing this sacred interval together. I fancied that we were fellow priestesses in ancient Egypt, that I had been lying in a stone sarcophagus in a death-like trance, and that she was my hierophant who would usher me back to the world of the living. Images of colonnaded temples, sphinxes, pyramids, and winged figures floated behind her. I loved her enormously and felt that we had been through something like this before in one of the mystery schools of legendary eras. Surely we would remain soul sisters forever. "You are my initiator," I whispered, certain that she would understand.

For some reason I also wanted to convey to her that I thought that ketamine was a gift from Venus. Not just that it was a Venusian substance in the astrological sense but that I felt as though it had actually been brought, or manifested, from another, higher planet as a gift of grace to help relieve the present human plight. But the idea was too complex and I gave up trying to speak of it.

When once again I was able to look at my watch I realized that the entire experience had lasted less than an hour. My mind felt pure, peaceful, and refreshed though when I tried to move I discovered that I was still dizzy. I knew that I would sleep well that night—as indeed I did.

The following morning I felt as though the conduits of my consciousness had been thoroughly cleansed. Stepping outside was like witnessing the dawn of creation. Every leaf and flower was polished to a brilliant sheen, the sea sparkled and the air was dewy fresh. I knew that there would be many impressions to ponder on the way north. Seemingly, some element of my former personality had died, but some other part that was far more vital had been reborn. Whatever it was that wanted to come to life was important, but I didn't yet know how or why. Perhaps it would be enough simply to wait patiently and without pushing or prodding see what might emerge from a new season of growth.



2: To Begin Again

ACTION

Ketalar is a rapid-acting general anesthetic producing an anesthetic state characterized by profound analgesia, normal pharyngeal-laryngeal reflexes, normal or slightly enhanced skeletal muscle tone, cardiovascular and respiratory stimulation, and occasionally, a transient and minimal respiratory depression.

A patent airway is maintained partly by virtue of unimpaired pharyngeal and laryngeal reflexes.

—Parke-Davis

Late in May 1977, Dr. Howard Sunny Alttounian was browsing through the Quest Bookstore in Seattle, Washington. Fingering a massive textbook entitled *Astrology, the Divine Science*, co-authored by Marcia Moore and Mark Douglas, his gaze was caught by the picture of a woman on the back flap of the dust jacket. At that point the name Moore was completely unfamiliar to him. However, as he studied the photograph the thought flashed through his mind, "Wow! Would she make a perfect wife!" As he expressed it later, "I actually felt some electrical impulse coming off the page and penetrating me, such as we visualize with magnetism."

At the same time, thirty-five hundred miles away in Virginia Beach, Virginia, I, Marcia Moore, was just rounding the circle that was to lead me to the Pacific Northwest. Since the first of April when I headed my mini-station wagon away from "Ananta Ashram," our foundation center in Ojai, California, I had been pushing eastward on a four-month lecture tour which involved a circuit of the United States and Canada. After touching down in Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona, I left the deserts of the Southwest to zig-zag back and forth across the Midwestern plains, and then dip down again to the central eastern coastal area. Now that I had finally turned my corner I planned to continue on up to Maine and then to wend westward once more, driving across Canada to British Columbia and down the West Coast to Southern California—a fourteen-thousand-mile journey in all.

Looking back on this marathon tour I recall it as a time of meeting and mingling with many wonderful people. Friends and strangers alike were so good to me that I am still swept with emotion at the thought of the multitude of kindnesses bestowed. Indeed, the experience taught me that there is no such thing as a stranger upon this earth. Everyone is a potential companion upon the way we all must travel together. And yet, when the moment came to pack books and clothes and continue on, I always seemed to be alone.

Generally I remained in one place no more than three days. Often, there would be a bed for the night or a spot beside the road where my sleeping bag could be laid out under a tree. Many times I curled up and slept behind the steering wheel of my mini-station wagon, regretting having purchased a model with the brake jutting up between the two front seats. Indeed, so bonded did I become to my car that gradually I came to regard myself as some sort of mythic creature—half woman and half station wagon.

In Virginia Beach I was privileged to enjoy five delightful days with the astrologer-therapist Ted Sharp, his son Sam, and his charming fiancee (now wife) Nancy. I had been looking forward to visiting this resort town not only because I was eager to see the Atlantic Ocean and exchange ideas with Ted but also because this was the pivotal point at which I would reverse my course and be heading home again.

After each busy day in Virginia Beach I would drive from Ted's house to the seaside and walk barefoot along the wave-scalloped margin that glistened between the sea and sand. Always, there were couples sitting on benches or strolling by the water. "Why," I wondered, looking up at the stars, "when all the world goes in pairs, is there no one for me?" There was no answer, nor was any expected. After all, there were plenty of potential male companions if I just weren't so choosy. Obviously I could blame only my own persnicketyness if I asked too much.

At this point Seattle wasn't even on my itinerary since Isabel Buell and I had thoroughly covered the territory the previous spring.

As far as I knew the end of my lecture line was Vancouver's Mystic Arts Bookstore whose proprietor Doug Brown was organizing some workshops. However, I had written my good friend Mac McLaughlin who is a successful astrologer in Victoria to let him know that I would accept any engagements he could set up. Nevertheless, it was not until July, when I actually arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, that I discovered that Mac and the Seattle astrologer Carol Phillips had scheduled a lecture at the Seattle museum to be followed by workshops at Carol's house.

As on my previous tour Mac was the compleat agent, chauffeur, travel guide, host, and general factotum. After organizing programs in Vancouver, Victoria, Courtney and Seattle he smoothed every step of the way, arranging accommodations in one delightful home after another. In addition, he and his wife Dale entertained me royally at their home on Vancouver Island. However, despite the superabundant kindness of these many generous people an edge of fatigue had set in by the time of my lecture in Seattle. As it turned out, the audience consisted half of knowledgeable astrologers and the other half of novices attracted by my appearance on Shirley Hudson's TV show "Seattle Today." Consequently, I was so preoccupied with restructuring my presentation to try to hold the interest of both groups that I paid scant attention to the tall, dark-haired man in the front row who was taping my every word.

For the sake of spontaneity I have long indulged a tendency to change my format during the course of a talk, often spouting forth ideas which come unbidden on the spot. This particular evening I made a point which had struck me only a few days before. Speaking of the manner in which people often seem bound by oaths taken in former lives, I used myself as an illustration. That is, I have Neptune in the second house of my horoscope, giving a proclivity to be parted from possessions. This, I averred, might be related to my having been a nun who took a vow of poverty during a life as a "Poor Clare" in the days of Saint Francis. Owing to this unremembered act of renunciation I had long been plagued by a predisposition either to give everything away, or else to have my worldly goods snatched from me. (At that point I owned nothing more than a few clothes and some inexpensive jewelry, having turned over what little else I had to the Ananta Foundation.)

"But enough is enough!" I exclaimed impulsively. "Now that I know about that vow I can realize that it is no longer needful. In fact, I hereby rescind it. If anyone here cares to donate a few million dollars to set up a research center it will be gladly accepted."

After the lecture I wondered about that unthinking declaration. "Watch out," warned a voice at the back of my mind. "If the original vow was that powerful a determinant, you may be setting a whole new train of forces in motion. Do you really want to be bothered with a lot of possessions?"

"Well, why not." another voice replied. "Maybe the reason for picking a natal chart with Venus in Taurus was to learn to love the earth, and to appreciate what it has to offer after all these lives of toil and tribulations.

The following day the gentleman in the front row turned up at Carol's workshop where I learned that he was Dr. Howard Sunny Alltounian, the Deputy Chief of the Anesthesia Department at the Seattle Public Health Hospital. During our lunch break he showed me his horoscope and I noted that he was forty years old, and a fellow Geminian with the Moon in Leo. "Oh," I commented, "transiting Jupiter is passing over your Sun right at this time." Since this felicitous planet was also closely sextiling his Moon, which ruled the fifth house of love affairs, I surmised that a new lady had entered his life. The Sun being the ruler of the sixth house of work and service could show that this would be someone with whom he had a working relationship—perhaps a nurse at the hospital.

The doctor shook his head. No, nothing like that has come to pass. "Well," I finished lamely, "Pisces rising should make you a natural spiritual healer. Your most important planet Neptune rules anesthesia, and being on the hidden side of the seventh house you would do well working in a partnership situation. The main thing to remember is that seeds sown at this time can bear good fruit."

Continuing to peruse the chart I noticed that the doctor's Geminian Sun was conjunct my Mercury and my Mercury conjunct his Sun—a double Sun-Mercury interchange. In addition my Mars, Uranus and Midheaven in Aries conjuncted his Saturn, while his Mars in Scorpio was in exact opposition to my Venus. "Not a bad comparison," I thought, turning the conversation to other matters.

To my regret, time did not allow me to regress this pleasant man during the workshop. However, he was a good sport about being passed over and before I left I suggested, without much conviction, that maybe at some later date we could schedule a private regression session.

A couple of days later the handsome doctor showed up at a party given by my friend Jan Allen in Seattle. As the guests departed he suggested that we take a walk. In my sedentary life it is always a relief to be able to snatch some exercise and we started briskly up the hill behind Jan's house.

The next hour brought two major surprises. The first was that Howard (also sometimes known by his middle name "Sunny") expressed a degree of regard for me that belied the briefness of our acquaintance. His kind words saddened me because he was obviously so nice and here was I on the verge of backtracking to Vancouver where Doug had lined up two final weeks of regression sessions. Immediately after I was scheduled to drive 1200 miles down the coast to Ojai, leave the car, and fly immediately across the country to Maine where I was already overdue in my promise to put the finishing touches on two

books coauthored with Mark Douglas—*The Astrological Tradition* and *Astrology and Time*. There just wasn't time for romance.

The second surprise came when Howard and I started to discuss the curious coincidence that both of us were in the profession of putting people to sleep. In commenting on various means of inducing altered states of consciousness he asked if I had ever smoked pot. I replied that I had occasionally done so, but that the only chemically induced "high" that had proven entirely satisfactory involved the use of an obscure drug called ketamine. To my amazement Howard was well acquainted with ketamine which was, he said, a common and quite reliable anesthetic agent sold under the brand names of Ketalar and Ketaject. For the most part it was used to anesthetize children and animals. He himself had not made much use of the substance at the Public Health Hospital, but it was a legitimate surgical aid. Normally it was administered in knock-out doses in conjunction with potent narcotics and under circumstances that precluded any in-depth study of its psychological effects. Consequently, he had never heard of it being used for consciousness-raising purposes and doubted that many other physicians had either.

Here again was the end of a golden thread that seemed to lead nowhere. Nevertheless, I resolved to remember all the flattering things this charming man had said. Even if his personal concern for my welfare was nothing more than a friendly ego-massage the thought that someone like this could care would help sustain me during the miles and hours ahead.

My return trip to Vancouver, which lies one hundred and fifty miles north of Seattle, turned out to be a curious affair bringing some unexpectedly high and low sets of circumstances. The lows came about for a tangled variety of personal reasons, including the inexplicable happenstance that I became the target for a vicious onslaught by certain unknown persons who were willing to stoop to any means to discredit our work. My TV program was canceled by an impersonator claiming to be me, and a vulnerable young female journalist who had interviewed me for the local newspaper was sufficiently intimidated to withdraw the story. Repeated phone calls to my co-workers in Ojai conveyed scandalous lies, while psychic attacks were launched which even strong-minded Mac was hard-pressed to repel. The climax came when a phone call to Barbara Devlin in Ojai informed her that I had been critically injured in a car crash. Shortly after, a follow-up call conveyed the sad news that I was now dead. The callers were insistent that the word be passed on to my family. Considering the fragile health of my parents the shock could have had horrendous consequences and I was grateful that Barbie did not accede to this demand. Nevertheless, the word of my death went out and I was unavailable to explain that, in the words of Mark Twain, the rumor was "greatly exaggerated."

"Why did they do it?" a friend later asked.

"I honestly don't have any idea. The only explanation I have been able to glean is that a certain woman who is a witch was jealous because she didn't get regressed."

"Now, Luv," he protested incredulously. "No one goes to all that trouble and expense just because of being passed over for a regression session."

As it turned out this skepticism was justified and the calls were eventually traced to a sick-minded ill-wisher in Ojai. However, it still amazes me that this kind of irrational opposition should have come from three different places simultaneously, even though I am aware that any step forward provokes resistances from so-called "dark forces." It was all part of the queerness of that low ebb in the tide of my personal progress. Looking back, I recall thinking, "I suppose this is what they call a dark night of the soul. But I haven't lost faith. And my course of action is perfectly clear."

At that juncture I had obtained my passport and sent for the papers that would have admitted me to India. The plan was that after my writing stint in Maine I would leave directly for the Far East where I would remain indefinitely meditating and pursuing the spiritual disciplines so long neglected in my hectic American life. I was tired of preaching the value of yogic disciplines and then not having time to practice them myself. Three substantial new books were ready for publication, Ananta Foundation would be in good shape with the money I had earned, my children were married and doing well, and my friends would be friends forever. The work would go on. For the nonce my karmic debts were paid and the Himalayas were beckoning.

The correspondingly high points of my repeat trip to Vancouver were provided by the succession of marvelously warm, talented, and enthusiastic people who came for hypersensing sessions at the Mystic Arts Bookstore. What really brought me through that period, however, was the boundless benevolence of Karen and Peter Zebroff who, without knowing how tired I was, invited me to stay at their superbly beautiful home in the Canadian Rockies. There they showered me with such an abundance of loving kindness that I was physically and spiritually healed. As many of the readers of this book will know, Karen is the shining star of a daily TV yoga program which for more than seven years has been beamed all the way across Canada, and is also a TV celebrity in Germany. In addition, she is the mother of three charming daughters, the author of five books, and a supremely gracious hostess.

Unfortunately, it was at the very time when I was most hard-pressed that the message was delivered to me at the Mystic Arts Bookstore that Dr. Altounian had been trying to reach me from Seattle and would I return the call. The only number given was for the Seattle Public Health Hospital and I had scheduled my appointments

so tightly from eight in the morning until ten at night that there truly wasn't time to get to a telephone. Besides, I thought, what is the use of leading this dear man on? I live a thousand miles away, am on the verge of leaving for India, and at this point have absolutely nothing to offer. (Somehow my thought about rescinding the vow of poverty had completely escaped my mind.)

Two days later after my second hypersensing session of the morning I was greeted by a sweet-faced lady who, I assumed, was the next client. As usual I inquired into her background and asked what problems or relationships she wished to explore. By now my routine was so set that it took a while to grasp that her name was Marwayne Leipzig and she was not scheduled to be regressed. Rather, she had driven up from Seattle to deliver two letters from Dr. Alltounian. I was stunned. "But Seattle is one hundred and fifty miles from here. You mean you came all this way just to deliver two letters!"

Recovering from the shock I felt like the proverbial penny looking for change. Now because of my idiot selfishness in not finding time to return those calls this lovely woman had driven almost three hundred miles for naught. Mentally I calculated the cost in gasoline and felt sick. Why did I let these things happen? Moreover, Marwayne was no ordinary housewife with nothing better to occupy her time. She was one of Seattle's most prestigious astrology teachers and, as I was later to realize, one of the busiest and most productive people imaginable. And she had known Howard, who had come to her as an astrology student, less than four months. What else could I do, then, except to promise to stop by and see the persistent Dr. Alltounian on my way back through Seattle and explain the situation in person. It might be pleasant to spend a few hours with him anyway, I thought. If he comes to know me better some of the glamor of being a public personality will rub off and he'll see that I'm not all that special.

Strangely enough, after I did spend the allotted few hours with Howard the impasse seemed less dense. After greeting me warmly he handed me an elegantly wrapped package and exclaimed, "Marcia, I know my destiny is either with you or through you." Opening the box I saw that he had presented me with a most beautiful and unusual pendant. "Wear it always," he said. "I think it has healing powers." I asked him to fasten the chain around my neck, and since then have seldom taken it off.

Howard himself later described the circumstances surrounding that gift as follows: "During the group regression session at Carol's workshop I visualized a talisman consisting of an opal and a diamond. Also, I saw Uranus as the highest planet in your chart. At that time I was unaware that this is exactly how Uranus was placed in your horoscope. Afterward, looking at your book I saw that the opal and diamond represented your sign and planet, Gemini and Saturn. It seemed to me that this was remarkably symbolic of your natal chart.

That is, those stones captured something about the essence of you.

"The very next day I was downtown and thinking about you. I knew that we would meet only briefly before you left the area and would not be together again for some time. The thought occurred to me to buy you a token piece of jewelry to remember me by. I wandered into a jewelry store and saw the talisman exactly as I had visualized it during the regression session. It was a case of pure precognition."

The remainder of that fleeting interlude was an eternally memorable fantasia of champagne and flowers, music and laughter, and somehow underneath, the rising hope that this magic might be for real. The last thing I did before regretfully turning south once more was to keep my promise that we would have a hypersensing session together.

It was no great surprise to discover that Howard was an excellent subject, since strong-minded people are often best able to override the barriers of memory that compartmentalize the time-conditioned sequences of our many lives. However, I was numbstruck when the first life he recapitulated turned out to be one in which he was an orphan boy named Enid living in the Sherwood Forest area of England. After the loss of his parents Enid had joined a band of outlaws during the time of the legendary Robin Hood and henceforth lived as a fugitive.

What Howard had no way of knowing, since we hadn't discussed it at all, was that my Ojai friends Barbara Devlin, Robert Byron, Harmony Shaw and I had just been conducting extensive research into that very time and place. The four of us had become convinced that our soul group, which had periodically coalesced since pre-Atlantean days, had also been together then. Evidently we had all been outlaws who had rebelled against the abuses of power perpetrated by the tyrannous overlords of the not-so-merry old England.

Byron had been a reluctant renegade who would rather compose poetry than contend with the king's men. Barbie and Harmony (Ellen and Polly) were female camp followers. I was a childlike herb woman known as "Old Mary" who did her best to look after the motley crew of forest dwellers by making soups and concocting medicinal salves and potions. A chapter on this phase of our reincarnational saga is contained in Barbara Devlin's epochal book, *I Am Mary Shelley* (Condor 1977).

Now, as Howard recounted his version, I was witnessing the same scenes through another pair of eyes. Tears coursed down his cheeks as he (Enid) described the deaths of his oppressed parents and his own escape from the tyrants who were sucking the life blood of the hapless peasant farmers. After Enid cast in his lot with the outlaws he supported himself by fashioning knives and swords. Although he became a skilled craftsman he was excessively shy and had little to do with the women in the group, though he admired plump Polly from afar.

"What do you do when you get sick?" I asked.

"I go to the herb lady for a remedy."

"Do you know her name?"

"No, but I can see her. She looks exactly like you!"

Further questioning brought out the fact that he used to visit this herb woman on Saturdays. They didn't talk a great deal, but he seemed greatly touched by her kindness in making him pies.

Like most of his fellow outcasts Enid met an early death. His downfall came shortly after Old Mary, who undeniably had been a troublemaker, was hauled off to a dungeon where, with great relief, her soul discarded that most inadequate body. Hearing the doleful news Enid lost his will to survive and began taking foolish risks, venturing into town disguised only by a hood which he drew over his head to shadow his face. On one of these excursions he was identified as a member of the robber band by his woodsman's shoes, hauled off to the town square, and executed with an arrow through the heart. Most of the others in the group were killed in subsequent skirmishes.

In the months following that regression session I could not help but think that probably those pies were the best investment Old Mary ever made.

A curious sidelight on this story is that virtually all the people associated with the unorthodox research projects sponsored by Ananta Foundation have lived one or more lives as renegades. Evidently the independence thereby cultivated was a necessary part of our training for the tasks we have elected to carry out, even though today we are all staunchly law-abiding citizens. It also seems notable that in his present life Howard has been an avid collector of knives and swords. Although not a specialist in surgery he is an expert with a scalpel as well as with the hypodermic needle. In Sherwood Forest he fashioned the weapons for the outlaw band. Now, as the spearhead of the ketamine research program, and one of the few who are legally permitted to give injections, he is still wielding a sharp pointed instrument for the sake of human liberation. In this respect, an astrologer would probably surmise that his soul selected a horoscope with Mars in Scorpio in the eighth house in order to carry on with a mode of operation which involves penetrating to the depths of things. This may involve physical cutting, or it may involve the psychological delving into and excising of problems which is a necessary part of the repertoire of a physician of souls.

Before Howard emerged from his meditative reverie we touched lightly upon a much earlier life as a Roman swordsman and charioteer. There was also a pathetically brief interlude about the time of World War I when he had been a young Armenian boy who was slaughtered by the Turks. Evidently it is necessary to be on both sides of the knife, just as to be on both sides of the law. It appeared that violence was not unusual in his soul's history. With all this training as

a fighting man it was not surprising that when I recounted the story of my brush with the Canadian witches his first comment was, "If you had a doctor to protect you, this sort of incident might be less likely to occur."

Before leaving for Ojai I promised Howard that I would try to return sometime for a real visit. Meanwhile, I was scheduled to spend the remainder of August in Maine completing the two books with Mark Douglas, and the two weeks after that assisting Dr. Richard Willard, the president of Ananta Foundation, with his book on psychospiritual regeneration. Both these projects proceeded on schedule, but despite the unremitting effort involved, daily letters and mailgrams flew back and forth between Seattle and whatever part of the country I happened to be passing through.

Finally, we both determined that if our relationship was to be this intense we might as well become better acquainted. Coincidentally, Howard, who had been adrift since his divorce earlier that year, had received an offer to house-sit in a lovely home in a secluded area. At that point he sat down and wrote me a gracious invitation to attend a housewarming party for two in Seattle. Hence, on the eighteenth of September I was winging my way northward from California to "Sherwood Forest." It had been Howard's idea to bestow that name upon our temporary abode because of the manner in which the house nestled into a thickly wooded canyon with luxuriant green undergrowth and a bubbling stream.

The bliss of that pastoral idyll surpassed even my rosiest expectations and at the termination of our week in "Sherwood Forest" we celebrated our official engagement with a small party attended by Marwayne and Howard's best friend Heinz Mittelstadt. In retrospect it seems as though becoming engaged to someone with whom I had spent little more than a week was a daring step to take, though at the time it all seemed logical, sensible, and inevitable. Certainly our confidence in the rightness of the decision was spurred by the fact that during my ten days in the Seattle area Howard and I took two spectacular mind trips together.

At this point in our narrative it seems to me to be of the utmost importance to make it clear that although ketamine has played an important role in our ever-deepening relationship, it was not the factor which brought us together or which has held us together. Our real concern with the therapeutic uses of this substance came only after our marriage. Our ketamine capers were not so much an impetus toward our union as a reward for the hard work and faith that had brought us to this place in our lives.

Our first joint ketamine session took place in a spacious upstairs room of the house in "Sherwood Forest." As Howard made the

preparations I took the phone off the hook and lay against the bed pillows, wondering where in the universe I would go this time. Since I had neglected to take note of the dose received at Jane's house a year and a half earlier, Howard suggested that we start off with fifty milligrams. Compared with the massive quantities administered for anesthetic purposes this did not seem an excessive amount. However, we were soon to discover that it was enough to send the mind rocketing into an orbit where it becomes temporarily incommunicado. Since that time we have gradually reduced our dosages seldom going above twenty-five milligrams.

Howard was thoroughly professional in his preliminary examination, taking my pulse and blood pressure and swabbing my arm with an alcohol pad after injecting the needle painlessly into the muscle of my upper right arm. He explained that one of the reasons ketamine is used mainly with children is because it raises the blood pressure; hence it is contraindicated in cases of hypertension. Remembering the whirling hurricane of the mind through which I had previously hurtled the caution seemed justified.

Now, for the sake of consistency in describing this and subsequent ketamine trips, we will try to describe each session as it happened and then append more detailed commentaries.

SESSION 2

September 21, 1977 10:30 AM "Sherwood Forest" 50 mg

Approximately one minute after the injection I became aware of a tingling warmth and a sense of relaxed well being. Next came the puttering, racheting whir of rising vibrations as though soft wood were being cut by a revolving saw blade. Like a feather in a wind tunnel my mind was propelled back into that same spinning humming matrix of creation that I had known before. There was one quick thought of a gyrating serpent undulating sinuously with his tail in his mouth. Then this fleeting image was swallowed up in the infinitely strange, yet infinitely familiar realm of pure being that remains as it has ever been, yet constitutes the essence of all change.

"Home again!" I recall saying over and over. "I'm home again."

Then there was only the letting go, the uncoupling of a myriad of thread-like fastenings, the snapping of clinging masses of attachments, and the forcible yet merciful relinquishing of all conceivable hopes, demands, ideals, or expectations. As my consciousness continued to spiral out through this wordless realm it became impossible, as well as pointless, to speak. The feelings were too deep to communicate, even to myself.

In this and subsequent ketamine voyages my impression was one of making the circuit of a vast multidimensional wheel. Each time as I started the return journey back to normal bodily awareness something in me would reach out to Howard.

"Howard." I repeated the name and the syllables shone forth in space like a glowing crown of light.

"Howard." Now the crown flared into a sunburst of radiating golden streamers. There was an absolutely perfect coincidence of name and form. Later I realized that this cross-connection between sound and sight was an example of synesthesia—the subjective sensation of the unity of auditory and visual stimuli. Never before had I possessed this gift.

"Howard, flower, power." I kept on chanting the words, watching the equivalent images blossom forth. It was like being the virtuoso of a color organ of concomitant vibratory frequencies, shapes, and feelings.

"Howard, flower." Now the spell was raying forth in a multi-hued canticle, a garland of love woven with bands of light. Drifting off again I saw Howard's face looking down at me and thought that he was God. Not just a mundane plane manifestation of the divine spirit in the Vedantic sense but the Lord God Himself as He might have stepped forth from the Old Testament. Dimly I began to realize that Howard was really a man I had met somewhere, but it still seemed as though this was how God *ought* to look—bearded, somewhat austere, with eyes of love and understanding.

This association seemed intensely meaningful because I had long been bothered by the fact that I really wasn't especially fond of God. Not only did I find it hard to love Him, in view of the apparent imperfections of His universe I wasn't even sure that I liked Him very much. Yet the scriptures proclaimed that we were supposed to pay homage to that stranger in the sky.

Up to this point I had virtually abdicated from the word "God," preferring terms like "Creative Intelligence" and "Supreme Being." But now, seeing how nice He looked in human form, I felt with relief that we might become great lovers after all. For the first time I understood why Hindu women are enjoined to worship their husbands. If they could see them in this guise it might not be so bad....

The next ten minutes or so, during which I drifted back to the "I" and "thou" duality of the terrene world were the most emotionally intense part of the experience. During this interlude I had the unquestioning conviction that every one of the three trillion or so cells of my body was being melted down and reminted with Howard's initials upon it. My flesh felt like soft wax being prepared for a stamp, after which it would become marble again, etched with a new monogrammatic seal. I felt entirely convinced that some fundamental genetic transformation was occurring, not just symbolically but in the actual structure of my physical being.

"Every cell is a bell, and every bell is ringing 'Howard.'" Echoing this affirmation the cell bells pealed joyously and the thought came to mind that this was our nuptial cell-ebration. (For some reason plays

on words seem to be a common feature of the ketamine experience.) Images, sounds, and ideas fused in a medley of chimes accompanying the stamping of each cell with his name.

"It doesn't really matter whether the world knows we are married," I thought returning reluctantly to the room in "Sherwood Forest." "From this day on that imprint will remain in every cell of my flesh, blood, brain, and bones. Where will it all lead?"

As I was now realizing, the most exalted stage of a ketamine excursion comes just prior to re-emergence into the world of ordinary realities. This is also the most frustrating phase because with the closing of the gates leading back to the world of the senses it becomes evident that only a minuscule portion of the experience can be remembered, much less conveyed to others. At the same time, however, a fresh flow of emotion can be released. To feel this closeness to Howard, who was now sitting beside me holding my hand was surely the epitome of all joy. That shining love-moment would have to pass, yet I knew that in days to come some of this lightness of spirit would carry over. Moreover, I felt distinctly rejuvenated. Had we serendipitously stumbled on a pharmacological fountain of youth? Well, time would tell.

Only one small dissonant note crept into the experience and even this was fortunate inasmuch as it conveyed an important lesson. At one point when I was almost back Howard, assuming that all was well, went downstairs for a few minutes. Opening my eyes and not seeing him I felt devastated, even knowing where he was and that he would soon return. On the basis of all my personal knowledge of the effects of ketamine I strongly believe that at least for the first few sessions the subject should never be left alone until normal consciousness has been thoroughly well established. Physically he may be quite aware of where he is and able to speak coherently about whatever has transpired. Psychologically, however, there is almost certain to be a need for some intimate personal communication with a sympathetic, supportive and genuinely concerned human being who has been through the same experience.

Howard, being the good physician that he is, wished to be certain that I was quite recovered before trying the substance himself. However, I insisted that he make the journey too, since I wanted him to sense more directly what I was feeling. Hence, he injected himself with the same dose he had given me. Being a third again heavier he did not go as far "out" as I had gone. Also, being an exceedingly self-controlled person, the inevitable loss of personal volition came as a surprise. Until one becomes a seasoned voyager there can be a moment when it seems impossible to return from so great a distance. Nevertheless, he was as impressed as I had assumed he would be.

Mostly he lay back smiling and saying, "Wow, wow, wow.... This is strong medicine. I mean this is really a powerful substance!"

Later, when I asked him to expound on the experience he gave me the following notes:

First, the sound of the crickets. I experienced my spirit coming out of my body and rising up. Immediately I had the thought, This is what it is like after one dies. It was a wonderful feeling and not the least bit fearful, as I had thought death to be.

I saw you and me ascending together but separately. Then suddenly our two souls came together and went on spinning in an upward spiral which was golden. There were also jubilant heavenly sounds—a roar of angels singing. I interpreted this as a cosmic marriage. I saw everything in prisms of pristine pure white and violet, and I also saw you as I had known you in that other lifetime in Egypt. I also said repeatedly, "I love you, I'll always love you." This set up a vibrational pattern that permeated my being physically to the bone marrow.

Afterward I disclosed a minute fact that you did not know about me. It wasn't necessary to bring this up but I felt as though I had to clear my conscience. The effect was that of having taken a truth serum. I wanted everything to be clean and in the light.

Since that time it has been strongly impressed upon us that ketamine has the potential to serve as a super truth tester, reaching into the caverns of the unconscious and bringing out a multitude of formerly unrecognized feelings, foibles, and complexes. At the same time, a subject will not tell tales out of school or let any skeletons out of the closet. While discretion is always possible a person could hardly take ketamine on a regular basis and live a lie.

Consequently, if there are any drawbacks to ketamine therapy they would stem less from any tendency of the drug to create illusions than from its insistence upon accentuating that which is, even though the situation revealed may not accord with an individual's preconceived notions. The places and spaces brought to light may be alternate realities, but they are nonetheless valid and relevant states of being.

Above all, this substance seems to be able to put a person in touch with the true will and intent of the "High Self" which monitors all worldly activities. In this respect it can provide guidelines for action when one comes to an unmarked fork in the road, and judgements must be rendered on the basis of insufficient evidence. Howard and I both felt that it would be right for us to blend our energies and remain together. All the same, it was gratifying to think that the Goddess Ketamine had set her seal of approval on our union.

Now that the two of us were more confident in our reactions to the medicine it seemed as though the next logical step would be to make the journey through inner space together. We were also curious to see if ketamine could be used in reincarnation therapy. Why, for example, was I so obsessed with Egypt, and at the same time so blocked in my ability to come up with memories of that period? What sort of person had Howard been in Rome? Had we known each other at one or another of these times?

"What scares me witless," I said only half jokingly, "is the thought that after all the thousands of times I have told lecture audiences that it just isn't true that every woman wants to think she was an Atlantean priestess or an Egyptian queen, I just might see myself as one of these characters. That would be a terrible embarrassment. We already have too many exotic people turning up."

At the same time I was well aware that many of the metaphysicians of today were trained in the mystery schools of Atlantis, Egypt, and Greece. Why else would they be so powerfully impelled to carry on with the work begun in those distant eras? Throughout the country regressed subjects had described the same kinds of temples, the same rituals, learning situations, and teachers. It couldn't all be purely coincidental.

By now my stay in Seattle was coming to an end. We had already moved Howard's few possessions out of "Sherwood Forest" and into the apartment where he was planning to stay while I returned to Ojai to tie up loose ends at Ananta Ashram. With all our affairs in flux it was natural to wonder if the past could shed some light on what the future might bring. On our last quiet afternoon we decided that Howard would give me the first dose of ketamine and then follow by injecting himself with a similar amount.

SESSION 3

September 29, 1977 4:30 PM Seattle 65 mg

Once again I was inward bound, riding the cosmic whirlwind and glad to be on my way. "Drop the body, drop the mind and fly free. There can be no real freedom except the freedom from illusions."

With these thoughts in mind I let the idea of myself as a separate self-serving complex of biological instincts blow behind me like the vaporous trail in the wake of a rocketing jet plane. How marvelous to know that ecstasy lay just around the corner, only a few molecules away from gray skies and our impending separation! The sense of liberation that came with that first lift-off seemed friendlier this time; the wheel not quite so inexorable as it spun on and on. Speech was impossible, yet there was no break in my stream of consciousness as there is in falling asleep. Indeed, I had never been more totally awake.

"Home again." This time "home" seemed to be a more palpable

location than the heart of that ever-churning vortex. "Egypt. Who was I in Egypt? What had I been?"

"Look at yourself." Howard commanded. "Open your eyes and look."

To my surprise I saw that Howard was holding a round mirror in which I could see my own face. It was certainly prettier and more youthful than the face I wear in the present embodiment. Yes, it definitely was an Egyptian face. It seemed like the face of a queen and I felt pleased with it. Then the mirror's angle shifted and I saw Howard. He resembled a Hittite warrior of ancient times—but indeed he looks very much that way today, since the blood of these original Assyrian fighting men still runs in his veins. I was fascinated. Alternately I would see his face and mine. Then the two countenances became superimposed.

"How did he manage that?" I wondered, not realizing that actually I was performing the trick in my own mind. Simultaneously I felt that our two souls had flowed together, that we were now inextricably one. It was clear that Howard was feeling the same way. He too had taken his dose and was now with me under the skull-shaped dome of our fused heads.

"Together. Together forever." Were those his words or were they mine? "Together forever..." the words wove round each other like two shining threads flowing into a single strand. His color was gold and mine was violet, yet they were almost indistinguishable like the violet and gold of changeable silk.

My hand reached for the mirror and then became confused because it seemed as though I was already holding it. But it was his larger, darker arm that was outstretched. A bantering dialog therein ensued about who was holding the mirror. I insisted that it was my hand and he replied, no, it was his. A part of me realized that it was indeed Howard's hand that was supporting the mirror, but it seemed so much like mine I couldn't be sure.

As far as my question went, the answer seemed clear. Yes, it was true that living in those other bodies we had known each other before. Moreover, we would come together again and again just like the twisted strands of those words-made-visible. The programming was even now being effectuated.

"Together forever." Now these inter-revolving light streams struck me as being akin to the double helix of the DNA formula for the genetic code. At the same time I felt that the location where our evolution began wasn't truly of this earth. Rather, both past and present instances were projections of an archetypal duo—a queen and a warrior who maintained a continuity of existence above and beyond historical happenstance.

It seemed to me then that the Egyptian queen and the bearded warrior were gazing down at us, just as we were looking up at them

with simultaneous awareness of superior and inferior identities. All the time we were trying to grow up to them they were reaching down to us—and this process had been going on over eons. The resultant duality of motion—from above to below and from below to above—was like two piston rods thrusting back and forth to turn the wheels of ongoing creation.

I felt that Howard and I had glimpsed our archetypal selves and that because we are at cross purposes with these models, literally moving in an opposite direction, we register the evolutionary process in terms of pain, or even as a crucifixion. Yet it is this very need to reconcile counterpoised streams of energy that makes the game so interesting. After all, a game needs two teams. Hence, the crypto-conflict is permitted to continue. Perhaps, when we finally finished the contest we would merge again with these idealized entities. The warrior and the queen would then be substantiated by the creative increment of all the subsidiary identities experienced during our many sojourns on earth.

None of this was the answer for which I was searching, or which I had expected to receive. However, this vision did stimulate my thinking with regard to the nature of archetypes. First, I was impressed with the living, pulsing reality of that numinous realm from whence the fleeting images of our phenomenal forms are projected into their diverse modalities. These archetypal precursors of ourselves were no mere blueprints laid out on some ethereal drawing board. Rather, they were the higher-dimensional fountainhead of our beings, containing the poignant, pungent, ever-so-nostalgic memory of all that we once were, and at the same time holding forth the hope of all that we may become.

Nor is the traffic between the archetype and its reflection strictly one way. As divinely conceived patterning principles these celestial models might mold us into a multitude of particularized fabrications. But by the same token we can nurture them with the joys and tears, the wisdom and the love, distilled from our many human embodiments.

There is an increasing feedback as we continue, eon after eon, to enact the same dramas. It appeared that Howard and I had played out one spectacle in Egypt and that in certain respects we had now been cast in similar roles here in twentieth century America. Even in our variant guises such as Old Mary and the Orphan Boy we were sounding forth the contrapuntal descents required to produce harmony out of conflict. Apparently we must learn to see ourselves in many different mirrors, some of which are very small facets of the "diamond-souled" Self. Only thus do we gradually learn to distinguish the refracted light beams of our transitory appearances on this planet

from the solar splendor of the undying essence within.

Now for the first time I felt that I understood the reason for the widespread interest in catasterism among the ancients. "Catasterism" is the belief that on their deaths noble people are transformed into stars which find their places within the appropriate constellations. What this concept actually maintains is not that we literally become stars, but rather that on the completion of a phase of existence we are drawn back into our archetypal essences which eternally exist in the celestial regions of a multi-level cosmos.

Since just about all of us can identify with one or another of the patterns out of which legends are born, there may be slight harm in living out these stories, providing we understand the processes involved. For example, a friend of mine tells me she is now reenacting the myth of Ceres or Demeter, inasmuch as she is heavily involved in playing the role of nurturing mother. Less easy to handle is her urge to become caught up in the Dionysus myth via the relaxing of the bounds of convention.

Meditating upon these archetypes my anxiety at the prospect of dredging up the memories of the Egyptian queen began to diminish. This line of thinking also seemed to explain the disproportionate number of biblical characters who turn up when people speculate on their former lives. Could there not be many Mary Magdalens, each one a legitimate offshoot of the original? If there is something of the spirit of Christ in each one of us, could there not also be something of the spirits of Peter, Paul, John and Lazarus?

I was told that in the Los Angeles area there are three different young men, each of whom believes himself to be an incarnation of the Celtic wonderworker, Merlin. (Actually, Merlin is the name of an office held by many successive personalities.) Hearing of this triplication some wiseacre had the bright idea of inviting all three Merlins to the same place where they were brought into confrontation with one another. As it turned out, the three latter-day magi not only became friends, they reached a perfect accord with regard to their joint identity. After a serious discussion they mutually agreed that the spirit of Merlin had now become so great that it could no longer be contained within a single human form. Hence, each of the three felt that he expressed a legitimate aspect of the superordinate Merlin figure.

This is an illustration of the dehiscent, or seed pod principle, whereby a plant can proliferate without loss of individuality. Is it possible that the phenomenon of one soul projecting itself through several bodies simultaneously can also explain the rare but nonetheless inescapable instances of concurrent lifetimes? If personalities are like cells in the body of humanity then perhaps there are large numbers of these ephemeral cellular entities that can tune in on the relatively undying anatomical formula of a kidney, heart, or lung in which they happen to be incorporated. Not only would a neuron in

the brain be bound to the genetic blueprint of its convoluted milieu, it might also identify with other members of its cell group. This rapport could even be carried to the point where the neuron would fancy itself to be interchangeable with similar brain-conditioned cells, even though their outer forms might be quite different.

Many years ago when I first delved into the neoplatonic concept of archetypes (now incarnated in Jungian psychology) I was quite confused as to just how these original models affect our consciousness. Now with this fresh insight I still felt confused—but on a much higher level. In any event, the longer I study the phenomenon of reincarnation the more convinced I become that the whole situation is far more complex than most of us suspect.

Two days after this second ketamine trip Howard drove me to the airport and once again the miles and hours loomed between us. Why were we always flying into each other's arms only to be separated again? But this time the parting was easier, for I could hear his voice—or was it mine?—invoking that mystical formula, "Together forever...."

3: The Geography of the Bright World



KETAMINE HYDROCHLORIDE

There are at least two types of agents capable of immobilizing patients for operation.... Those of the first type, such as halothane, ultrashort-acting barbiturates, and diethyl ether at surgical levels, act by CNS depression. Agents of the second type, such as nitrous oxide, phencyclidine, and ketamine hydrochloride, act by cataleptoid CNS excitation. There is a tendency to assume that a reduction or lack of responsiveness is associated with depressed states only. The patient who is catatonic, hallucinatory, or convulsing has a reduction in responsiveness to stimuli and loss of memory, but is in fact hyperexcited.

—Parke-Davis

October flew by in a frenetic flurry of activity as I attended to a multitude of details in Ojai, endeavoring to convert a one-woman operation into an independently functioning research foundation. Our regression therapy was now being handled by a team of competent people. The *Hypersentience Bulletin* had its own office and I had the satisfaction of knowing that the work would continue even in my absence. Altogether, Howard and I had spent ten days together. Nevertheless, we went ahead with plans to be married at Marwayne's home in Lynwood, Washington. The ceremony was to take place on November 25th at the time of the Gemini-Sagittarius full moon.

Because I had scheduled hypersentience programs along the way the trip north stretched into an intensive week of lectures and workshops. Hence, it was three thirty in the morning of November first when I pulled into Seattle in the midst of a lashing rain. That evening Howard and I moved into our shining clean, empty house in Alderwood Manor, a country town half an hour's drive north of the city. It had been five years since I had spent more than three months in one place. More often it was just a matter of days or weeks before the necessity arose to move on. Was I finally to be permitted to rest? Howard's welcome was such as to make me feel that at last I had come home.

Neither of us felt any urgency about pursuing our ketamine experiments, nor had we yet thought of doing a book on the subject. However, on our first Saturday morning it seemed as though it might be interesting to see where the goddess Ketamine would take us next. We had already come to regard this venusian substance as an entity in her own right. Evidently, she has her own plan, program, and intent. She does not necessarily tell you what you want to hear, but you can be assured that it is what you need to know. To me, this surprise element confirms the authenticity of the experience. You just can't dictate to the goddess. The idea also crossed my mind that perhaps in our personification of this feminine spirit we ourselves were becoming matrix-makers—spinning out a new archetype. If so, I felt that I wouldn't mind serving as her priestess.

We decided to use our waterbed for this first trip in the new house. I would lift off first and Howard follow after. The dose would be seventy-five milligrams—ten more than the amount taken previously but still far less than would normally be used in anesthesia.

SESSION 4

November 4, 1977 8:00 AM Alderwood Manor, Wa. 75 mg

As I whirled into the now familiar kingdom of ketamine on a glistening glissando of accelerating beats I had the sense of going very deep. There was that brief interlude of wordless intimacy with the world of essences as definitions dissolved into the roaring silence of sheer vibra-

tional energy. Then came the awareness of being caught up, turned inside out, and sucked implosively into the revolving maw of that vast fulminating identity that seemed always the same.

For the sake of discussion I will term that inmost realm the cosmic matrix, or *cosmatrix*. However, the semantic necessity of coining a new word requires the understanding that, like the universal solvent of the alchemists, this state of being which remains when all physical sensations, emotional responses and mental constructs are eliminated, cannot be confined in any verbal receptacle. It has no outlines, no boundaries and no limitations—indeed no form and no content except itself. Like looking at an illuminated movie screen before the show begins one sees the background rather than the accustomed images. In other ways, it is like being the screen itself. At no time did consciousness disappear. There was only a sense of being all and one simultaneously—merged in the only reality that could possibly exist.

As before it was possible to tell when I was coming back to the name-form world by the frustration aroused by my inability to link the two realms. There simply weren't enough nerve fibers of awareness to convert the abstract into the particular. There seemed to be one level, however, at which I descended from a state of pure mentation to a plateau from whence rivers of feeling began to flow.

The emanating source of these feelings was an all-sustaining love—the total concern of God for His universe. But how was this nurturing energy to be conveyed? Yes, canals were being constructed, conduits cleared, and pipelines set in place. The necessary couplings would be made. Within the cosmic organism revivifying forces were pushing outward through an integrating network of subtle connections. Fiery impulses radiating from the flaming heart of creation were streaming through the arteries, veins, and capillaries of the metagalactic circulatory system of starry space.

As in a waking dream I saw a celestial city bathed in golden light. Was this a city that existed in another dimension, or was it Seattle as seen from a god's point of view? I wasn't sure but felt that this luminous annunciation comprised an outpouring of redemptive power that was showering down upon the citadels of men and out over the countryside.

All at once the elements of that panoramic spectacle were melting, melding, and intermingling. Gushers and geysers of color streamed volcanically through widening fissures. Every sentient cell, tissue, and concavity of the earth was incandescently alive and moving. Even the rocks were effervescent internally as waters bubbled and the ground heaved like a woman in labor. Nature had been fecundated and the process of parturition had begun. What might it be that was coming to birth?

"Everything must flow." I wasn't sure whether my mouth was shaping the words but the phrase seared through the landscape of my

mind like a river of lava. I was on my way back now. The molten effect was turning ashy and walls were wavering into view. It seemed terribly important that all that had been observed should be remembered. Somehow the idea to be branded in my brain related to the regenerative potency of ketamine as a cathartic psychological plumbing agent which could dissolve the accumulated grime of the ages and flush away hardened layers of accruing anxieties. But there were still too few channels to make the boundless supply of raw energy available where it was needed. Piping systems, irrigation complexes, and all manner of aqueducts would have to be devised. Emotion washed over me like a flood in the desert with no place to go.

"I love you, Howard." The words were delicate tendrils of feeling curling out toward him and brushing his face. It would have been unbearable if he had not been in the room. I had been conscious of his presence, even in the midst of my visions, and relied upon the knowledge that he was there.

In the peaceful aftermath of this excursion I lay back in bed and meditated upon the ideas of regeneration and rejuvenation. It seemed as though a part of my brain was awakening that had hitherto lain dormant. Atoms were stirring from their long slumber; molecules were quickening their dance. The secret was to keep these inner forces mobile. To some extent this could be accomplished through outer movements such as we practice in yoga, calisthenics and dance. Breathing exercises would be particularly relevant since when the breath ceases to animate the body death quickly supervenes. I wondered if I could ever again stand to have anyone smoke in my house. It would be like black magic, polluting the very source of our livingness. But as I saw it now, the only real way to counteract the stultifying inertia of the aging process would be to create new relationships based on more perfect alinements with higher activating principles.

If, as I was beginning to suspect, ketamine really does create channels for an influx of vitalizing energies would it also be a way of tapping the fountain of youth? Not for the sake of petty personal vanity but as a way of augmenting humanity's allotment of the eternally revivifying "power that maketh all things new" of which the mystics have spoken. Isn't that where our real energy crisis must be met—in the opening up of the mind to the ultimate source of supply?

"Everything must flow." This was to be lesson number one. All else that the goddess might consent to impart would have to rest on that fundamental realization.

I was eager for Howard to take his mind trip while I was still bathing in this fluid ferment of feelings. In the beginning he had been taken aback by the stripping away of personal volition which the experience necessarily entails. But now he was giving in gladly. Less articulate than I, he was for the most part content to rest back and ex-

plore the sensations that flickered behind his eyelids. "I love you, Marcia," he said finally. I had already heard him saying the words in our fused minds. Nevertheless, the spoken echo sounded very sweet.

"This body is wax, wax," he repeated as he reemerged into the everyday world. "That's all it is, just wax."

In the days to follow he was to harp on this theme since, as a member of a surgical team, the remolding of this waxen form was a professional preoccupation. Having been privileged to observe some surgical operations I could understand this point of view.

"What the surgeon slices up looks just like so much meat." I remarked to a friend to whom I was describing my impression of the operating room. "They are fabulous technicians. But it is Howard who has to keep the soul in the body, who has to be concerned with the person inside."

At this point we were both starting to realize that Howard could never be content to spend the rest of his days assisting the carvers and stitchers of human wax. Soon it would be time to move on to the far more delicate task of healing the human mind and spirit.

A week passed. First there were five busy workdays of arising at five thirty to eat breakfast before Howard set forth for the hospital where he was due to have his patients already in dreamland before the surgeons began promptly at eight. For me these were days of settling in a new town, shopping for a multitude of household supplies and building up a new clientele for regression sessions. Then finally, the blessed weekend came round once more. Keeping tabs on my reactions it seemed as though the ketamine had energized me, but at the same time I required more sleep. I was looking forward eagerly to our continuing investigations of the realm I had now started to call "the bright world." At the same time, there was no sense of impatience. There were still so many novel impressions to sort out it was good to have time to ruminate over the import of my glimpse into the intricately meshing cogwheels of eternity.

At no time did it seem possible that I or anyone else could become a "ketamine junkie." As far as I can tell the substance is both physically and psychologically nonaddictive. Each session was like eating a supremely good meal. The food may taste delicious but eventually one instinctively wants to stop chewing and digest what has been swallowed. A better analogy might be that of making love since there is a decidedly orgasmic element to the experience. No matter how ecstatic a peak may be reached, bodily desire has its natural limits.

Since seventy-five milligrams had proven so potent we decided not to exceed this dosage. It was Howard's weekend to be on call and we certainly did not want him to be basking in the bright world if an

emergency should arise at his hospital. Hence I was taking this trip alone. Settling down in our comfortable waterbed I rolled up my sleeve for the injection, wondering if this time I would be any more successful in recollecting the ineffable effusion of pure cognition which thus far had proven too subtle for my brain consciousness to bring through. At this point we had not yet adopted our later regimen of taping all sessions. Hence, the following outline can give only the general flavor of the experience.

SESSION 5

November 12, 1977 10:00 AM Alderwood Manor 75 mg

Once again I was tumbling round and round as though some infinite washing machine was removing the accumulated grit that had long been clogging the filters of my sense. No way out now except to surrender and be permeated by that bubbling solution into which all particulars must dissolve. It was not like going somewhere as much as like accepting a state that always has existed and always would—a state of imponderable redundancy that is also a way of knowing what one knows, of remembering what one remembers, and of being what one always was.

However, just as my mundane plane self was becoming increasingly aware of this larger part of my divided being, similarly, here in the deep state, there seemed to be just a shade more cognizance of the individuality that dwelt within the physical body. Like building a bridge from both sides at once, the two spans were starting to reach toward each other. But the work had only barely begun; the gap was still enormous.

For the first time it seemed that I was recognizing certain stages of the journey, as though passing the same landmarks. Upon the path of return from the transcendental to the sensate mode of awareness there appeared to be three sequential phases which although still indescribable, nevertheless differed in feeling tone and general characteristics. The highest state was what I have come to think of as a realm of pure essences; the middle was a realm of archetypes; and the lowest was a realm of beauty. The higher levels were also more abstract, being concerned with pure mentation. Only toward the end of a long gliding descent was emotion wrung out of me like water from a sponge. At the point of emergence I often did weep and my tears seemed to be drops drawn directly from a shoreless sea of inexpressibly deep feelings.

This time I lingered longest at the archetypal level. What I seemed to be observing was a complex interface mechanism of angles. How was I to grasp the intricacy of this sublime network of geometrical patterning principles? "Every angel is an angle." I stammered, aware that this couldn't possibly make sense to Howard or anyone else. The

statement was no mere pun. I wanted desperately to convey the idea of the livingness of those angles through which an abstract series of emanations underwent a conversion into particularized modes of existence. Like sunbeams refracted by water, rays of pure energy were bending downward into specific shapes and forms.

Coming closer to the earth level a flood of related concepts deluged my brain. I thought of the astrological aspects which are the basis of horoscopy, of the angles of pyramids that exemplified the value of pi, and most of all of the 360 archaic Egyptian gods of time. Observing how the flow of energies that enlivened the bright world were directed into meaningful designs I understood why the Egyptian priests deified the degrees of the circle even to the extent that this was the core of the teachings of their mystery schools. Was this why the ancient occultists of many different cultures worshipped the sacred properties of numbers? Amazing to think that our remote forefathers had so well comprehended the animating geometry of the universe!

I remembered my guru. It seemed that he too had passed this way and blazed a trail of light that others could follow. Then, as always, inside my inside-out world there was my "alter-self" Howard. Our angle was the same as though we had been fused into one dichotomous being. We were moving together like intermeshed strands of purple and gold silk and there was something important about the direction we were taking. Evidently we were making a turn that would create a significant definition of the design we were weaving within a much larger tapestry of flowing colors. We were changing the angle and I could see that this was going to be hard to accomplish. The point was too acute; there was pain in the process of making so sharp a bend. It was like the screech of chalk on a blackboard or the burnt-rubber pressure on the tires of a car as it swerves round a corner. I was trying to engineer this vector so that I would be on the outer edge. In this way it seemed as though I might shield him from the abrasiveness of the contact with the harsh surface that was resisting our progress. "Please, please put him on the inside and me on the outside!" I begged. "I don't want him to have to feel that pain. Let me be at the point of the angle."

But already the gods of the 360 degrees were retreating back to their austere Olympus, the angels of the angles had flattened into black and white lines, and space was a place of static surfaces. As always, the awareness of de-amplifying my consciousness, like stepping down an electrical current, was accompanied by the frustration of realizing that there was still no way that I could link these contrasting realms. There simply weren't enough memory fibers to make the connections, or even to create a verbal reconstruction. However, a mathematical analogy did suggest itself.

It seemed to me that my situation was similar to that which a two-dimensional plane being who, for the sake of analogy I will call

"Mr. Square," might encounter if he were trying to explain the dynamics of a cube to his surfacy friends. If Mr. Square could contrive to rise up and down at an angle to his accustomed plane he might to some extent *experience* the qualities of the cube. He might even become cognizant of the fact that he had always been a cross section of this fuller, deeper state of being. But once the vertical motion ceased he would again become hopelessly horizontal.

Now if Mr. Square could somehow get "high" and thereby ascend into the third dimension his two-dimensional compadres would probably assume that he had merely gone away, leaving only the projected shadow of himself behind. They might also suppose that he had in some mysterious way been diminished, whereas actually the scope of his awareness had increased. Indeed, his square associates would be apt to resent his elevation, since in their normal superficial condition there would be no way they could follow after. To make matters worse, any description Mr. Square could give of the modus operandi of the cube would be bound to sound like arrant nonsense unless other squares could be induced to take the same journey. Only by experiencing "cubeness" themselves could they understand.

Now as I sank back to my own personal Flatland it appeared that there were identifiable reference points along the downward arc. Not that there were any clear lines of demarcation between one stratum and the next; there weren't. It did seem, however, as though I was passing through a spectrum of states of consciousness in which one hue or tonality imperceptibly gave way to the next.

At the highest (or deepest) level there was the *cosmatrix*, that all-in-all state of purely transcendent, but nonetheless totally sentient, being. According to our illustration the *cosmatrix* would constitute a dimension even higher than that of the cube—a dimension where everything is everywhere. Probably the best word to describe the quality of that formless fullness is *interpenetration*.

Next there comes the tripartite realm which we have come to call the *bright world*. One could say that the *cosmatrix* is like a super-saturated solution which is ready to crystallize when subjected to the catalytic action of the *bright world*. That is, the *bright world* precipitates the potential energy of the *cosmatrix* into the kinetic circumstances of the mundane plane. While the *bright world* is inherently subtle it contains the chemical formulas which underlie the dense elements of planet Earth. In other words the *bright world* is the numinous nexus of formative principles that are the precursors of bodily existence. It comprises the sum of the individualizing process which simultaneously reduces Spirit into Matter and transubstantiates Matter into Spirit. As such it can be identified with the *anima mundi* or "soul of the world" of which philosophers have long spoken.

It seemed to me that the *bright world* itself could be divided into layers which, curiously enough, correspond to the Hindu

philosophical trinity of *Sat-Chit-Ananda*, a tripartite word usually (and inadequately) translated as "existence-knowledge-bliss." Having raised myself in the theosophical tradition I would have expected to have encountered a somewhat different layering of effects. As it turned out, there were also some correspondences with the higher astral, egoic, and causal realms of the theosophical tradition. However, to my surprise, the system of the Hindus came the closest to matching my personal experience. The qualities of *Sat*, *Chit*, and *Ananda* can be briefly described as follows:

Sat, being the first emanation from the power source which the Hindus call *Brahman*, is concerned with the essences of all forms. It is the will-to-be which brings all things into existence and determines what they may eventually become.

Chit is the principle of mind which wisely conceives the archetypes of the various modes of being. As such, it involves the exercise of pure reason which makes the blueprints of the universe compatible with the properties of the material being molded, and which adjusts the psycho-genetic codes of all discrete entities.

Ananda is the expression of love which makes the fabric of creation right and good. We experience the bliss of *Ananda* through the beauty, orderliness and perfection of nature.

One might say, therefore, that *Sat* emits the original impulse, *Chit* is concerned with design making and *Ananda* en-joys (literally puts joy into) these designs.

The outcome of this externalizing process is the sensate realm which the Hindus term *Maya* or illusion. It should be borne in mind, however, that the phenomenal appearance of the world is illusory only in the sense that the pictures projected upon a movie screen are delusive. What one sees may not be a great show but nonetheless the story told represents real happenings. The main thing to grasp is that the material world is only the end result of a chain of causation which stretches back through the various strata of a serial universe. Pondering these concepts I found that my private cosmology was beginning to look something like this:

Levels	Hindu Terminology	Theosophical Terminology	Quality	Expression
Spirit	Cosmatrix	Brahman	Monadic	Power
				Interpenetration
	Essence	Sat	Causal	Will
	Soul	Archetype	Mental	Intelligence
				Meaning
	Esthetic	Ananda	Astral	Feeling
				Love
Matter	Body	Maya	Physical	Appearances
				Effects

During the course of thirty-five years of metaphysical investigations I have studied many different maps of consciousness. I have delved into the profundities of the twelve zodiacal signs, the ten Cabalistic sephiroth, the nine Catholic orders of angels, the eightfold wheel of the Buddhists, the seven rays of the theosophists, the six-pointed Soloman's seal of the Hebrews, the five elements of the Chinese, the four essences of the Greeks, the sacred trinity of the Christians, and the polarized duality of the Gnostics. In all these enumerations it has remained apparent that, as the Vedantists insist, "Truth is one; men call it by many names."

Now, however, I was no longer analyzing someone else's chart. I was actually navigating those oceans of being and seeing them with my own eyes. Moreover, these realities were being encountered at a level of truth at which preconceived notions were virtually excluded. What a relief! Never again would I have to remain content with someone else's warmed-over mysticism. I had gone avoyaging myself and walked those other shores. I knew these continents of the mind existed as surely as I knew that I had lived in Europe and India, even though my home is now in America. There was no way now that anyone could tell me that all this was merely my own imagining. It was no more "in my head" than Seattle was in my head. I was in it, to think that it was in me would have to be the sheerest egomania.

In pursuing our ketamine research my original intent had been to explore my own former lifetimes in greater depth. Having specialized in reincarnation therapy for five years this was certainly the aim that was foremost in my mind. Thus far, however, except for some pulls toward Egypt and Japan, I hadn't recapitulated anything out of my personal past. In fact there had been remarkably little emphasis on personalities, including my own. To date, my approach to the mountaintop of higher wisdom had tended to be spiritualistic. Gurus, devas, discarnates and spirit guides had been beloved inhabitants of my inner world, and I knew they existed. But thus far these comforting mentors had stayed their distance. Or were they merely biding their time?

There was a ten-year span of my life during which I had some faculty for astral projection. During this period I enjoyed many fascinating out-of-the-body experiences which encompassed both the scenic heights and the slums of the inner planes. Under ketamine I was certainly out of my body, but the places to which I went bore slight resemblance to the dreamlike settings of my astral wanderings. Rather, they were vastly superior extensions of the conditions encountered while under the influence of such psychedelic drugs as LSD and mescaline.

The main difference between ketamine and LSD was that for me the former produced a very much higher, clearer and more veridical "trip." I also felt, and this has been verified by others, that ketamine

works primarily on the "emotional body" whereas LSD is more mental in its effects. In yogic terms, ketamine works on the heart chakra and LSD on the chakras in the head. On the whole, however, the similarities between these two substances are greater than the differences.

If the etheric plane is the mezzanine floor of a building, and the astral plane the second floor, then the elevator marked psychedelic was whizzing me up to the higher levels so fast that I was scarcely conscious of passing through these first two layers.

Strangely enough, I had never been particularly intrigued with the Platonic, neoplatonic and Jungian concepts of archetypes, even though they made useful mental constructs. While I had some familiarity with oriental philosophy *Sat*, *Chit*, and *Ananda* were still just so many words to me. All my real passion was expended on astrology. Consequently, it seems to me that the insights gained on the "upper floors" of my building can hardly be written off as preconceived notions. It is true that my observations meshed with systems I had always assumed to be valid. In fact, any system at all may be more or less "true" if enough minds have reflected it to produce a corresponding thoughtform. In the last analysis we are probably about as responsible for our archetypes as they are for us—it seems to be a bit of both. On one plane we are matrix makers; on another we are the product created. But at the same time my "bright world" of ketamine was sufficiently different from any possible expectation to convince me that it was "for real."

As it turned out the concept of archetypes became the central feature of all our ketamine experiences. Little by little I managed to arrange these ideational building blocks into some sort of hierarchical order. At the top, like the all-seeing eye set into the capstone of a pyramid, was the circle. Projected down from this essence of circularity were the twin principles of axial and revolutionary motion—the wheel turning upon itself and the wheel spinning around another center. Forward motion then gives rise to the laws of vibratory frequencies. That is, the circle extended through time and space produces sine waves and all manner of oscillating frequencies, of which the basic form is the spiral.

Next came the sublimely austere laws of the angles, starting with triangles, moving on down to hexagons, and then down again to the squares. Astrological archetypes were certainly very high on the scale and the only reason there are not more references to astrological factors in this book is that we have deliberately pruned our jargon to avoid offending readers unversed in this most basic of all the metaphysical sciences.

Moving on down the scale I came to the archetypes relating to human endeavors—myths, legends, codifications of the law, morals, mores, traditions, rituals, formalities, and the like. There, to my

pleasure, I encountered the "Great Invocation" which for more than thirty-five years has been my personal mantra. This nondenominational prayer, which was given out by the Tibetan master Djwhal Khul via his amanuensis Alice A. Bailey, runs as follows:

THE GREAT INVOCATION

*From the point of Light within the Mind of God
Let light stream forth into the minds of men.
Let Light descend on Earth.*

*From the point of Love within the Heart of God
Let love stream forth into the hearts of men.
May Christ return to Earth.*

*From the centre where the Will of God is known
Let purpose guide the little wills of men—
The purpose which the Masters know and serve.*

*From the centre which we call the race of men
Let the Plan of Love and Light work out
And may it seal the door where evil dwell.*

Let Light and Love and Power restore the Plan on Earth.

Now for the first time I understood my self-chosen mission of anchoring this invocation in various spots around the globe. In each new place I would make it a point to repeat those words, as though tying them to earth by one more thread. Had the need for this kind of stitchery been one of the reasons for my incessant travels, to which were added daily walks? Up to this point the procedure had been motivated by blind faith. But here on the archetypal level it was at last given to me to see those multitudes of strands raying out over the landscape like sunbeams. There was one attached to a gas station in Manitoba, Canada, one to the Blue Grotto in Capri, one to a mountain glade in the Himalayas, one to a tree on a ridge in Ojai, and so on ad infinitum.

The underlying purpose of the Invocation itself was also becoming clear. Each stanza was an affirmation of the connection between this realm and that, between the world of God and the world of men. Now that I had been there and back, even if on a small scale, the words began to shine with a new dimension of meaning. It all seemed like a great vindication.

As I continued to meditate upon the ascending and descending energy flows of the the "bright world" it struck me that a close analogy could be drawn between these gradations and the degrees to

which water can be heated. At the lower earthside end of the scale matter is frozen into solid forms. At the higher heavenside end everything comes to a rolling boil. Since the temperature of water cannot rise above a given ceiling the cosmatrix seems always the same, even though it may bubble more ebulliently at the higher dose levels. Hence, anything over 75 milligrams starts to become counterproductive with regard to the gaining of psychological insight. The truly interesting effects are those which lie between the freezing and boiling points.

The more I applied this analogy to our experiences the better I liked it. For one thing, the idea of a melting effect helped to explain why the mind becomes so suggestible in the higher stages of ketamine cookery, making it possible to remodel (and hence regenerate?) the formerly crystallized substance of the psyche. Surely this was the golden key to some mystery. But what door was it intended to unlock?



4: Samadhi Therapy

SPECIAL NOTE

Emergence reactions have occurred in approximately 12 percent of patients.

The psychological manifestations vary in severity between pleasant dream-like states, vivid imagery, hallucinations, and emergence delirium. In some cases these states have been accompanied by confusion, excitement, and irrational behavior which a few patients recall as an unpleasant experience. The duration ordinarily lasts no more than a few hours; in a few cases however, recurrences have taken place up to 24 hours post-operative. No residual psychological effects are known to have resulted from the use of Ketalar.

—Parke-Davis

More and more I found myself preoccupied with the issue of establishing the fairy-tale kingdom of ketamine solidly on earth. I

wanted this magic to be real, and felt convinced that it could be. As a result, the endeavor to bring my two worlds into a synergistic unity gave rise to an energetic attempt to keep my personal life well organized. Otherwise I would have felt swamped by the new realizations that were flooding my mind. There may have been a compulsive edge to my determination to maintain an immaculate house, update a correspondence averaging two hours a day and take long daily baths. In this need for order I was aware that the psychedelic state can foment mental aberrations, just as extra-fertile soil can produce a bumper crop of weeds. Accordingly, I would suggest that anyone who wishes to experiment extensively with ketamine would be well advised to spend extra time tending his spiritual garden of self-development.

LSD and mescaline both left me feeling "kinky" for some time after. Looking back, it seems as though in certain ways they did temporarily warp my perceptions of this world's circumstances and of my own place within the scheme. This mind-bending effect does not seem to have occurred with ketamine which, by contrast, has served as a truth medicine sharpening both intellect and senses. It may be, however, that ketamine could feed delusions of grandeur inasmuch as it contributes to a feeling of being invincible or omnipotent. A weak ego might thereby become inflated, even though egotism per se is not rooted in the bright world.

On the 28th of November, the Monday after our wedding, we were finally able to breath sighs of relief at the thought that the house was furnished, thank you notes had been dispatched, the budget was balanced, our health was fine and friends and family had all received their share of attention. Since it was Thanksgiving weekend we still had a day to ourselves. It seemed the perfect time for an at-home trip.

SESSION 6

November 8, 1977 11:00 AM Alderwood Manor 50 mg

The injection was given and within two minutes the familiar cricket chirps began their welcoming chorus. Outside, gray clouds were looming over the evergreen trees of our northern clime, but inside the walls were melting into a diffusion of golden light. "Oh yes, I'm going home again," I exclaimed, aware of being repetitive but unable to restrain my pleasure.

To my surprise my mind became permeated with oriental feelings. First I remembered the Japanese garden that had been the ornament of my childhood home, the Japanese fairy tales I had loved so much, flowered silk kimonos, pretty paper birds and lanterns, dragon kites—all things Japanese flowed into a collage like oil paints swirling together. I was savoring the beauty of the archetype of every Japanese landscape that had ever been, while merging with the supremely esthetic soul of Japan. Easily, happily, I let myself be drawn into the

essence of that exquisite awareness as though being condensed into a round black dot, like the pupil of an eye. Then I went right on through that eye and was back once more to that spinning wheel which this time seemed like a brighter, pleasanter place to be. I could remember it all, but it was too far removed from brain-conditioned thought processes to try to describe.

On the path of return I seemed to be in a place of wheels. It was being made manifest that all creation is based on some form of rotary motion, whether axial or around a greater center. Evidently there are whole hierarchies of archetypes descending from abstract to concrete realms of being and this was the place where these patterning principles are given their initial momentum. In some ways it was like being caught amidst the wheel springs at the back of an infinitely complex watch whose parts were all geared together and moving in perfect synchrony. Here on the inner side there could be no difference between organic and inorganic substance. The one animate totality of being, knowing and doing existed eternally. Only the face that registered time was external, its hands, empowered by those multitudinous intermeshing cogs, spinning in endless circles.

"This is the deepest I've ever been. I wish I didn't have to come back." Winding outward from that center it seemed as though the only way to retain some vestige of the experience, which I desperately wanted to recall, was to mumble comments. Even though the phrases were bound to sound meaningless they might nonetheless jog my muddled memory when I tried later to reconstruct the experience.

"It's all genetics. In some way this whole earthly play, all that we're doing, is a matter of trial and error. It's all kind of a survival of the fittest, a cosmic biological experiment."

This concern with cellular reprocessing was becoming a standard feature of my trips, though I still had not the remotest idea why. Somehow the mystery of life was contained in the duplex rotary motion of the double helix of the genetic code—but how? In my normal earthside existence the name of the game was to rise to the heights of spirit. By contrast, here on the sublime plane of essences, the same game strategy demanded an effort to reach downward to and through the molecular depths of matter. Or was it intended that the growth process should proceed both ways at once?

Opening my eyes my attention was riveted to the traceries of bare-limbed bushes outside the window. "Even God must suffer." The words stumbled off my tongue, but the idea seemed fraught with significance. "It's so painful for Him to try to force that flow, to interfuse His life into our hard-edged world."

Now the prickly branches were thorns thrust into the breast of the sky—thorns piercing the heart of heaven as though each needle-tipped projectile were trying to penetrate the bloodstream of creation. In tortuous complexity the stark black shoots pushed upward like dry

roots, longing to suck a modicum of moisture from the clouds. But there just wasn't enough absorbency in those probing points to soak in the sustenance offered by the vaporous atmosphere.

"I can't, I can't" my voice kept repeating. My own ethereal roots-in-heaven were still too brittle to sponge in the vivifying currents that emanate from the heart of the inner world where there are no separating surfaces. It would take many more ramifying fibers to satisfy the soul-deep thirst for the waters of life that rain down from above.

Again I closed my eyes and felt the pain of those roots trying to expand into an alien medium. All at once two tuberous tendrils intertwined and rose skyward to form an exquisite bud whose upthrusting petals unfolded like a crocus seeking the spring sunshine. Pain was still lodged at the base but the flower itself was a blossom of sheerest ecstasy. It seemed to me that Howard and I together were fashioning this floral fountain from the fused substance of our twin beings. Now the plant was exploding upward in an unleashed torrent of motion. At the peak, the blossom burst in a starry orgasm of glistening sparklets raying forth in a scintillant shower of light.

Then once again I was seeing Egypt. However, this was not the ancient civilization of the Nile Valley but rather an archetypal Egypt that exists independently in space and time. It seemed to lie in the direction of Sirius and to have some connection with the sign Gemini and the planet Venus, but I could not tell how or why these ideas came to mind.

"There is an innerdimensional Egypt!" I exclaimed. "It hovers over our world, yearns over it, caresses it. Oh world, I love you!"

All at once I was Isis herself, the virgin mother-goddess brooding lovingly over this world that I had created and was enfolding with arms like wings. I was making the sun shine, the crops flourish and the waters flow. The golden stream of my solicitude was turning the skies blue and the fields green. This microcosm was my beautiful garden of delight. I treasured every bit of it with undiscriminating concern. If anyone or anything there wanted to grow my blessing rested upon the endeavor, leaving it to some more austere male power to decree who or what might have to be weeded out.

Although I am far from being an expert on the Tarot it also struck me that this figure with which I was identifying was like the empress on the Tarot card. In any event, the feeling was that associated with one of those full-bosomed mythic earth-mothers who simultaneously exemplify the qualities of fertility and purity.

Returning to the space-pocket of our bedroom I saw Howard's dark-bearded face and gentle Piscean eyes. He seemed a long way off. In this state of meditative repose his countenance was the absolute image of the face of Jesus on a Russian icon. Was that a hallucination or was it really his face? I determined to check it out later.

To my right, the thorn tree outside the bedroom window was still silhouetted against the clouds on the horizon. But straight ahead, beyond the large glass doors that opened up on fields and forest, the sky was blue—as blue as the sky in my inner “garden of the world.” I had been in Seattle a month now and the rain seldom ceased, even to the point where flood emergencies had been declared. Never once had I seen the sky this blue. It seemed as though I had created it expressly to match my inner vision.

Again, the reality-testing part of my mind jumped in, making it supremely important to discern whether the sky really was this color. I wanted so much for that azure stretch of heaven to accord with my garden world, and for subjective and objective realms to blend in a single interacting continuum. “It’s impossible. The sky can’t be that blue just because I so much want it to be. Is it really the color or am I just imagining?”

“It’s blue.” Howard assured me, laughing. Indeed it was, and remained so for another ten minutes, at which point the clouds closed in and the heavens returned to their usual lowering gray. Assured of being back in our charcoal-shaded dimension I stole another glance at Howard. His was still the face of the icon, and I still loved him to the point of blasphemy.

For several years I had been giving much thought to the issue of synchronicity—the so-called meaningful coincidence. A long chapter on this subject contained in my book *Astrology and Time* presents the thesis that it is within the power of the mind to manufacture helpful or adverse coincidences. In my own case, as long as there is a sense of being alined with the universal Will items craved appear with absurd regularity a few days, or even hours, after the desire is formulated. Larger benefits also come but require longer to materialize.

Ever since our encounters with the goddess Ketamine synchronous events had been occurring with astounding consistency, as though the distinctions between inner realms of thought and outer realms of mundane circumstances were melting away. Etymologically, the word “psychedelic” derives from the Greek *psyche* (mind) and *delos* (manifesting). Now this term was acquiring new depths of meaning as chance happenings dovetailed with the thought processes that were manifestations of our individual minds. Omens, signs, and portents justified themselves while the whole universe seemed plastic, so easily did its lineaments conform to the conjurations of my visions, dreams and reflections. Yet I desperately wished to refrain from deluding myself on this issue.

An example of synchronicity had occurred the previous spring when my friend John Dunshee died of cancer of the bone. For several months I had been living in my motor home which John kindly

allowed me to park in the oak grove below his house. Gazing at the largest of oaks, a gnarled giant of a tree, I kept thinking, “That tree is going to fall down.” The thought saddened me because in some way the oak reminded me of John.

“That’s nonsense,” my friends replied when I voiced this fear. “That oak has been there at least five hundred years. Why should it fall down now?” That winter, however, the tree did fall down and shortly thereafter John died.

Now musing over the blue sky which my mind seemed to have solicited, my thoughts turned again to John and the tree and to the growing synchrony between objective and subjective spheres of our departmentalized existence. Was that our purpose in being—to manifest the archetypes of which our physical plane selves are but dimly focused projections? To what extent are we all living legends, the dreams of some great mind that imagines our coming and goings in order to amuse Itself with the play of creation? By any standards it was becoming spooky—as though I too could make things happen through wishcraft. This was the stuff of which paranoia is born, but yes, the sky had been blue, and Howard’s countenance in that particular state of repose indisputably was the face on the icon.

Later that day I picked up Eden Gray’s *A Complete Guide to the Tarot* from our bookshelf and turning to the page entitled “The Empress” read:

The Empress is the Earth Mother, here seated in a blooming garden. A field of ripe wheat lies before her, sacred to the Egyptian goddess Isis; behind her is seen the stream of consciousness flowing between cypress trees sacred to Venus. The heartshaped shield is inscribed with the symbol of Venus. The Empress’ hair is bound with a wreath of myrtle—again reminiscent of Venus as are the seven pearls around her neck. She wears a crown of twelve stars, each with six points, denoting dominion over the macrocosm, as does her scepter surmounted by a globe.

The High Priestess symbolizes the virgin state of the cosmic subconscious, but the Empress typifies the productive, generative activities in the subconscious after it has been impregnated by seed ideas from the self-conscious. The subconscious has control over all the steps of development in the material world; therefore the Empress represents the multiplicator of images.

She is the Goddess of Love, Venus, the symbol of universal fecundity. As the High Priestess is Isis veiled, the Empress is Isis unveiled.

Yes, that was exactly what I had seen, even to the associations with Isis and Venus. Now I understood why Catholic theologians had incarnated the memory of this bright being in the figure of the Virgin Mary. How marvelous that an assemblage of misogynous monks in their Medieval cloisters should somehow have recognized the ever-

present reality of the mother goddess of old and incorporated her in their mystical pantheon—even if only to cater to a superstitious populace! Or had some of those church fathers actually glimpsed her as she was, yearning over her world and impartially accepting all the sons of men as her own beloved children.

The following day a phone call came from a friend who was undergoing some excruciating personal problems. Realizing how badly he needed psychological support I promised to send him a shot of healing energy. Formerly, I would have thought of this aid as being transmitted on the level of our phone conversation—person to person across the separating miles. Now, however, I could envision a more effective procedure. The secret was first to go to the goddess upstairs and request her help. Immediately I pictured her once again enfolding the world, which was also our world, and saw the lightbeam of her loving gaze descending upon my anxious friend. Henceforth I would first direct my prayers upward to that innerdimensional amplifying station (comparable to a satellite which propagates a TV program around the world) and then let the good wishes ray down to the place they were needed. Perhaps in this way we could make a closer connection with the cosmic motherspirit and blend our energies with hers in tending the fields and flocks of planet Earth.

Following this trip into the bright world we began to set down an account of our ketamine experiences. One might say that this book, conceived at our meeting, was born with our marriage and grew along with our maturing relationship. Henceforth, we decided, we would tape our sessions and see where they led.

Coincidentally a friend sent us a book entitled *Samadhi and Beyond* by Sri Surath Chakravarti. Samadhi, which is the final stage and goal of yoga, is a trancelike state of sublime bliss. It is characterized by one-pointed concentration, loss of distinctions between subject and object, insight into cosmic laws, and above all by a sense of divine union. A person who has experienced samadhi is never again quite the same. A loaf of bread can be baked, but not unbaked. Similarly, the fiery process of samadhi anneals formerly disparate elements of the personality into a new synthesis.

On the whole, I agreed with the author's thesis that samadhi is not, as commonly implied, an end product but rather is a condition out of which emerges the beginning of a new cosmic play. I had always felt that samadhi holds the key to our evolutionary process and that it could and should initiate man's entrance into the fifth kingdom of higher mental development. That is, if the first four kingdoms are those of the mineral, the vegetable, the animal and man,

then the fifth kingdom should be one of transpersonal Self-realization. In my own case I felt that the imprint of a new goal had been stamped upon my psyche, that individual cells were being realigned, and that gradually it was becoming possible to function in a higher dimension. Even so it was clear that we had made but the barest beginning.

In one respect, however, I questioned what seemed to me to be an unthinking assumption on the part of the author, even though it is a standard presupposition found in most books of this type. This was the statement:

A volitional conscious effort is necessary by the meditator. So any state of concentration wherein the mind becomes still, whether the numbing of it is caused by shock, stimulant, hypnosis, medicine, or drugs cannot be considered a step in samadhi wherein liberation from the mundane world is accomplished.

Certainly I understand, appreciate and fundamentally agree with the idea that no spiritual waterwings, least of all those provided by drugs, are going to provide a substitute for learning to swim. Obviously we are set here on earth to develop mental muscles through our own efforts. On the other hand, there may be a stage in a child's development when he needs waterwings, or the equivalent, simply to introduce him to the water. If he is hanging back in fear when there is an urgent necessity for him to learn to stay afloat then anything which encourages him to go through the motions of swimming may be justified.

Similarly, there is now such a desperate need for humanity to improve its navigational skills on the ocean of life that any aid which can hasten the process should be entertained. Consciousness-altering drugs may be drastic measures, but what could be more drastic than the problems now engulfing the planet? Physicians seldom hesitate to prescribe medicines for sicknesses of the body. Why then, should we not prescribe medicines for sicknesses of the soul, especially when our very survival is at stake?

To this, critics are apt to reply. "But should we not earn what comes to us? Does not the law of karma decree that we have to work for our rewards?"

If we believe in the law of karma ("As ye sow, so shall ye reap,") then it stands to reason that we don't get something for nothing. But does this mean that the karmic law of cosmic reciprocity cannot also make some provision for "gratuitous grace?" Can an otherwise deserving person transcend some of his predetermined limitations even as, under proper conditions, an airplane can transcend gravity? How are we to judge who deserves what? Can we assume, for example, that thirty years of meditation in a convent or monastery must necessarily take a person farther along the spiritual path than thirty years of pun-

ching a time clock in a city factory?

Mary is a friend of ours whose wealthy father financed her seven years of studies in various East Indian ashrams. She had nothing to do but read, meditate, explore the Himalayas and converse with holy people. In the end Mary was able to attain so exalted a spiritual mood that she succeeded in entering the highest stage of yoga, known as samadhi.

Betty is another friend who spent the same seven years working as a secretary in order to put her husband through law school and support their two young children. She rose at six every morning to prepare the family breakfast before taking the bus to work, and often did not get to bed until midnight. Betty would have loved to have practiced meditation but there was no possible way that the requisite half-hour could be jammed into her schedule of daily duties.

Now, can we say that Mary is more worthy of the bliss-bestowing gift of samadhi than Betty? In the last analysis it was Betty who had practiced austerities, trained her mind and subordinated her ego to the demands of a rigorous discipline. If Betty could take a drug such as ketamine in order to reach a genuine peak experience should she be discouraged simply because she has not followed the time-honored route up the mountain?

How indeed are we to know that there can be no such thing as "samadhi for the millions," or "instant ecstasy?" Can it be that the so-called common man is as deserving of a mystical experience as he is of the opportunity to take a plane trip, dial a program on TV or play a symphony on his stereo set? He neither helped build the plane, designed the TV nor composed the symphony, yet they are given for his pleasure. In this age there is no doubt that a great deal comes to us that in a personal sense we have not earned. These benefits have been bestowed because of our common humanity and in order to upgrade the quality of life on this planet. If an individual chooses to take advantage of them the very fact that he has made this choice betokens his worthiness to receive. What is it, after all, that gives one the right to savor a good meal, a lovely view or a mystical revelation? As one friend put it: "I feel that it was my karma to have met you two just at the time when I really needed the uplift produced by Howard's magic needle. If I hadn't in some way deserved my samadhi session the opportunity wouldn't have come my way."

There is no doubt but that ketamine is the democrat of drugs. In this dawning Aquarian Age it might well blur the distinctions between the aristocrats of holiness and the common crowd of seekers who simply wish to expand their conceptual horizons, to feel more deeply and to put a little more love into their relationships. If we can enjoy the mass miracle of listening to music over the radio, why should we not enjoy the second miracle of being able to hear it better by means of a medicine that enhances our sensibilities—as ketamine definitely

does? Is it intrinsically more permissible to spend fifty dollars improving a sound system than to spend the same fifty improving our capacity to appreciate these sounds?

Is the unearned necessarily the undeserved? If so, we should penalize children who do not earn their daily bread. We should also refuse to heal the sick, since illness can be construed as a karmic comeuppance. But are we not all children of a benevolent Creator? And are we not all to some extent sick, since we share or planet's malaise? Can we not just feed and heal our fellow men as best we can, leaving it up to karmic law to determine the use each recipient will make of the opportunities given. If we think of ketamine as food and medicine for the soul then the same rules should apply.

To clarify these issues it is also necessary to ask, "Can ketamine take a person as high as the traditional forms of samadhi? Since samadhi is a multi-splendored "jewel within the lotus" of cosmic consciousness this question is hard to answer. Also, it must be admitted that not everyone derives maximum benefit from the ketamine experience. Some just feel vaguely anesthetized or disconcertingly "whacked out." Our own feeling is that even at best the drug cannot replicate the more exalted states of being which require an adequately trained sensory apparatus through which to manifest. There are many kinds of "highs," and these may not even be all in the same continuum. The point is, however, that unassisted hardly one person in a million can habitually attain the universal bliss that awaits at the top of the seven-staged ladder of yoga. In the meanwhile, those less favored can at least be enabled to attain levels which otherwise would have remained far beyond their grasp and thereby to see that there are still loftier elevations to be scaled when the time is right.

Speaking personally, I must admit that my ketamine trips have taken me farther than years of yogic disciplines. At the same time, the physical and mental conditioning previously undergone undoubtedly did maximize the benefits of the drug. This seemed like my reward for having tried so hard with so few visible results. Certainly ketamine's jet-propelled mode of transport has no more weakened my resolve to walk the path of yoga than have my many airplane trips spoiled my love of hiking. Rather, the heights revealed have strengthened my determination to progress to the point where it will be possible to fly without artificial wings.

It has also become all the more evident that the goal of our evolutionary progress is not to escape from this world to the next. With ketamine I can do that already, but that other world also has its limitations. Rather, the soul's purpose is to bring our many worlds together into an effectively functioning synthesis.

People who wish to retreat into themselves, whether through meditation or drugs, are often accused of escapism. But we find that escapism comes not from diving too deep into the living wellsprings of

our beings, but rather from not going deep enough. What could be more superficial that most people's means of escape—booze, nightclubs, spectator sports, soap operas and the like. Almost invariably those who have dug down to the depths of the psyche have found therein the resources to rise above sorrows, withstand pain and cope with the picayune perplexities of the daily round.

From a pragmatic viewpoint, the main problem with mystical experiences is that they take so long to achieve by normal means. By the time we find out what life is about it is too late to live it. Now, however, owing to the psychedelic movement launched in the 1960's we have a generation of people who in their most productive years are already seasoned travelers in the inner dimensions of consciousness. It hasn't been necessary for them to pass through decades of prayer and isolation in order to look within themselves. (Perhaps some of them have already done this in other incarnations?) Many have had their basic education in mysticism along with reading, writing and arithmetic and can now draw upon their experiences with altered states of consciousness while engaged in the business of carrying on their work in the world. Like mountain climbers who have started their ascent from a half-way house rather than from a base camp they have that much more chance of reaching the top.

So it seemed logical that many of the children of the sixties who had already set out upon the path to higher consciousness would be receptive to what we had learned. It was with them in mind that Howard and I decided to call our work with ketamine "samadhi therapy" and to pursue it not only for ourselves but for the sake of all who might benefit from it. We believe that not only may this substance be helpful to individuals, it can also be a medicine for our age, combatting the sick superstition of materialism with which our society is ridden. At this point there seems every reason to believe that the judicious use of ketamine can help people to live better, to die better and to consolidate the contact with the immortal essence of themselves that transcends all earthly births and deaths.

In a way it saddens us to make these statements because we know there are many spiritual seekers to whom such a stand will seem tantamount to blasphemy.

"I know what you are doing and I don't approve!" an erstwhile friend declared, shaking her finger formidably in Howard's face. Being the eternal "nice guy" he was taken aback, especially since she actually had not the slightest conception of what we were up to, or why.

For my own part, I fought these battles when I began teaching Hatha Yoga and astrology, and to a much greater extent while promoting the technique of hypersentience. To date, virtually all the opposition encountered has come not from lay people or from the medical profession but from oldline occultists. At the grassroots people have been remarkably openminded, possibly because they did

not feel qualified to criticize. Too often it has been our colleagues who have felt threatened.

Well, we have been outlaws before, and have learned to wait for our detractors to awaken to the truth of what we are trying to accomplish. Surprisingly often they have eventually come around. All the same, it is sad when one's opponents are those who should be in the same camp.

Probably the most virulent criticism of our samadhi therapy will come from those who are playing the "liberation game." Imagine, if you will, a child who has been throwing dice and moving a colored marker back and forth over a board marked out with a maze of rectangular spaces. From house to office and from car to coffin he moves from one boxed-in enclosure to the next along a predetermined track. For hours he has been engaged in this labyrinthine competition with the idea in mind that at the end his marker will be deposited in a square at the center labeled "goal." Then along comes an officially helpful person who says, "See, little one, I can save you all this time and trouble." Scooping up the markers the intruder preemptorily dumps them in the center. Is it any wonder, then, that the child flies into a rage? Unless the game has been worth the playing throughout—like playing a beloved musical score—the child would feel that all his efforts had been in vain.

In this respect, however, it is questionable whether one *should* practice meditation for the purpose of achieving liberation (or is it escape?) from the toils of earth. Is it not possible that the greater goal of meditation is to become a more self-fulfilled human being and a more compassionate server of mankind? My impression, drawn from years of promoting reincarnation therapy, is that the effort to be free from the mundane world often backfires. In one town, for example, I met an enormously fat twenty-year old American girl who had absolutely no concern in life except for sitting at the feet of her Hindu guru and meditating five hours daily. In her former existence she had been an East Indian ascetic who had despised the wiles of women and the cravings of flesh. Hence, this spirit was now lodged in the body of an exceedingly fleshy woman. There had been no escape whatsoever, but rather a demand for total confrontation, a demand which she still refused to recognize.

A similar issue arises in the cases of those who tell me they have "transcended" their horoscopes. An astrological chart is an assignment sheet, not a liability to be overcome or set aside. The High Self has voluntarily taken on the task of working with this particular energy pattern in order to utilize the resources given. Like it or not we are in this school for souls and have certain lessons to master before graduating into the larger life of the cosmos.

A curious sidelight on this issue is cast by a study of the *Rig-Veda* which is the earliest religious document of India and a seminal influence on Hindu philosophy. This scripture is a compendium of 1028 hymns dating back to the second millennium B.C. and possibly much older than that. Of these verses 120 are devoted entirely to the glorification of a plant called *soma*. According to the extensive research of Robert Gordon Wasson *soma* was a mushroom possessing psychedelic properties. His now widely accepted thesis is presented in a scholarly work entitled *Soma, Divine Mushroom of Immortality*, (Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, Inc., 1967). In any event, we know for certain that East Indian mystics down the ages have made extensive use of mind-expanding substances. To a far greater extent than is commonly realized, the shamans, sorcerers and magi of other eras and areas have also been "opened up" by psychedelic potions in keeping with ancient and honorable traditions.

To me, it came as a revelation to realize that the whole concept of *samadhi* probably arose in the first place out of the kind of experiments in which Howard and I were now engaged. We were merely rounding a higher turn of a well traveled spiral, and were in exceedingly good company.

Despite this incontrovertible historical evidence there is no doubt but that professional religionists will resent the assertion that fifty milligrams of colorless liquid can produce a result that hitherto has been attained only as the end product of a life of austerity and sacrifice, and usually not even then. Orthodox psychotherapists of various hues may also find their monopolies threatened. Even if ketamine can be proven to be entirely safe, these and other critics are bound to complain that it is "unnatural."

Here again, we are faced with the question of what may or may not be natural—which is to say, what does nature intend for us to be and become. When we stop to analyze the issue it appears that the yogi in his cave, the monk in his cell and the nun in her convent are using methods hardly less artificial to augment the quality of their consciousness. Fasting, sleeplessness, self-flagellation, isolation, sensory deprivation, physical and mental stresses and breathing exercises which increase the carbon dioxide in the blood merely resort to other means to alter body chemistry. In virtually every respect these ascetic practices are both more extreme and more dangerous than ketamine therapy.

It should also be pointed out that such attitude adjusters as alcohol, cigarettes, and coffee are not truly "natural" nor are most of the aids in the average medicine cabinet including pep pills, tranquilizers, and the like. Then there are the foods that have been tampered with by man such as sugar and bleached white flour. No matter what we do or don't do, we are obliged to modify the dictates of nature. For some reason, however, many people consider chemical uplifts for the sake

of sensory enjoyment to be permissible, while denying them to those who seek supersensible bliss. Much of this controversy has nothing to do with what may or may not be natural, but rather stems from what the author Alan Watts calls "the taboo against knowing who you are."

In any event, once Howard and I adopted the name of "Samadhi Therapy" it quickly began to sound right and natural. It seemed to both of us that the simple fact of joyousness must be inherently therapeutic. To forget one's problems and take flight into the empyrean of inner space can give an entirely new perspective which remains even after coming back down to earth. Obviously there were many other benefits that might accrue to mortal beings privileged to partake of ketamine's "nectar of the gods" but these long term results would have to unfold in due time.

The use of the word therapy implies the existence of problems to be solved. Certainly no one can deny that the complement of joy is pain and that a person cannot seek the light without also encountering shadows. To date there had been no bad trips, but the issue of the nature and meaning of suffering did have a tendency to arise. After all, we were dealing with an anesthetic developed to counteract pain. About this time a friend who had no idea we were involved in psychedelic research sent us the following poem by Geoffrey Grigson taken from the October 30, 1970 issue of the British magazine *New Statesman*.

SOD F.R.S. SYNTHESIZES THE PEOPLE'S OPIUM

*In a communication to Nature my old friend Sod
Announced that he and his colleagues, fellows
Of Corpus, had synthesized God.*

*Careful at first, priests now applaud,
They propose we partake, as if it were snuff,
Of Sod's new White Crystals of Risen Lord.*

*What they don't understand is that bloody old Sod
In Nature next week will dilate on
The rather unpleasant side-kicks from God.*

*In bulk by compulsion dyed a bright orange
God should be had, he will say, on prescription
Alone in a fish-shaped lozenge.*

*I think I must add that having in this way synthesized God
And started a really stupendous addiction,
His conscience worries old Sod.*

Who to get us back on the level
 Has started research, the old Sod, on
 Synthesized Devil.

While we do not believe in the Devil we were prepared to admit the spiritual axiom that "perfection brings imperfection to the surface." Even in our newfound happiness the inevitable problems to which all flesh is heir could not be overlooked. Family, financial, and psychological pressures still lurked behind the scenes. Hence it will be seen in the following transcripts that we were already using our own brand of samadhi therapy to deal with some of the residual frustrations in our personal lives.

SESSION 7

December 3, 1977 10:00 AM Alderwood Manor 25 mg

MARCIA. I'm sitting erect. Now I'm well under. Looking at my picture of Egypt. The chirping of the crickets is very loud. They're chirping all over the place. I'm not sure whether I can remain in a meditative posture or not.

HOWARD. I don't feel anything yet.

MARCIA. I feel wonderful.

HOWARD. It's only been two minutes. I'm a little bit frightened.

MARCIA. Yes. It's a truth serum.

HOWARD. I'm getting a little visual alteration. The only thing I don't like...the part I don't like at all is that waxy feeling. I just hate that. It's so artificial. I have that right this minute.

MARCIA. Yes. It's just like wax. Exactly.

HOWARD. I hate that. It's so artificial.

MARCIA. What's happening to me now is...

HOWARD. You're not dizzy now are you?

MARCIA. Yes I am dizzy. I'm very dizzy. The wings on this picture that I'm looking at are in perfect synchrony with the sound that I'm hearing. Each feather is resonating to the sound of the motor. It's always like a very smooth motor. It's like a beautifully made automobile reving up. Dadadadadada. What I'm getting now is the perfect synchrony between the motor and what I'm seeing. Those feathers on the wings...Egypt...and I'm also feeling a great deal...feeling how much I love Egypt. I thought this was going to be silly, just to sit and look at the picture of Egypt—two birdlike beings looking at each other. But all at once it seems wonderful—transcendental. It's you and it's me, it's Howard and it's Marcia. I know that when this is typed out on a piece of paper it's going to be just black and white. But in my world, my bright world where I am right this moment, it's gold...pure shining gold.

HOWARD. Do you hear any birds?

MARCIA. Oh yes, the birds are all around me. I have birds everywhere. The whole issue of birds is one we'll have to explore.

HOWARD. It's obviously affecting the auditory center of your brain.

MARCIA. Yes. That's interesting. Right now I'm hearing a sound much louder than the sound of my voice but the sound that I'm hearing is a great deal louder. What I'm enjoying is the emotional component. I didn't want to take this trip because I thought that just twenty-five milligrams would leave me knocking at the door and feeling rejected. Going only just so far and once again standing on the threshold, never allowed into the inner sanctum. But now I feel differently.

HOWARD. You think it's worth while to take a mini-dose?

MARCIA. Yes, I think we should do this again...I can see it through your eyes. It's really important to me that you should look at that picture.

HOWARD. (Solicitously.) OK, but I don't want you to get dizzy. Why don't you lie down?

MARCIA. (Remaining in meditation posture.) This is what I've longed to do—to be half here and half there.

HOWARD. Is that where you're at?

MARCIA. Yes, the place of the roots. A place where I can speak coherently.

HOWARD. It's all being taped.

MARCIA. It's being taped, yes. You see I'm in tune with you telepathically because I knew you were going to say that. Right now in this halfway world...

HOWARD. I don't know where I'm at.

MARCIA. You're feeling it though? You're under?

HOWARD. Yeah. I feel an altered state of consciousness. I haven't heard the crickets.

MARCIA. The crickets are all around me. I keep thinking...can't you hear those crickets.

HOWARD. I just saw a bird fly over. That was really nice.

MARCIA. I know your mind...I hope we can do this again. It's going to take a long time to sew these seams of consciousness together. To sew...I'm having a lot of trouble with language.

HOWARD. Yeah. I think maybe you should lie down, Marcia.

MARCIA. No, I want to meditate. I never dreamed twenty-five milligrams could take me so far. This twenty-five state is golden. This is a very good place. I'd like to remain in this state for a while. Then you could perhaps sew together the seams between the bright world and the charcoal gray world.

HOWARD. No, I don't like that term. We must think of another. You must trust my judgment. My judgment is good, Marcia. Like when you said esoteric anesthetic. (Actually the term had been "esthetic anesthetic.")

MARCIAC. Yes, I like that term.

HOWARD. That's beautiful. Esoteric anesthetic...I'm really high right now. Wow, this is nice. Let's think of another word for gray world. This is a beautiful world we live in.

MARCIAC. I'm coming down very fast.

HOWARD. Maybe you should take another twenty-five. You've become very tolerant.

MARCIAC. That's interesting. This intermediary state I think is going to be the key to our whole operation.

HOWARD. But what have we really accomplished up to now? Obviously I can't question it. These thoughts and memories and experiences will go on.

MARCIAC. You must be a little higher than I am. So your wave is after mine. But now look at the Egypt picture. Tell me, what is Egypt to you?

HOWARD. I don't know. I just feel we were there.

MARCIAC. It has something to do with the astrological sign Gemini. Now look at that picture. Do you notice the Geminian duality? Two coming together. It's our archetype.

HOWARD. Two coming together and forming one.

MARCIAC. Yes. In times to come you and I should meditate on our archetype—Gemini. The two together.

HOWARD. Together forever. The first time, do you remember that? Together forever.

MARCIAC. But part of the togetherness is being different...like the other turn of the spiral. That's why I like it so much when we take these trips with one just a little bit ahead of the other. It makes us opposite turns of the spiral because now I'm coming out and you're still in deeper than I am now. It's such a Geminian thing we're doing. Look at the picture. Isn't that a perfect picture for us?

HOWARD. It's golden.

MARCIAC. I see our two minds—just like two twists of the same spiral. Can you imagine what power can go through? Its like those two serpents that undulate up and down the rod of Mercury—always two. When you have two serpents the power can come down the central channel.

HOWARD. You have to have two?

MARCIAC. Yes. You see, in Hindu Philosophy they call it *Ida* and *Pingala*. The central canal is *Sushumna*. And somehow those stars up there in the universe decreed that we should be born, each of us, in the sign of twoness—Gemini, the heavenly twins, each one always looking at the other. We spiral round about each other and then the power comes through.... It's so strange to see myself in another body, with a slightly different kind of plumbing. And its narcissistic too because you look so beautiful.

You're the absolute embodiment of beauty. And then I can say, "Ah, he is I, we belong together.... And now, my dear, do you feel as though you're starting to come down?

HOWARD. No, I've reached a plane. I'm kind of moving along. I'm just golden. (Laugh) Are you all the way down?

MARCIAC. Yes, I'm coming down. But its downness like when you're skiing and you don't have to put any energy into it. Or when you're bicycling and all at once you can rest back and just coast. That's what I'm doing, coasting. I'm on a long golden hillside and I'm just coasting down.

HOWARD. I'm visualizing skiing down this long golden hill. We should go skiing.

MARCIAC. I love to ski.

HOWARD. I know. You like to do everything I want to do.

MARCIAC. How could I help it? I'm the other twist of your spiral. (At this point there ensued a discussion of some personal problems which had recently arisen.)

MARCIAC. Sometimes I worry about the ability of the little personal small-letter m.m. self to cope with it. She gets depressed. She's not worth worrying about. Worry Wort. (At this point I saw my initials, M.M. mirrored as in a lake so as to appear like W.W.—for Worry Wort. Worry Wort's problems no longer seemed worth talking about.)

HOWARD. God, when I close my eyes I see all this gold. It's beautiful.

MARCIAC. Isn't it nice. I love that gold. Now you know why I call it the bright world. But we're not in the bright world; we're only on the edge of it. We're in the suburbs of the bright world.

HOWARD. Suburbs of the bright world. Wow!

MARCIAC. I'm very happy to know that I can take a mini-trip and remain seated in the lotus posture. (At this point we each took a booster shot of twelve and a half miligrams.)

MARCIAC. I'm very excited to think about the potential of big K. for marriage counseling, because you certainly can bare your heart to another person in a special way. It's sad how many husbands and wives can't communicate even when both sides want to, even when they're reaching out, when they're longing to communicate. See, here we have it. Howard and I sitting here looking at that Gemini picture. One on the left and one on the right. They're reaching out for one another—but then there's that barrier between. Now even with mini-doses we could bridge that gap.

HOWARD. There's only one thing that disturbs me about that picture. You never had the experience I had, but that scarab looks like a cockroach. When I was going to medical school we lived in city housing and it was infested with rats and roaches. I hate roaches. I hate them. The thing that really disturbs me is that roach.

MARCI. Now I never thought of that before, but I suppose every scarab has its shadow side. Every scarab has its cockroach. At the moment it seems as though that had cosmic significance. There's always a shadow side to things. In India they always used to say, it's darkest right under the lamp. There's that beautiful Egyptian scarab and there's a cockroach just under it. There's always a "dweller on the threshold."

HOWARD. Boy, I've fought him, I really have. You have no idea. I say you have no idea but you do have. He really battled me.

MARCI. It was a monstrous battle. I knew, but I couldn't fight it for you. I have the same duality. There's the big M.M. goddess and then there's the little Mini-mouse personality and it's so hard to get those two together. The goddess, she's everything. She pours forth glowing golden abundance of love, money—everything. And then Mini-mouse scuttles around and gets upset. It's so hard to bring those two together. But by God, when you do, then the power comes through. You always have to have the two to bring in the power—like positive and negative or male and female.

It never occurred to me that a scarab looks like a cockroach. The most sacred thing looks very much like the thing we detest the most. Like if you spell the word *lived* backward it makes *devil*. If there's going to be a bright world there also have to be shadows. And you can't just let that shadow pull you apart because the brightness is there. Brightness can live without shadows, but shadows can't live without brightness. That is, those cockroaches on the under side—in a sense even they are testimonials that there is a bright world. The bright world goes on and on without any shadows at all. But you can't have any shadows unless there is a bright world. Oh dear, I'm not saying it right. That's what's bothering me because I'm coming back to the shadow world now. And I know there's a better name for it. This world is beautiful.

HOWARD. There's no question that it's beautiful. That's what we're working on. We've taken a long scenic tour away from the fact that you should not call this the gray world. What should planet Earth be called? Why not just planet Earth. It's funny, as I'm talking to you with my eyes closed I see the eye and beak of an eagle.

MARCI. You and I are such clean people; we're both what you would call "clean freaks." It's very hard for us to accept that we can have cockroaches in our house. Even when they're only the shadows of scarabs. We're going to have to learn to deal with that. Because a great deal depends on us two Gemini pillars. If you and I can hold up and be those two twists of the spiral we'll be a power. But alas, we have cockroaches under our scarabs, and we must realize that the Sun is there shining all the time even though the cockroaches scuttle away from it.

I swear to you, in this lifetime I never before associated a cockroach and a scarab. But obviously they do look the same, don't they. That's not a hallucination. They really do. I never thought of that.

HOWARD. I can't believe you never thought of that.

MARCI. No, I never did. To me a scarab has always been a purely sacred symbol. But you know, the word "sacred" is the same as the word "sacral." The sacral center is the sex center. It's the highest and the lowest, like Scorpio. If people want to tell dirty jokes the lowest of the low is sex. And yet it's the highest of the high. It's God the Father and Mother Nature coming together and creating worlds. And yet there's nothing lower than dirty sex. The best corrupted always becomes the worst. The scarab becomes the cockroach and the sacred becomes the sacrum—down here at the gut level. The thing we must realize is that these two worlds have to be bound together.

HOWARD. Well, I really like that picture better now.

MARCI. It doesn't matter whether the scarab reminds you of a cockroach. The reverse is also true, the cockroach can remind you of a scarab.... We have such a clean house, with all those white walls. And every time I go out I get some new kind of detergent or bleach. I'm all the time trying to make things whiter and brighter. And it's very painful to have cockroaches sitting under the scarabs. But if we realize it's only a reflection of the bright world we'll bear with it, because we have such important things to do. And Mini-mouse down there really is the ultimate worry wort. She's a cockroach. I'd like to sweep Mini-mouse right out of this house. But at least I know how to deal with her. Maybe that will be enough.

As we gradually returned to normal consciousness Howard became aware of a strong feeling of energy pulsating through his fingertips. This gave rise to a discussion of the possible uses of ketamine in pranic healing. The general after-effect of this session was to strengthen our conviction that this medicine could be exceedingly helpful in marital counseling and group therapy.

I have never failed to feel cleaner, healthier, and more relaxed after a samadhi session. However, as one busy day followed another it was very hard to keep the memories of the bright world fresh in mind. It still seemed as though my spiritual roots were too nonporous to make the connections with that realm where there are no separating surfaces. The situation reminded me of the plight of the two tropical plants on my window sill that I was trying to propagate. While in sunny Ojai I had snapped them from their stems and put them in water. Now, plunged in alien soil the stalks were striving to put forth a new

substructure. Often I would brood over those poor plantlets, so rudely severed from their mother bush, wondering if they would ever be able to recreate the fibrous network required to sponge up the nourishment they needed.

Fortunately for these languishing sprigs of greenery Howard took it into his head that he was going to become a plant doctor. Each morning he would place his outstretched hands authoritatively over the drooping petals and command, "Heal, heal!" Amazingly enough the pair of them did perk up, even while a sibling plant in the livingroom turned brown and shed its leaves.

During this period I had a series of dreams that clearly mirrored my concern with piecing together our various realities. In one dream I was trying to give a lecture but was unable to start because the audience was spread out in four or five different rooms. In a second I was worrying about my clothing. The top and bottom halves of my wardrobe wouldn't coordinate, even though plenty of both were hanging in my closet. In still another dream I was struggling with a desk constructed in such a way that the lower drawer was locked when the upper drawer opened, and vice versa.

What my mind seemed to be telling me was that fulfillment can never lie in getting from here to there, but rather depends on bringing the here and the there into a conscious unity. Reaching up to the High Self can be no more or less important than helping that overshadowing Presence to grow down and take root in the personal self. The impulse which makes a flower grow is surely as sacred as the impulse to cast it upon the altar where it soon must die. If, therefore, samadhi therapy is to succeed it must be presented not as an invasion of the exigencies of daily existence but rather as a way of integrating formerly disparate modes of being.

It is easy to find God in that which is high, noble and manifestly divine. But if the world is to be saved we must also seek His presence in that which we deem to be low, base and beyond the pale. Increasingly it seemed to me that the ketamine trips were enabling me to look down as well as up, to see the glory of the creation of each atom of matter and to appreciate the designs into which these particles are drawn. What bliss I achieved was not the gift of the inmost source that we have termed the cosmatrix. There the multidimensional wheel spins on, the movie screen shines whitely, the sound reverberates monotonously and the substance of which existence is woven just is, devoid of emotional content or even of what I would normally think of as "spirituality." This undifferentiated state cannot be truly joyous because there is no one there to exult in it, nothing to praise, to appreciate, or even to love. For that kind of veneration we need a separate observer.

That is to say, my profoundest pleasure was experienced not in the deepest state but rather during the journey back from that condi-

tion. My desire was not to become more detached from the physical world but rather was for a closer union of the archetype with its image. I wanted to see the palor of planet Earth interfused with the vitalizing color-music of the bright world, and to feel how the same flowers that germinate in pain blossom in joy in a realm where ecstasy, understanding, sympathy and devotion shine like facets of a single jewel.

The trouble with most drug-induced "highs" is that eventually one comes down with a depressing thud. With ketamine, however, the high is followed by a mellowing. For my own part, there was a continuing effort to gear the whirling cogs of my untrammled mental gyrations to the mainspring of my daily rounds and to make these large and small wheels mesh within a single framework of space-conditioned time. In general my body seemed better balanced as though concentric circles of light were radiating from the heart. Nerves like violin strings could be more easily tensed to the point where, neither too tight nor too relaxed, they could sound a clearer note. On the negative side, however, I felt as though I needed more protection, and certainly more sleep. In moments of fatigue there was a part of me that felt fragile, blue-veined and shattery, like the finest of fine white porcelain figurines. That sense of frailty was hard to admit because I wanted others to be able to enjoy the experiences with which we had been so richly gifted. Nevertheless, there was never any question but that honesty would come first.

Drug-taking has long been associated with spacielessness, unrealism, and impracticality. In this regard there seemed to be no dulling of the cutting edge of my ability to apportion the many demands of a demanding routine. There was, however, a greater openness to the feelings of others, a more compassionate concern for their problems, and a more conscientious determination to help. This sensitization had its drawbacks, leaving me often on the edge of tears. On the other hand, sympathy has its uses and understanding can be a practical asset. Certainly the ability to care provides an incentive to efficient and effective action. To one who can perceive the end results of innate predispositions the dull pragmatism of the confirmed cynic is probably about the least practical attitude there can be.

These motivational evaluations were stimulated by our resolve to write a personal narrative detailing our adventures with ketamine. Even while it dawned on me how much work such a project would entail our days became extraordinarily busy. I wanted to be the perfect wife, stepmother, cook, housekeeper and therapist. Mail was flowing in, all of which I answered even though the costs of doing so far exceeded book royalties. New lectures had to be prepared, Ananta Foundation had to be managed, and our Bulletin written and sent out. A trip abroad was in the offing and the phone was as importunate as ever. Even when we arose at our customary hour of 5:30 A.M. and worked straight through the day I never really felt caught up.

Normally this much activity would have caused a distracting sense of pressure. But somehow I didn't feel that hard-pushed. Then a thought clicked. Formerly, my main energy drain had stemmed from the frustration of having too little time to devote to spiritual disciplines. But since it had become possible to enjoy "instant samadhi" at will, what did it matter if there were fewer hours to pursue the means which supposedly would have led to this same end. The craving to pay more attention to myself had been actuated by the desire to achieve the kind of realizations that all at once had become ours for the asking. No longer did it seem necessary to fly breathlessly up the trail to some hypothetical mountaintop. Having already perched upon the heights it now made sense to pause, enjoy the scenery along the way and remain open to the possibility that even these lower elevations might offer views which, in my helter-skelter ascent, I had been missing.

According to the tradition of yoga there are many modes of development, all of which eventually lead to the same goal. By choice my path was karma yoga—the discipline of selfless service. However, even while asserting that doing for others is the surest and fastest way to God, there remained the suspicion that in the busy-ness of attending to a multitude of chores I was neglecting my own spiritual development. Recently a dear friend had termed me a "phony" because I was running about organizing programs and giving lectures instead of sitting in meditation and cultivating the power simply "to be." Her words could not have been so cutting if some part of me hadn't admitted that she had a point.

Now however, all these efforts, even the abortive ones, seemed justified. I knew my own wandering mind well enough to realize that not even years of meditation could have brought the insights derived from fifty milligrams of ketamine. Henceforth I could concentrate on worldly duties without that soul-deep hunger for the sweet silence of undisturbed solitude. The resolving of this conflict was for me the first and most flavorsome fruit of samadhi therapy.

By now Howard and I had become convinced that ketamine could be useful in dealing with problems that by ordinary standards seem hopeless—problems involving disappointments, disillusionments, depression, disease and death. So many times there is no way out of the squeeze of circumstances except the way up. Why then, shouldn't distressed people be offered a helping hand to a higher elevation, even if they can remain there only a short time? More and more it began to appear that most difficulties are insoluble at the level at which we customarily function. Could nature have contrived these various binds in order to force us to transcend ourselves? If so, this may be a therapy to which sufferers can turn when all else fails.

Pondering these issues we also considered the need for a global catharsis. If world leaders could have a taste of samadhi every so often

perhaps the whole earth could be diverted from its plunge into an abyss of self-destruction. But would nitpicking critics be willing to consider the possibility that a consciousness-raising medicine might be humanity's last resort? Would those authorities who did not wish to experiment along these lines deny the right to others?

Up to now the votaries of ketamine have not wanted the cat let out of the bag lest resisting forces be aroused and the substance summarily banned. Howard and I too could go on indefinitely enjoying our private paradise legally, inexpensively and without feeling in any way reprehensible. But there was too much at stake in the issue to let it lie. Being the kind of people we are it seemed apparent that we would have to place ourselves in the spotlight, even though such a course of action would jeopardize his job, our reputations and the position of ketamine users elsewhere. In the meanwhile, though, we were grateful just to be more sensitive, fulfilled and loving human beings.



5: The Aesthetic Anesthetic

ACTION

The anesthetic state produced by Ketalar has been termed "dissociative anesthesia" in that it appears to selectively interrupt association pathways of the brain before producing somesthetic sensory blockade. It may selectively depress the thalamoneocortical system before significantly obtunding the more ancient cerebral centers and pathways (reticular-activating and limbic systems).

—Parke-Davis

Ketamine is the democrat of drugs inasmuch as it demonstrates that richness of the imagination need not be the exclusive possession of artists and madmen. Surely one of the greatest gifts bestowed by this "esthetic anesthetic" has been the experience of expanding into the spheres where beauty is born, where colors are palpable, sounds sparkle, and scatterings of disparate percepts converge into supersen-

sory fantasias of synergistic delight. In observing our own and other people's reactions it has seemed undeniable that the esthetic is the entryway to the mystic. When that first apprehension of beauty would begin to burnish common objects with brighter shades of meaning we would know that we were already passing through the provinces of the luminescent empire of the gods where the hierarchs of creation were conceiving their experimental designs.

In the kingdom of ketamine it is as impossible to divorce physical beauty from its metaphysical implications as to separate signs from significances, or portents from importance. Here the much touted slogan "art for art's sake" sounds like the babbling of Flatland fools. Everything exists for the sake of everything else, each separate object reflects a greater reality, and all are supremely consequential.

Despite the intensity of emotion engendered during our explorations of the mountains and valleys, ridges and abysses of the bright world these ventures remained strictly "mind trips", devoid of even the slightest trace of sensuality. Seldom have we or the subjects with whom we have worked found ketamine to be erotically stimulating. In the terminology of yoga we were functioning strictly in the upper chakras of the heart, throat and head. There was a purifying flow of affection and a richness of response that gave wings to the spirit. At such times Howard and I found that our communion was so complete that even a touching of hands seemed irrelevant. Only afterward did it become supremely important to feel a sense of physical closeness. Even then, for me at least, the need to be held was that of a small and vulnerable child rather than that of an importunate lover.

At this point it seems doubtful that anyone could find ketamine sexually arousing except to the extent that it removes psychological blockages and increases the general flow of libidinal forces. Essentially, it opens channels of the mind and this in turn produces bodily repercussions. Inasmuch as the drug enhances the capacity to give and receive love it may serve to alleviate conditions of frigidity and impotence. Since love is nature's great aphrodisiac any augmentation of this unitive impulse is bound to percolate down to the glandular level. Nevertheless, the craving for physical closeness seems to be a byproduct rather than a direct result of the ketamine experience.

In order to linger longer at the esthetic level of what appeared to be a multilayered hierarchy of noetic insights Howard and I decided to continue for a while at the relatively small dose level. By this time we were discovering that we could regulate the distance traveled on our "trips" even though the scenery encountered along the way was always a surprise.

The experience of beauty is inherently difficult to convey, while the language of archetypes is bound to veer precariously close to the bombastic. Hopefully, however, the following transcripts will give some of the flavor of our responses to the supersensory wonderland

we were still just beginning to explore. The tapes have been only minimally edited in order to reduce some of the repetition, laughter, sighs and nonverbal "ahs" and "ohs." There were many silences. For the most part we have let the words stand even though they can provide but the barest taste of the soul-sweet intimacy of ketamine's border zones of ecstasy.

The following tape was made after a day's fast. I began by sitting in a meditative posture, while Howard remained an observer. Following the injection I noted that it took precisely seventy seconds to register the first effects.

SESSION 8

December 4, 1977 6:30 PM Alderwood Manor 25 mg

MARCI. Now I can already hear the beautiful revving up sound of the motor.

HOWARD. I didn't hear the motor last time.

MARCI. What I'm hearing now is just as real as if someone was running a motor. It's not like a motor in the mind. I actually hear the sound and it's always the same. It makes you think of wings. Winged crickets chirping. The first thing that happens is the wings. And the second thing is the sense of ecstasy. Now I'm in what is called samadhi. And the pitch rises. It's going faster. The tone becomes higher and more beautiful.

HOWARD. Shall I turn off the music?

MARCI. No, the music is beautiful. There's a revving up. It's like a propeller. We used to produce effects like this with a strobe light and fan. We would synchronize the light and fan to produce lotuses with different numbers of petals. That's exactly what this is like.... Oh, this is as deep as I've ever gone.

HOWARD. Oh come on. Really. You've only had twenty-five milligrams.

MARCI. It feels like a hundred. Its taking me right up out. (Long silence.)

HOWARD. This is how you can get more mileage out of the ketamine. You can take minute doses on days when you're fasting.

MARCI. Wow, this is deep. (Pause.) It's always the same.

HOWARD. Are you in the bright world now?

MARCI. Yes, I'm there.

HOWARD. Did you ever get to this state before without the ketamine?

MARCI. Never.

HOWARD. When I think of your thirty-five years experience as a metaphysician, and all the yoga you've done, and you're a very spiritual lady and all, that seems very significant. Am I distracting you, talking to you?

MARCI. Yes. (Long pause. At that time I was locked into the music

with total concentration and total appreciation. It was a completely different experience from listening to music in the normal state, inasmuch as there was absolute identification with the sounds being played.)

HOWARD. Do you want to lie down? (No reply.) Are you OK?

MARCIA. Uh huh.

HOWARD. How does the music sound? (No reply. I had no awareness of his asking this question.) You're tilting. Do you want to lie down?

MARCIA. Uh. (I have no recollection of Howard helping me to lie down. Long pause.) I can't bring these two worlds together. Oh, I love that music. That's so beautiful, so soft. This experience is so soft, I'm glad you taped it. I'm only now coming back through that portal. That was as deep as I've ever gone. Oh, why can't I get it together! Why can't I get it together! It's so complicated; one shot won't do it. It's got to be more than one. It's just so hard to realize. The music in the background is very good because that gives me the beat—to measure this kind of time against that. God, that was a deep trip. Only twenty-five milligrams? Do I always say, that's the deepest I've ever been?

HOWARD. No you don't. It's just the fact that you haven't eaten all day. If you'd taken fifty or seventy-five you'd have been on the surgical plane of anesthesia. We could have taken your appendix out.

MARCIA. You could have taken my appendix out and I wouldn't have cared. What's the most I've ever had?

HOWARD. Seventy-five milligrams.

MARCIA. That twenty-five took me as far as the seventy-five.

HOWARD. I told you there's a big difference between medications on an empty stomach.

MARCIA. A one day fast—but Mini-mouse chomped on a couple of spoonfuls of ice cream. It wasn't a beggar's fast; it was a rich fast. How could I go so deep on twenty-five? I was zonked. Talk about being blown away...Right now I can see the grain of the wood on the door and its all flowing and moving. All right, that's good for the research to know that a day of fasting can make twenty-five milligrams equal to seventy-five. But I didn't even go on a good fast. I took the ice cream but I said, "I'll tell him that I had the ice cream." It was about a tablespoonful. And then I took another tablespoonful. (At this point it seemed extremely important to come clean and confess to having cheated on my fast.)

HOWARD. I saw you tilting and then I came and laid you down gently.

MARCIA. I figured I'd be totally in control. How much time has passed?

HOWARD. About fifteen minutes.

MARCIA. One thing I know I said is that the music is very very good. Time gets confused. And when there's music playing it makes a link with planet Earth. That is, you have something that everything else is relative to. God, that was deep. I didn't get into the bright world at all, hardly. I just went into the big wheel.

HOWARD. Do you feel waxy?

MARCIA. I don't get the same waxy feeling you do. To you the waxy feeling is unpleasant. (As we discussed the wax suddenly I did feel it. Evidently this is a stage of extreme suggestibility.) All right, now I understand that it is just like wax. Even my teeth are made of wax. Yeech. When I'm typing that I'll spell it yeech. That still doesn't convey how my tongue feels going over those waxy teeth. I feel not one iota different from the wax on that candle.

HOWARD. God, I hate that feeling. It's so artificial. It feels as though you're never going to get back in your body again. That's the fear, that you're never going to function again.

MARCIA. The fear of not functioning. And it's a strange fear because there's a part of you that doesn't care if you don't function again. Than there's a part that does.

HOWARD. Well, you realize you have to.

MARCIA. Sometimes there's a battle. It's only when there's an equilibrium that there's a war. You know, Libra is the sign of war. When I'm really under, most of me doesn't care if I never function again. So there's no battle.

HOWARD. Libra's the sign of war?

MARCIA. Yes, because it's in between. You're being pulled this way and that. You know, war and peace. The reason it's a sign of war is because there's a balance. There's no war if there's no balance. The thing just swamps you. When I'm really under I don't care if I never function again. It couldn't matter less. And when I'm not under I'm functioning. So there's no issue. It's just at that moment of emergence that it's like Libra. Libra you see is emergence—emergency. And that's when the war comes on. You're off balance. And then you have your inner war. Like ju-jitsu—it throws you off balance. In a way it was a very nice trip. If I'd taken fifty milligrams I'd have been totally anesthetized. There'd have been no links at all.

HOWARD. You'd have been just asleep.

MARCIA. No, it's really nothing like sleep. I might add that throughout it was a very pleasurable experience. I loved it. The set is incredibly important. I loved the candle. I loved those wings on the Egyptian scarab picture. Even the roach was OK. And the grain of the wood on the door was flowing and moving.

HOWARD. Is it moving now?

MARCIA. Yes, it's still moving. And it's beautiful. But imagine if some-

one is hacking away inside your stomach and you're this sensitized. No wonder those people at Parke-Davis don't have much understanding of this substance. Because here you are; you're hypersensitive, and someone's pounding away at your wax. Someone's carving up that wax. Butchering your wax. Naturally it's not going to feel too good.

HOWARD. Well, don't forget there's a big difference between the amount of the drug you're taking and the dose we're giving for anesthesia. We're giving overwhelming doses, and combining nitrous oxide and oxygen and a muscle relaxant, and believe me you're not anywhere in this world. But we both know that your subconscious is recording it all. That's true with any anesthetic.

MARCIA. I really love it. You know how on the cover of the *Playboy* magazines there's always a bunny. You know how they work that bunny in some way. Sometimes they do it very cleverly. You have to look a long time before you find the bunny. Well, in my ketamine trip there's always a Howard. He's always there, when I get to the very depths of it.

HOWARD. (Laughing.) Why do you love me so much?

MARCIA. I really don't know. Because it hurts. It's painful sometimes. But when I get as far as I'm going to go under, there's Howard—the other twist of my spiral. You're like that obligatory bunny on the *Playboy* cover. (Laughing.) Any ketamine experience I have you're in. You know why it's painful? Because the more I love you the more I realize I could lose you. It means I'm that much more vulnerable. I mean, what's a spiral if it doesn't have its other turn? Have you ever seen a spiral without its other turn?

HOWARD. Never.

MARCIA. It's true, as Lill said in her letter today, that pure love knows no possessiveness. And I think of myself as being an unjealous type. We both are because that's one of the qualities of Gemini. Nevertheless, everything spirals. And if you're a spiral without the other turn that's painful.

HOWARD. Well, I'm not going anywhere. I'm right here with you.

MARCIA. I know, and I'm not worried about that. It's no big issue. But what I still haven't figured out is why love and pain are so closely associated in this cosmos. You know, Wagner's "love-death." The lovers have to die. I used to go to a lot of operas. And each time the lovers have to die. In *Aida* at the end she gets squashed in that horrible Egyptian tomb. I think they entomb her. Yes, she dies for love. And then there was Mignon who dies for love. They all die for love. I mean it's love and pain. And in the zodiac love is Taurus and death, loss and pain are Scorpio. I still haven't figured out why it has to be painful to love someone. Honeybees go up and they mate, and then the male bee falls dead to earth.

HOWARD. The praying mantis does the same thing.

MARCIA. And the black widow kills her husband. Why do love and pain have to go together? Like Mini-mouse running up and down, like the roaches in your building, and Worry Wort. But actually this has been a very joyful time. There's about as much Mini-mouse in my life today as there are cockroaches in this place we're living in. I'm only saying it because it's residual. I want you to be the other turn of my spiral.

HOWARD. I am the other turn of it. I'm only saying it because it's residual. I want you to be the other turn of my spiral.

HOWARD. I am the other turn of your spiral. I'm your heavenly twin.

MARCIA. You see, Gemini has to be drawn like two pillars. It would be too complicated for astrologers to have to draw them twisted the way they really are, going round and round each other. The finest of yarns are double that way. They twist the strands together and then you get all that subtlety and beauty. And if you take the Gemini sign and give it a twist then you have the true Gemini. That's the serpents—the caduceus—the rod of Mercury. That's the symbol of your own profession. I wonder how many doctors in your hospital know what their emblem really signifies.

HOWARD. Very few. None.

MARCIA. We ourselves don't really know. Even though we are members of the Order of the Serpent. That's the order of those who heal, wherever in the cosmos they may be.

HOWARD. I can't possibly get off the spiral now. I'm just curious to see what's going to happen. The book's going to come out; I'll have to quit my job. I don't know what the hell I'm going to do. (Laughing nervously.)

MARCIA. That's your Mickey Mouse. He's scurrying around squeaking, "What'll I do if I lose my job over this?" Can't you hear that little mousie scream way down under?

HOWARD. Yeah, I hear it.

MARCIA. I see Mickey in his short pants and those big ears, and he's scurrying madly about in the depths, saying "What will I do if I lose my job? How am I going to support all those people who are dependent on me?" Mickey is all over the place there.

HOWARD. That's true. When I think of all those years. Working my way through four years of college and four years of medical school, a year of internship, two years of residency.... (Tape runs out at this point.)

Probably this was the time of Howard's maximum concern that if the authorities at his hospital were to discover that we were engaged in ketamine research he would promptly lose his job—a serious affair for a man with four dependents and two homes to maintain. But at least Mickey had now come out of the woodwork and could be dealt with

on an adult level.

One of the most extraordinary aspects of the ketamine experience which the tapes fail utterly to convey is the intensity of the response to music. Not even a lifetime of training could have produced the tonal sensitivity that was a regular feature of life in the bright world. The only problem raised by this absorption in the sounds being played was that it was possible to become locked into the music to the extent of being at its mercy, too spellbound to turn a dial or register a protest. There seemed a real danger of becoming enmeshed in the wrong vibrations while in this vulnerable state. On the other hand, music I had never specially enjoyed sometimes sounded so much better that I was glad it was there.

At this stage we were fascinated with the esthetic implications of the low-dose trips and excited about their potential human benefits. If more people could be sensitized to the Venusian realm of the arts how much more pleasing a place this world might be! It was becoming increasingly clear that beauty is not just in the eye of the beholder; it is an inherent quality of a meaningful and sentient universe. I was, therefore, curious to see where this magic potion would take us next.

SESSION 9

December 10, 1977 7:30 PM Alderwood Manor 25 mg

MARCIA. Oh, this is beautiful. I'm well into it now. Really grooving on this candle. I went too far under before. I may do it this time also. It's so hard to link these two worlds. Before I couldn't even see the candle. And it's so beautiful. And now I feel Egypt.

HOWARD. Why do you love Egypt so much? You're so into Egypt.... Your pulse is definitely faster.

MARCIA. Oh, wow; I'm the high priestess. I'm in Egypt. That place, that light...the scarab. (Long silence. Whispering.) God, Egypt!

HOWARD. Well, there's no question you have tachycardia. (Tachycardia is over 120 heartbeats per minute. Ordinarily my pulse is between sixty and seventy beats per minute.)

MARCIA. Oh, Egypt.

HOWARD. I don't know whether its tachycardia or not. I'll have to count....

MARCIA. Oh, it's very far out.

HOWARD. I told you. Listen to the doctor. The doctor knows. Dr. Neptune. Wouldn't that be a good name for me. Dr. Neptune. (Laughing). Are you still with me?

MARCIA. Yes.

HOWARD. OK, I just wanted to make sure. (Very long pause.) Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,...Ah, it's 108—approaching tachycardia. It certainly accelerates your body. (Long pause.) Where are you now, dear?

MARCIA. Oh, it's glorious.

HOWARD. It's the best trip you've had, isn't it?

MARCIA. The very best.

HOWARD. You didn't know you were getting Dr. Neptune, did you?

You've got to remember all this. Can you remember this? Marcia? Are you dizzy? (Still no response.) Where are you now, dear? (Very long pause. Inaudible mumbling.) Can you say that louder? (Long pause.) Can you talk? Say something.

MARCIA. I understand about the archetypes. But I can't communicate.

Astrology is the golden key. Truly, it's the language of the gods.

I can't bring it through. I just can't bring it through. I can't....

Now I'm at the portal. Oooops, there we go again.

HOWARD. Coming back?

MARCIA. Coming back through that portal. Oh dear, I don't want to go through the portal. It looks so grim—like the devil. No, I don't want to go, don't want to go through the portal. The devil. I don't want to go, don't want to go...through that portal. Now I've done it. It's not pure any more. Oh...the music is fantastic!

HOWARD. What does the candle look like?

MARCIA. Oh, the music and the candle. It's so important. So very important. Oh, dear. (Sighing.) It's so important to link the portal. Each time I lose it, I'm sad. I'm going to lose it.

HOWARD. You want to bring it into your world all the time, don't you.

MARCIA. The bright world, yes. Right now I'm seeing two bright worlds. That is, I'm looking at the candle and seeing double. Oh, dear, I so much don't want to come back. (At this point I heard my voice repeating those words over and over but had no idea what the sounds meant.) My goodness, this is a strange in-between place. I don't know whether I'm going to remember this.

HOWARD. Yeah, you will because we're getting it on tape.

MARCIA. This is amazing. That music goes on and on. What I usually don't like about this experience is that it's too short. But now it's going on and on. The music: it's so great, I don't want to come back. I have no idea what those sounds mean. I don't want to come back.

HOWARD. It means that you want to stay in that other place. (At this point I was still repeating "I don't want to come back." But I wasn't thinking of the present situation. Rather, it was as though I had regressed to the time of my birth in this body and was protesting the thought of having to incarnate again.)

MARCIA. It's so beautiful. Duality. Gemini.

HOWARD. Wow, I've got a contact high from you; you know that!

MARCIA. I see two candles—you and me. Do you see two candles?

HOWARD. No, I see only one. It was quite a trip.

MARCIA. I wish I knew what those words meant. "I don't want to come back." They look like saw teeth, all jagged edges. It looks

so beautiful now; I'm seeing a whole mountain range of candles. Hmmmm, Everest, Kanchenjunga, the Himalayas...the thing I like best in the whole world is mountains. The world is a mountain. (Pleading.) Oh, please don't make me come back! The music is so perfect. Why should it be just my music at this time?

HOWARD. It's on stereo.

MARCIA. I'm seeing two candle flames. And they're you and me.

HOWARD. (Laughing.) You always see you and me.

MARCIA. It's that Playboy bunny. There's always a Howard in there.

HOWARD. (Laughing.) In every trip there's a Howard. The other turn of the spiral.

MARCIA. My initials, M.M. Did you realize that M is like Gemini, two. And H, its two lines connected. Oh, this is a very esthetic experience.

HOWARD. And A for Alltounian is also connected. And S for Sunny is a spiral.

MARCIA. Yes, did you know that we both have the initial S for our middle names? We both have the serpent. and Mar-s-ia—the way I pronounce it sounds like a serpent hissing.

HOWARD. That's serpent power.

MARCIA. People prostitute it. They make it dollar power. So the dollar sign also has an S. With two channels of course, going up and down. That's why money is so powerful. Money is just an externalization of the serpent power. Doesn't a dollar sign look like a serpent going up through the Gemini sign?

HOWARD. Yeah, for sure.

MARCIA. Male and female, and they're coiling around in the middle, and there's your dollars. The portal is so far behind I've almost forgotten the trip already, and that's sad. I don't want to come back. When I was saying it I didn't know what it meant. It was like a meditation mantra that isn't supposed to mean anything.

HOWARD. Yes, its just the sound that quiets your mind. Right? It sets up a vibration you can hear in your body.

MARCIA. Now I'm far enough back so I can figure out what it means. "I don't want to come back." That's five words. It's a hexagram.

HOWARD. That's the formula for ketamine, a hexagram.

MARCIA. No, its not five words; its six. That's my hexagram. Gosh, that was like going around in a big circle. All the way out, and then you come back.

HOWARD. Do you feel waxy?

MARCIA. No. Why is Egypt so important?

HOWARD. I don't know. I don't go there; you do. You freak out on Egypt.

MARCIA. No, one time it was Japan.

HOWARD. Yeah, yeah, It was Japan one time.

MARCIA. I still don't know what it is about Egypt. Did you get a contact high?

HOWARD. For sure. I really did.

MARCIA. That was just perfect because there wasn't any time I wasn't sitting up. But I needed something to lean against.

HOWARD. Well there was a time when you were noncommunicative.

You were in a light surgical state of anesthesia. You had a lid reflex but it was very slow. Your jaw was relaxed, but you didn't speak even when I spoke to you. People do surgery in that state. Next time I'll have to do it in a light where I can look and see whether your pupils are constricted or dilated.

MARCIA. Does it bother you to have me say I don't want to come back? I didn't really know what it meant.

HOWARD. I knew you didn't know what it meant. But I'm also an anesthesiologist so your being in that state doesn't scare me. But it would frighten a lot of individuals. They'd think, "This person has gone insane."

MARCIA. It's controlled insanity. But it's definitely insane. It's like an insane person at the very height of his worst lunatic seizure.

HOWARD. It didn't frighten me because I knew you were coming back. You had no choice.

On the evening of Saturday, December twelfth I was feeling so oppressed by a welter of booknotes, tapes, and unanswered correspondence that I decided not to tape this session. I just wanted to enjoy a brief low-dose holiday and look at the candle without having to worry about the deeper implications of what we were doing or about what people might think. Since I already had a mental overload I neither expected nor wanted anything new to emerge. Apparently the goddess Ketamine agreed that the time had come to take ourselves more lightly.

SESSION 10

December 13, 1977 7:30 PM Alderwood Manor 25 mg

"I feel very satisfied with my life," I exclaimed. "These are butterfly times. I'm seeing this big beautiful cosmic butterfly. Now I understand why my friend Isha calls me a cosmic butterfly. I'm seeing such beautiful fluttering wings as the butterfly flutters by. Down here I'm just a grub grubbing along, but in the bright world I am the cosmic butterfly.

"Metamorphosis. That's my initials. M.M. stands for metamorphosis. Only I can't stay there. The butterfly becomes the grub and the grub becomes the butterfly, and it goes on and on back and forth so that in the long run they exist simultaneously. My big and little selves. It's so hard to keep the balance between them."

After about ten minutes of sporting with the butterfly I found

myself being drawn back through the inexorable portal, still contemplating the duality of my own being. "It's so appropriate that God gave us two voices, a big voice and a little voice. We can speak or we can whisper...." This was a brand new thought and I ruminated over it for some time.

"Now I'm feeling sad. It isn't enough just to be a butterfly or to achieve samadhi. If that were all there was to it we would remain in that state. The issue is not to escape the bonds of earth, but to link the two worlds, even if that means that my body has to remain in this grublike condition." Still holding onto the image of the butterfly it seemed evident that the contact was intrinsically worthwhile even if it was only a temporary transcendence. Taking flight may dissolve rather than solve mundane problems, but even a temporary upliftment may be the key to a lasting resolution if it gives a new perspective.

Returning to the grub stage I had a vision of Howard's "Sunny" self looking remarkably like one of the bemused little boys in the comic strip "Peanuts" by Schultz. This was easy to imagine because during our various partings Howard had plied me with Snoopy cards. Consequently, these personages had a special place in our hearts. Thereupon, I launched into a long-winded rambling story about "Little Sunny and the Cosmic Butterfly."

The gist of the tale was that Little Sunny had spotted the Cosmic Butterfly passing through the sky and decided that he wanted the creature for his collection. Thereupon he had mounted his stilts, taken his butterfly net and, much to his astonishment, actually caught the winged insect. But once he had it, the question was what to do with it. After all, it was only a worm with wings. Even though it was nice to know that a worm could have wings, it was an awkward sort of pet to have to feed and maintain. The tale ended with a perplexed Sunny leading the now docile butterfly by a leash attached to a pretty jeweled collar and saying, "Oh dear, what do I do now?"

The entrance of Sunny and the Cosmic Butterfly into our private pantheon of role-playing characters turned out to be of importance because it brought out the intriguing issue of subpersonalities. It seems probable that in any prolonged use of ketamine these fragmentary selves are apt to pop up, since it is the nature of the medicine to bring everything into the unconscious boiling to the surface. This animation of the diverse aspects of the psyche also occurs in hypersentience and to some extent in any form of psychotherapy.

Presumably some subpersonalities arise out of the memories of former existences, while others like Sunny and the Cosmic Butterfly are symbolic or archetypal. For now it is enough to think of them as personifications of our diverse habits, attitudes, foibles, and idiosyncrasies and leave it at that. They represent the roles we adopt in response to varying circumstances. Regardless of whether we adopt a

reincarnational explanation for the antics of these oftentimes impertunate denizens of the netherworld of the mind, they exist and demand recognition. What we need to remember is that a human personality is not a monolith. Rather, it is like a tree with a complex labyrinth of roots which merge into a single trunk and then branch out once more in diverse directions. We are both one and many with roots in heaven as well as within the earth.

In our cases certain subpersonalities seemed particularly dominant. In Howard there was the almost simultaneous emergence of Orphan Boy and the Warrior. These were balanced by Old Mary and the Egyptian Queen. Then later the archaic substratum or our personal mythologies burgeoned with the supporting cast of Mini and Mickey Mouse, Sunny and the Cosmic Butterfly, Wonder Boy and the Bionic Woman, and the priest and priestess of the goddess Ketamine. Most of the time these subpersonalities came in pairs of opposites. This is a phenomenon that is also characteristic of our reincarnation research where regressed subjects tend to experience pendulum swings between such characters as nun and prostitute, warrior and pacifist, beggar and aristocrat, inquisitor and witch, or administrator and outlaw.

Recognition of these subpersonalities made it decidedly easier to adjust to each other's passing idiosyncrasies. We found, for example, that Orphan Boy and Old Mary were great pals, especially in the kitchen. By the same token, the warrior and queen hit it off famously, especially in the bedroom. However, Orphan Boy simply did not relate to the queen, while the warrior was in no way turned on by Old Mary.

It soon became apparent that these evolving relationships could ramify into an exceedingly complex form of transactional analysis (a system dealing with the child, adult, and parent selves in each of us) which could become as tricky as three-dimensional chess. We had to learn, for example, to banish Old Mary from the boudoir and the queen from the kitchen. The warrior, who was also a charioteer could be delegated to drive the sports car, but since he had an extravagant streak he was well advised to defer to Orphan Boy on payday. Cosmic butterfly might flutter freely over my typewriter keys but was better off slipping back into the grub stage when I sipped tea with our solidly Christian landlady. Wonder Boy and Bionic Woman could and did move mountains, but their exertions were sufficiently exhausting to leave the molehills from which Mickey and Mini-mouse might creep. However, even Mickey and Mini had their proper places as reminders of the mundane plane where people did not go into samadhi every weekend.

More and more we came to see that "I-ness" can be a fractious hodgepodge of contending pressure groups or it can be like a rose window of diametrically opposite but harmoniously blending qualities. It can be composed of debating teams of undisciplined demagogues or it

can be a beautifully balanced mandala shining from within. Apparently the trick is not to reject these semi-autonomous fragments of the psyche but rather to put them to work in the places where they can be useful.

It also seemed evident that these subpersonalities can grow as though with a life of their own. Orphan Boy can learn that he is genuinely loved while the queen can come down off her throne and mingle with the populace. Old Mary can get smart and the warrior can temper his zeal. Little Sunny can accept the fact that the cosmic butterfly is still just a worm with wings, while the grub may be encouraged to know that there is always the possibility of taking flight. Wonder Boy and Bionic Woman can heed the commonsense advice given by Mickey and Mini-mouse even while the timorous mouse pair starts to realize that the soul cannot be fed with the crumbs of conventional success.

With the integration of each contending faction a liberation of energy occurs. Thus, through alternating stages of fission and fusion we learn to tap the power source that we know as the all-seeing, all-accepting, all-compassionate Self.

The next session two days later followed our evening hour of hatha yoga exercises. It seemed expeditious, therefore, to use this opportunity to practice a classic candle-gazing technique intended to assist in the opening of the third eye. We had become intrigued with this method of developing the higher mental faculties because at the end of our yoga class the previous week Howard had been sitting contemplatively with his eyes closed when suddenly, as though gazing through a peephole in the center of his forehead, he saw me standing in front of him with hands on hips. Opening his eyes he discovered that the vision was real; I actually was standing in that position. Again he closed his eyes and the image remained. This was his first experience of clairvoyant perception and he had found it impressive.

Now, in order to expedite this meditative process I took an injection of twenty-five milligrams while Howard took twelve and a half.

SESSION 11

December 14, 1977 7:30 PM Alderwood Manor 25 and 12 mg

MARCIA. (Explaining.) You see, you open your eyes and look at the flame.

HOWARD. That's pretty.

MARCIA. Now when you can't look at it any more you close your eyes and try to see the same flame with your third eye. It's like the eye at the top of the pyramid where they used to place a crystal in the old days. Can you see something that looks like an eye in the center of your forehead?

HOWARD. Yes.

MARCIA. Now again. Open your eye and stare at the flame. Then when your eyes get tired you close them and go right on seeing through the eye in the center of your forehead. The next time you do this you'll start to see with your third eye. That's the eye of your inner vision—the eye with which you will clairvoyantly diagnose. And remember, that eye also sends a beam out. The third eye doesn't only receive; it also radiates.... Now, can you see the flame through the third eye? Mine actually looks like an eye. It has lashes and all. You do it again and again. And each time you get closer to seeing that eye. It's called tratakam.

HOWARD. Yeah.

MARCIA. Now look at the candle and squint. Can you see the beams going off?

HOWARD. For sure. It's beautiful. The more you squint the more beautiful it is.

MARCIA. It's your own inner light show. Keep on doing that. First you look at the candle....

HOWARD. Wow!

MARCIA. And try to see it through your two eyes, the eyes at the base of the pyramid. Then through the third eye. I'll bet you didn't even know you had a third eye a year ago.

HOWARD. I didn't.

MARCIA. It's not just a third eye; it's a pyramid, which makes it vision raised into a whole new dimension.

HOWARD. You know, with this feeling I have right now, it's home again. You could say "home again."

MARCIA. Good. Just go with it.

HOWARD. Home again. All this is part of the research of Dr. Neptune. Isn't that a beautiful name, Dr. Neptune. Wow...well this is obviously a nice high. I don't have that waxy feeling.

MARCIA. Good.

HOWARD. I'm very relaxed. I've definitely gotten out of my body. It's magnificent, magnificent to get out of your body. God, this is really a nice trip. (Laughing.) I love you, Marcia. I'll always love you...the turning of the spiral. We'll always be together. That's mine, my original...what's the word for when you say something and it gives out a vibration...onomatopoeia.

MARCIA. I know what you mean, you can see the sound. It's like Sanskrit mantras are supposed to be. The words are inherently efficacious. (Stumbling over the effort to express the idea.) Anyway, I know what you mean, but the words are...are like wax.

HOWARD. Souls...wow. There's no question this is an altered state of consciousness.

MARCIA. Yes, and you only had a mere twelve and a half. You

wouldn't consider that enough to change anything.

HOWARD. Look at that, Marcia. I can't talk either. I'm so glad we bought that screen. Its glowing. It's alive. (This was a large carved wooden Indian screen which we had recently purchased as a room divider.)

MARCIAS. I oiled it so carefully. It turned out three shades darker.

HOWARD. I know, you did a lovely job.

MARCIAS. But the thing is, so much thought went into it. Imagine if you had to make a screen like that.

HOWARD. The bright world. I always want to be in the bright world. It's a beautiful world. Together, together.

MARCIAS. Together forever.

HOWARD. Together forever. (Repeating).

MARCIAS. That was like a garland you were weaving.

HOWARD. That's beautiful as I say it. Look at that candle. And just get into those vibes. They're gold and violet. You can see the sound waves. You can see the energy waves of what I was saying. (Repeating.) Together forever.

MARCIAS. That's what I get. It's a wave you see. A wave or a spiral.

HOWARD. Souls, a soul trip. This is definitely a soul trip. Wow. All I see is purple and gold. Gosh, purple and gold. What a beautiful experience. Twelve and a half. Wow, wow...You know it's beautiful on this level of consciousness. The people look different. The wax is constantly reshaping itself. There are times when all of us are beautiful or ugly.... On this one little plane of consciousness you always appear to me like a little child scrunched up and saying, "Tee hee hee, I'm really having fun." Like a little mouse. "Why don't you have fun with me?"

MARCIAS. (Laughing.) That's cute.

HOWARD. It's very mousy.

MARCIAS. That's Mini-mouse. You saw her. She titters, tee hee hee.

HOWARD. (Laughing.) Exactly. I saw little Mini-mouse.

MARCIAS. We should look at auras. Even under this I don't see the aura. Look at your hand against the screen. Do you see any emanations?

HOWARD. Oh, I can definitely see gold around them. I see yellow.

MARCIAS. I do see some.

HOWARD. I see gold. That's just because we have the candle, isn't it.

MARCIAS. No, I don't think so. If you look in another direction you still see it. This is a good way to do your aura gazing.

HOWARD. You're looking at my aura. What color is it?

MARCIAS. I can't tell. I only see the gold. But it's nice. What about mine?

HOWARD. Well I can see that it's silver; it's blue; it's violet...it's a glow.

MARCIAS. Good. So now you can see auras. That means you're clairvoyant.

HOWARD. But I can't see them all the time.

MARCIAS. You could if you wanted to. It would be handy for a doctor to see auras, wouldn't it?

HOWARD. Oh, for sure. (We continue experimenting with the candle gazing, this time trying to see the auras through the third eye. Moderate success.)

While the low dosages were extremely helpful as a means of integrating our inner and outer worlds they did not take us to the higher archetypal levels where the more meaningful spiritual insights are obtained. It would have been lovely to have remained on our twenty five milligram plateau grooving on candles, music and each other. Now, however, it seemed as though the time had come to move back to the fifty milligram peaks of perception.

SESSION 12

December 18, 1977 5:43 PM Alderwood Manor 50 mg

MARCIAS. While we're waiting for the medicine to work I want to say that this is like riding a skittish horse when you're used to a placid pony. I have to be much more careful about the way I handle my energies. I deliberately invoked more psychic force for the sake of writing this book. Then the energy came through and I was wakeful at night. But I was too lazy to leave our warm waterbed and use the energy when it was given. So then I got all out of sync and now I feel a little freaked out.... I'm going under very fast now. It took just a bit more than one circuit of the second hand to feel it.

HOWARD. It has to do with circulation time. You know what circulation time is? It's the time it takes the blood to flow around the body and back to the heart. An older person has a slower circulation time so it takes longer for the drug to act.

MARCIAS. Now it sounds like the spokes of a wheel going round and round. It's as though someone were pressing a stick against a bicycle wheel. And that wheel is turning faster and faster. It's all awhir.

HOWARD. Do you hear the crickets?

MARCIAS. Yes, the crickets are enormously loud.

HOWARD. Are you going to try to direct it this time? Are you going to try to answer questions?

MARCIAS. I can't direct it. I'm thinking of Isabel and me and our bicycle wheels spinning by Lake Casitas. (All at once I felt intensely nostalgic remembering how Isabel Buell and I would ride our

bicycles around Lake Casitas in Ojai.) We used to take bike trips. It's amazing! Like when I was thinking of Japan. Getting into the archetypes. Now I'm doing my Lake Casitas archetype. I'm looking down on the water and seeing the essence of all those memories.... (Pause.) I'm there again. Back to that place. Home again. Oh, I can't believe it. Howard....(Mumbling, followed by fifteen minutes of silence.)

HOWARD. Where are you?

MARCIA. That was the most. There's no way I can communicate...no way.

HOWARD. It's now about six o'clock.

MARCIA. (Whispering.) I've blown my mind. This time I've done it. I've really blown my mind. Why is there this duality?

HOWARD. No dear, you haven't really blown your mind.

MARCIA. Oh, these two worlds are so different. (At that time I saw myself rising up through the four elements of earth, water, air and fire. I was becoming a bearer of flame, like a channel through which molten metal is poured.) I am fire; I am the flame. Why am I the fire? Why must I sacrifice?

(At this time images of sacrificial rites were pouring through my mind and I was oppressed by the thought that human sacrifices, the most loathsome practices in the history of mankind, were perpetrated for the sake of the highest ideals. I also thought of Howard's two open heart operations necessitated by a serious automobile accident. Because he had had to have a rib removed one can actually see his heart beating against his chest. This outward sign of vulnerability bothered me. I feared that if we continued this work we would both have our hearts torn out, that we would be immolated like sacrificial victims. Yet there seemed no alternative.)

MARCIA. There are four elements and I, I am the flame. Earth, water, air and fire. Ah, now I'm coming back through the portal. I am the fire.

HOWARD. Fire lady! (Fire lady was his oft-repeated name for me. The term was originally inspired by the fact that my horoscope has five planets in fire signs and five in cardinal signs; hence it adds up to Aries, sign of cardinal fire.)

MARCIA. You say it but you can't see it. But I can see it. Right now I'm seeing fire streaming through the cosmic arteries and veins... (sigh)...and then there's that grub. The small "m" Marcia Moore. She's got to be the densest thing God ever created. She's so dense. Super dense. She's like the cosmic grub, grub grubbing along. I'm not pure any more. Coming back. The vestal virgin is being defiled. The fire, I can hardly see it now. There's so much wax you hardly know there's a fire inside. But I tell you, Howard, I am the fire lady.

HOWARD. I know that.

MARCIA. The cosmic grub. I don't like her. She's awful.

HOWARD. No, I'm making her into the cosmic butterfly. I can rejuvenate you into the butterfly.

MARCIA. Poor little Sunny. He thought he caught a cosmic butterfly. And he got a cosmic grub instead. And then Sunny looks at his cosmic grub. Ugh!

HOWARD. (Laughing). That was a funny story.

MARCIA. I always see melting gold, but I never saw fire like that.

Never again in my life will I ever judge anyone who has delusions of grandeur. You can go into any insane asylum and find people with delusions of being Christ or Caesar or Cleopatra, or whatever. But they're just people who have been burned by that fire. Darling, if you ever wanted to leave me you wouldn't have any problems. You can get me into the looney bin overnight. All you have to do is play one of these tapes and you can prove it's my voice. There's not a psychiatrist in the country who will not tell you you have an insane wife.

HOWARD. Yeah, but that's under the influence of ketamine. There's a big difference. That's part of the problem with the book. The medical profession is going to say that what we're calling a state of samadhi, or satchitananda, is a state of insanity and that it's dangerous and people shouldn't be doing it. This is what the medical profession is going to say. You know it as well as I know it. Right. So obviously you're going to have to have some quick explanation of what is going on.

MARCIA. Poor little Sunny is playing with fire. It's not Sunny and the Cosmic Butterfly; now it's Sunny and Fire Lady. Sunny is just like Benjamin Franklin. (At this point I was actually seeing Little Sunny dressed up in his Ben Franklin suit going out to fly his kite.) Did it ever occur to you that Benjamin Franklin could have been electrocuted by that damn key on the end of his kite when he tapped the lightning? And then the whole history of nations would have been changed. You know, he took a key and tapped the lightning and that's how he discovered electricity.

HOWARD. He went out with a kite, didn't he?

MARCIA. Yes, he went out with a key at the end of a kite and he flew it. He ought to have been electrocuted. So poor little Sunny has gone out with his kite and his big smile and now he's tapped the lightning. "Oh this is fun!" he says. And then, Whoosh! Wham!

HOWARD. I like these little bedtime stories we have at the end of every trip. That's the highlight of our sessions.

MARCIA. Well, that's our bedtime story for today. Sunny running out into the storm with that big smile on his face. Sunny of course is like Snoopy and Peanuts and all those characters. Somehow I've got them all in the same universe.

HOWARD. I can see the hair sticking out.

MARCIA. I know you do, because my mind is in tune with yours. So Sunny runs out with that little wisp of hair on his head and his kite, and he's tapping the lightning. He's doing his Ben Franklin thing. And zing! Fire Lady comes down his line. And Sunny isn't sure he wants Fire Lady. What the hell is Sunny going to do with Fire Lady. Sunny needs Fire Lady about like I need sixteen more arms. He was just playing games. I hope that teaches Sunny a lesson. You get electrocuted if you play with fire ladies.

HOWARD. I wanted a fire lady. I didn't know I was going to get the Fire Lady.

MARCIA. Doesn't it scare you to see your wife going insane...and turning into the Fire Lady?

HOWARD. No, to me its not abnormal.

MARCIA. Even at my nuttiest, I realize that this is a heavy trip to lay on some poor man.

HOWARD. What can you recall at this time.

MARCIA. What I remember is the incredible frustration of not being able to relate the two worlds. I still can't get them together.

HOWARD. And you can't direct it?

MARCIA. It's so different.

HOWARD. I know, and another point you made is that even after a week you forget.

MARCIA. Yes. It puts you in a realm where everything is energy.... This delusion of grandeur thing has to be watched on two counts. In the first place, of course, you can get beglamoured and think you're more important than you are. But there's an equal danger of thinking you're less important than you are. You and I actually do have an incredible potential. We have caught a pretty big piece of fire. If only we can hang on. I no longer see myself riding a tiger. I see myself riding a comet.

Coming back to normalcy it seemed to me that there was no question but that I had been certifiably, even if only temporarily, insane. It is just possible, however, that to experience periods of controlled insanity may be an eminently sane mode of experimentation, particularly if one wishes to understand a planet characterized by pathology run amuck. In any event, when I finally did return to terra firma my mental atmosphere felt as dewy fresh as the air when skies clear and the sun comes out at the end of a tumultuous electrical storm.

Since Howard was due to be away on Christmas our real holiday was the day before. I was tired. We had given a late party the previous evening after an exceptionally heavy schedule of holiday prepara-

tions. Inexplicably my right hip joint was hurting and I still felt seared by my metamorphosis into the fire lady. Nevertheless, I wanted to maintain our weekly contacts with the bright world. Consequently, with some trepidation, I decided to take the same fifty milligram dose that a week earlier had plunged me into a state so deep as to be incomunicado for fifteen minutes.

SESSION 13

December 24, 1977 10:00 AM Alderwood Manor 50 mg

MARCIA. I have learned not to try so hard to determine where the experience is going to take me. It's like dreaming. It's hard to decide what you're going to dream. But I do have a particular thing to look into about my body.... Two minutes and I'm well into it. This is a very noisy silence. All kinds of sounds going on. Everything becomes intensified. The waterbed is almost too hot.... Now I'm getting into the archetypes. There's always that throbbing, pulsating, vibrating undertone. It's so hard to write about it and make the words sound like the vibrations of what you feel. But vibrations are all there is. Everything is a vibration. And to me now there is a complete synchrony between vibrations and wings. I just love wings.

HOWARD. I know.

MARCIA. When I went to get Christmas cards I didn't want to buy any because they were all Walt Disneyish critters. I wanted angels with wings. You can't imagine how much I love wings.

HOWARD. That's because you want to fly.

MARCIA. To me wings, white and gold wings, mean flying, transcendence, vibrations, doves and feathers. It's amazing how often feathers come into the experience. Now I'm right in between. This is such a soft gentle place. To be in the middle. It's like cotton batting. It's very hard to maintain it. I'm like a seamstress trying to sew together the seams of these two worlds. It's so very hard to pull them together. And there are all those auditory sensations now—together forever, together forever. I've been deeper than this before.

HOWARD. Well, you've just eaten a little bit.

MARCIA. Yes, I'm building up a tolerance. This is nice. This is a featherlike realm. Everything is drenched in a lacework of golden light. Now it's all feeling. It's so good of you to be here with me—just sitting doing nothing.

HOWARD. It's a medical legal responsibility.

MARCIA. And yet feeling is so important. It feels clear. This is so different from all the other trips. This one is a very gentle trip. It's just Christmas and we're together. A little gentle madness. I'm seeing all the pretty hallucinations. This is just the tinsel and the

bow; it doesn't mean much. They want me to have a happy Christmas. I'll have to take more to get to the fire lady. This isn't intense. It's just like wispy lace...wings. This is healing. A strange soothing, healing, massaging trip. This is a different trip from any of the others I've been on. Very, very low key.

HOWARD. You didn't dilute the ketamine, did you?

MARCIAC. Is this a different kind of ketamine?

HOWARD. No, its the same fifty milligrams per cubic centimeter.

MARCIAC. I'm right here. Totally in control of myself.

HOWARD. It's tolerance.

MARCIAC. But it's doing something. It's like a very fine angel hair, weaving over me. And there's a piece of me that's needed to be healed, and they're saying, Merry Christmas. We will heal you. Funny, It's my leg. It's been hurting so much and I didn't want to tell you. This really is a truth serum. I didn't want to mention it until after Christmas.

HOWARD. I think you should relax.

MARCIAC. What a strange trip. I'm coming out now. It was just like the tinsel and a bow.

HOWARD. How can you be coming out? It's only fifteen minutes.

MARCIAC. I'm coming out. It's strange, very, very strange. No fire.

HOWARD. You're building up a rapid tolerance.

MARCIAC. I haven't really built up a tolerance.

HOWARD. You have. You just don't want to admit that you have, but you have.

MARCIAC. No, I haven't. It's working at the level of the roots. The roots are still searching, searching, searching.

HOWARD. Where are you now?

MARCIAC. I'm coming back That was such a strange trip...and a nice one. I felt as though somebody loved me. I think my high self wants me to know that. This is like little Christmas bows. Not very significant. Something that can be discarded. I don't even have to use it for the book. In fact I think I won't. They don't even want me to have to bother with typing it. This is just a little red tinselly bow saying "Merry Christmas, we love you. We're going to be with you for a little while. You and Howard can do your thing together...and then you can come back to us. Have fun." It's pretty and bright.

HOWARD. Close your eyes and just go with it. You don't have to talk. Just stay with it.

MARCIAC. This is so different. The Christmas archetype. The spirit of Santa Claus. There's a spirit of Christmas and a spirit of Santa Claus. This has been my spirit of Santa Claus trip. Big Santa Claus in the sky.

HOWARD. I knew you were going to say that. It's part of Marcia's big sky country.

MARCIAC. I knew you knew I knew. And so on. (Pause) I wanted Christ, and this trip is Santa Claus. But it's OK.

HOWARD. You're still well under, but you're resisting it.

MARCIAC. I know. I was just on the outside like tinsel and paper. I wanted Christ and I got Santa Claus. I can see Santa now. I'd swap that Santa Claus for a crucifix any day. I understand now about the need for a therapist. Because left to myself I'd think I was completely awake. I can see the room. I know I'm back here.

HOWARD. You're not. You're still well under. You still have nystagmus (rapid eye motion). Nystagmus is a little flicker of the eyes.

MARCIAC. I wish I weren't a writer because when they feel things and then they try to put them into words on pages nobody else can really know or feel the same way. Christ and Santa Claus. You see I am back. I can tell because the motor's gone down. It sounds now like a record running down—almost to the point where it goes da-da-da-da. That's my theme song. "I wanted Christ and you gave me Santa Claus."

HOWARD. Well, It's Christmas.

MARCIAC. Yes, it's a Christmas tinsel, light and fluff trip. They're not going to give me the biggie yet. The next present will be after the New Year. This one was all pretty pretty pretty packaging. Tinsel and paper and fluff and light and love and massage and Merry Christmas. It was all Santa Claus and no Christ....

It's mad to say it. Maybe madness is saying things you think in your sane moments but don't dare say. Again and again, a thousand times, I look at your face and I think, Howard looks just the way I think of Christ. That face on the icon. I couldn't love God but I could love Howard. (At that moment Howard's face in repose actually was looking to me like the face of Christ.)

The Hindus are so lucky. They understand these things. You can read about it in the big Ramakrishna book. The mad woman who thought Jesus was her baby—only it was the baby Krishna. They know about finding God through the person you're with. They understand the divine lunatics. I can really understand guru yoga—finding God, or Christ, through the person you're with. But it's a terrible trip to lay on someone. To say, "You look the way Jesus looks." I never loved Jesus. In fact it was a real turn off—all those awful crucifixes. I hated them. But I could really love Howard. And to me now, Howard looks the way Jesus should have looked.

I wish I was a musician. I would write a song and call it, "I wanted Christ and you gave me Santa Claus."

I'm out now. I don't have the nystagmus. And you still look like Christ to me. There's a part of you that is of that archetype. That face on the icon...it's your face. The whole crown of thorns thing, the whole bit. (At that moment, Howard's hair, which is

curly and stands out around his face actually did look to me like a crown of thorns. It was only afterwards, however, that I realized that with this intensely real vision I did in fact see Christ as well as Santa Claus. The difference was that Santa was a fleeting hallucination whereas my "Christ" was really there.)

MARCIA. I was resisting. The goddess Ketamine has a wisdom of her own. I think it's just a matter of timing. This is what I needed today.

After I was well back to normal I encouraged Howard to take his turn. The following transcript is not very long because most of the time we were listening silently to Christmas music.

HOWARD. Everything is white. Pretty sound. Um, that punch smells good.

MARCIA. I can't smell anything.

HOWARD. Save me some. That will be good when I come out. Promise me you'll have a cup of punch waiting for me. I can smell it. It's like my nose is in the pot. Hmmm, Mary's made her punch. I love Mary.

Merry Christmas, Ketamine. Merry Ketamine. (Long silence.) I know you love me and you know I love you. It's a whirlpool. I'm starting to go into the vortex. (Long silence listening to music.) That's Christmas. It's significantly significant. (Laughing together.) It's all together one. Wow, very pleasant. (More laughter. Wordless communication.) It's the most wonderful Christmas. Ah, that song is just perfect. I'll always remember this. Wow. Oh God! We're right back to God.

MARCIA. We always end up there, don't we? He always gets into these trips.

HOWARD. This is the universal trip. Wow. Merry Christmas. The Sun and the Moon. I hate to sound so omnipotent. What a beautiful puzzle! Gentle...soft...pillow...fluffy...wow. (Slowly) Who am I? Why am I?... Time and hypertime. It's all love, happiness. Happiness has to have sadness.... (Authoritatively) When I set foot on Ashram North.... It will be, it will be. True Ashram North will be in the Olympic Peninsula. And they'll come from all over the globe.... Remember, Howard Sunny, how powerful this medicine is. You have been chosen as the esoteric anesthesiologist to administer the esthetic anesthetic. Always remember and respect its potency.

MARCIA. Tell me more.

HOWARD. Away from the maddening crowd.... I have this overwhelming feeling of love.

MARCIA. It's the medicine of Venus, pure Venus.

HOWARD. Why do you love me so much? (Laughing) Is it because I'm God?

MARCIA. Maybe.

HOWARD. We're all gods.

MARCIA. You're my way of loving God, I guess.

HOWARD. That tape recorder can't keep going and going. I have no conception of time.

MARCIA. It's still going.

HOWARD. This stuff is potent. It goes into every crevice of your soul. There can't be one little web that isn't scoured.

MARCIA. This is what Christmas is about. You go to that horrendous amount of work so that you can feel the way you feel now.

HOWARD. Ah, samadhi therapy. (Laughing) Where am I? Who am I? What am I?... Places and spaces.

Although our December 27th session was held after a daylong partial fast I was still feeling earthbound from the several extra pounds of all-too-solid flesh accrued from our holiday indulgences. Hence it seemed logical to assume that fifty milligrams would be no more effective than the fifty taken the day before Christmas. Consequently, I started out sitting erect with my back against the door. By the third minute my body was flattened and my mind once again riding the whirlwind back to the "eternal now" where it seemed as though I had always been. Whereas on planet Earth many events can happen in different places at the same time, there in the cosmatrix many times happen in the same place. Since this is a completely indescribable reversal of customary modes of perception nothing is said of it on the following tape.

SESSION 14

December 27, 1977 7:10 PM Alderwood Manor 50 mg

MARCIA. I think what I have built up is more of a psychological than a physical tolerance. But I could be wrong. I was wrong about a lot of things. For example, I was wrong in thinking that I would come to a point where I wouldn't need you with me when coming out. Instead I need it more than ever.... Now I'm feeling it already. One minute and ten seconds and I can feel it. One of the reasons the experience is pleasurable is because I know what's coming. It could be panicky if this were the first time and I was in a hospital. There wouldn't be any pleasure at all. It feels good because I know that I'm going into the bright world.

HOWARD. If you're in the hospital you don't get to feel anything. You go right out.

MARCIA. Yes, I guess I'll go deep this time. (Whispering) The esthetic

anesthetic. Oh it's so beautiful. Oh...
HOWARD. Your pulse is up.

MARCIAC. (Mumbling. For the next twenty minutes I was completely incommunicado. As always, however, there was no diminution of consciousness. As I started the return journey I found myself at the start of the assembly line out of which archetypes are minted. Everything was turning in such a way as to make it evident that all creation is based on spiraling forms of motion. Witnessing this living geometry of a self-sustaining cosmos it appeared that the same processes governed atoms, men, solar systems and galaxies. Semantically "uni-verse" means turning toward the one center, and this is what I actually saw.

My impression was that there are many interpenetrating levels of archetypes and that this time I had been whirled out of the cosmatrix—as from a centrifuge—onto a subtler plane than any on which I had previously tarried. In a sense, the cosmic vortex seemed to function in the manner of a railway roundhouse which turns the engines to a different angle and alines their wheels with one or another of various possible tracks. On this pivotal level the experience was devoid of emotion. At the same time, the mere fact of being there affected me to the core of my being. It was as though I had to start from these abstract realms to dig the channels through which feelings, released at a lower elevation, would later flow.)

HOWARD. I'll take your blood pressure. It's 140 systolic over 90 diastolic.... You'd better lie down. You're lying down now. Can you hear me? Are you with me? Hum. (Laughing) She's in the bright world. (Pause) Where are you? Your pupils are constricted. Lets see, it's seventeen after. Blood pressure 130 systolic. Pulse is 100.... Pulse 92. Where are you at? (Laughing) I'll make it funny for the tape. (Speaking into the recorder) This is getting to be a drag. I do anesthesia all day and then I come home and do it at night. You'll appreciate that tomorrow when you hear.... (Pause) Well, you're still in the bright world.... Let's see what your blood pressure is doing.... 92 pulse. It's 7:30—twenty minutes.

MARCIAC. (Whispering) I'm always saying that's the deepest I've gone. (Sighing) Oh God, it's like you have to begin all over again to try to remember.

HOWARD. That's powerful stuff, isn't it.

MARCIAC. (Coming back to the surface with difficulty.) The only reason I try to write about the bright world is because I'm so stupid. Because anyone who knew what it was really like would know that you can't bring it through. Is that the same fifty milligrams as my Christmas trip?

HOWARD. Exactly. It makes a big difference when you fast.

MARCIAC. There's actually nothing I can bring through. Oh God almighty, nothing. That music was amazing. It's lucky, it was just the right music. That was very important. This is a very humbling experience.

HOWARD. So much so that you can't remember anything?

MARCIAC. I remember it. I just can't bring it back.

HOWARD. Where did you go? What did you do in the bright world?

MARCIAC. Ah...so much.

HOWARD. Isn't that terrible! You feel it. And you know it. But you just can't articulate it.

MARCIAC. I can't believe that was only fifty. I've had seventy-five and not gone that far. Oh, that did it. I needed that humbling to realize that what I've been able to get into our book is like one drop out of the ocean. The only thing that comes near to the bright world is music. I didn't want music because I was afraid I'd be at its mercy. Thank God we just happened to have the right music on the radio.... There's only one other thing that comes near the bright world and that's pain. For some reason that pain in my right leg has really started to hurt again. The ketamine brought out the pain. (Looking at the door.) Strange, it's just like it brought out the grain in this wood in the door. I can see that the pattern is still flowing. And I can still feel that strong pain in my leg.

HOWARD. Try moving it.

MARCIAC. I can move it all right, but it hurts.

HOWARD. Maybe you can find a more comfortable position. Rotate it a little bit.

MARCIAC. I supposed I overdid it with the yoga, though I don't remember pulling anything. But it's a curious thing—that dream I had at Karen's house that the witches of Vancouver were after me. They were thrusting in a pin that came in right through that right leg. And I thought, "Oh that's such a peripheral part of the body. They didn't get any vital organ." Well, actually they did get in...but I'd like to think this can be a useful pain. Pain is in some way strongly connected with the bright world, but I haven't been able to make the connection. God really is loving; He wouldn't have forced us to endure all this pain if it hadn't been necessary for what He had in mind.

HOWARD. It's to grow.

MARCIAC. We grow through pain.

At this point the ketamine was exerting its truth serum effect. I hadn't wanted to think about or admit that my mind was not strong enough to repel what appeared to be a psychic attack. What had actually happened was that I had just arrived at Karen Zebroff's house in British

Columbia and was staying in the guesthouse. One night while in a state between sleeping and waking I had a dreamlike vision of two repulsive gray sluglike creatures coming at me, one from either side. It was impressed upon me that this was an emanation deliberately sent forth by the same satanists who had been so viciously harrassing my friends over the telephone, and that probably they were using an effigy of my body in their rites. At that point my fatigue was so great I thought, "Oh I just don't care. I'm not going to fight it." Thereupon one of the protoplasmic masses seemed to penetrate my right side at the level of the hip joint.

At that very instant the telephone rang once. This was not a hallucination; it actually did ring and wake me up. However, when I arose to answer it no one was on the line. But the spell was broken and I determined never to give in this way again. Looking at my watch I saw that it was three forty-five in the morning. Pondering this phenomenon I felt convinced that the ring of the phone had been an act of intervention designed to arouse me from my trancelike state.

Now, under the influence of the ketamine it seemed as though this pain in the hip joint was a way of taking on and transmuting some of the negative forces that were plaguing mankind, and that I had to play out my small personal drama to help accomplish this end. It seemed important to make the point that there could be a meaning and purpose to pain. I thought of, but could not quote the section in my hypersentience book where in a blaze of inspiration, I had written:

"Of all the insights hypersentience has bestowed on me, the most meaningful has been the conviction that throughout the millennia of this planet's evolution not one iota of anguish was ever wasted. No drop of blood or human tear was ever shed in vain.... With the dawning of a more comprehensive vision of what the past has meant, we will finally come to realize how it was that *out of all this suffering the soul of humanity was born.*"

MARCIA. The pain is like the grain of the wood in this door that I'm looking at. It's still flowing so I know I'm somewhat under. Oh dear, I don't want to get into that pun-ishness of the subconscious. and *pain* rhymes with the *grain* of the wood. I don't want this to be just a schizophrenic flight of fancy. It has to be the real thing. And I know I'm well back. I've long since passed that portal. When I've passed the portal it means that I'm capable of prevaricating. (At this moment I was exceedingly conscious of the way in which the word "pain" rhymed with the word "grain" while at that moment my pain seemed to be an exact replica of the flowing grain in the wood. That is, it seemed as though the substance and beauty of the human soul has been formed out of pain—literally ingrained pain.)

HOWARD. It's 7:40. It's been exactly thirty minutes.

MARCIA. Oh my God, that was incredibly deep.

HOWARD. (Taking blood pressure) 130 over 80. Pulse 76.

MARCIA. It's strange. The drug brings out the pain flowing through my leg the same way it brings out the grain in the wood. What was the blood pressure at its maximum?

HOWARD. It was only up to 140. That's not bad.

MARCIA. I was under thirty minutes. It didn't seem that long. It was like eternity and like nothing. There won't be much on this tape. There was just nothing to be said. I am going to tame this stuff though. But isn't that amazing? I haven't developed any tolerance for it at all. It's as though the goddess were telling me, "Look, I call the shots." (Pause) I'm going to stay with it until it's tamed. I won't tame it, really, I know. But I have to keep trying until I've done this thing I have to do.

It brought the pain in my leg right to the forefront of consciousness. An anesthetic is supposed to remove pain, but actually it was like rubbing wood with oil and seeing the grain of that pain—so very deep within. I'm aggravated with people who say that diseases like cancer are just an issue of wrong thought and that you should think better. Ramakrishna died of cancer and Ramana Maharshi died of cancer, and many of the greatest saints took it on. They were doing something high and noble for humanity. There's a mystery there. Ramakrishna could have been healed. The disciples used to plead with him to cure himself. But he wouldn't do it. There was some reason why he had to take on that load of pain and work it through. It was as though he was doing it for all humanity.

HOWARD. Well, it took it away while you were under.

MARCIA. Yes, while I was under I felt nothing, of course. I was out of the body. But it was a very beautiful pain. When I said it was like the grain in the wood I meant it was something one should treasure—like a resource. Taurus is the sign of resources and Scorpio is the sign of pain, trial, testing and death. I hadn't thought of pain as being connected with resources, but somewhere up in the archetypal realm—that big rose window where all the opposites meet—there's a link between pain and resources. I don't understand it at all. But I know it is necessary for us to suffer. Most of this is going to have to come through my mind; I'm not going to be able to do it on tape.

By the time I was all the way back most of the pain had ebbed away and did not recur except in momentary twinges. Later, thinking about the pain/grain enigma it occurred to me that the grain in the wood

serves as a measure of growth, and that up to now it has been the lot of humanity to grow through suffering. Somehow the soul of the wood was reflected in the pattern of its grain. I also remembered the earlier session in which it had so forcibly struck me that pain was a forcing process whereby material objects are opened up and rendered permeable by the divine light of significance. Evidently the goddess Ketamine was patiently endeavoring, lesson by lesson, to teach me something about the purpose of this earthly school for souls, but my mind was still so dense it was hard to bring it through.

Four days passed before I had time to play the tape and hear Howard's jocular remark made when I was out of the body and totally engrossed in the deepest of deep cogitations. However, that night as we were falling asleep I suddenly laughed and said to Howard, "This must be a drag for you. You do anesthesia all day and then you come home and do it at night."



6: Let the Soul Seep Through

ACTION

Elevation of blood pressure begins shortly after injection, reaches a maximum within a few minutes, and usually returns to preanesthetic values within 15 minutes after injection. The median peak rise has ranged from 20% to 25% of preanesthetic values.

—Parke-Davis

Increasingly our kindly counselor Ketamine was taking on the guise of the guru in the bottle. Each encounter had a different lesson to convey and her curriculum seemed limitless. Often instruction was imparted by means of analogies, parables or humorous vignettes featuring our various subpersonalities as *dramatis personae*. She was fond of puns and her language was so alliterative it would wear out an editor's red pencil. A more considerate teacher could hardly be imagined, yet there was an enormous urgency behind her velvet touch. It often seemed as though she were a boundlessly loving mother saying to

fractious humanity, "I have so much to give. Please, my children, accept this love medicine so that you may grow up to care properly for one another."

Thus far there had been no bad trips, nor did this contingency seem possible as we were treated to a continuing series of peeks into the production line of a smoothly automated universe. Regular use had convinced us that the substance is about as addictive as meditation. One might crave it the way one might crave to take a walk in the woods, visit a beloved friend or watch a superbly produced movie show. Physically however, it made no demands as long as it was used in moderation.

In many respects the low-dose sessions were more satisfying than the high-dose sessions. Twenty-five milligrams would open the door to an easily remembered esthetic archetypal realm of purely sensuous enjoyment, whereas fifty would still wring out tears of frustration at my continuing inability to make the connections between the "here" and the "there." Regardless of the dose level the flights became progressively more pleasurable as I learned how to take off and land like an experienced pilot. Coming back was now a familiar process of de-amplification as I glided in stage by stage without that momentary jolt of fear of never being able to function again. Each time the reminder was given that only a minuscule portion of the nectar I had gathered could be solidified into the honeycombs of communicable information, but this necessary limitation was now acceptable. I was learning to be more appreciative of terra firma simply because of having seen it from above. From an airplane even the ugliest cities can look beautiful, and this was how I now felt about the whole earth.

As the seeds of ideas drawn from the bright world slowly took root in the plowed-up soil of my psyche their consolidation seemed comparable to the grounding of electricity in the earth. Between the original tapping of the lightning and the illumination of the planet through a neural network of galvanic impulses more than two centuries elapsed. Apparently, the analogous rewiring of my own nervous system would have to be correspondingly slow. In my imagination the powerlines that girdle the globe resembled a vitalizing vegetative system. Telephone poles became the trunks of a forested complex of interlinked circuits raying outward from their central generating plants. Transmission towers linked by taproots of subterranean cables propagated their currents through hedgerows of houses and out through a luxuriant foliage of extension-corded appliances. Telephones, TV sets, lamps and electrified apparatus of every conceivable variety ramified like the vines, creepers, tendrils, stems and branches of the burgeoning underbrush of civilization.

The electronic jungles of earth are now being dynamized into one glowing planetary organism. Could, or should, the same bioelectric effect be produced within the human body? If so, what flowers of light

might eventually appear? If such an evolutionary innervation were possible, then I would offer myself as a space cadet. What better experimental subject could be found? I had written my books, paid my karmic debts and had no dependents. Even if this artificial lightning ran amuck humanity would be the wiser. After all, someone had to eat the first oyster, undergo the first appendectomy and land on the moon, despite the hazards involved. To join the élite vanguard would not only be a challenge, it would be a privilege and an honor.

In some ways this undertaking seemed like constructing an external nervous system that could reach outward to the heights and depths of a sentient cosmic organism. With just one jab of a needle a psychoastronaut could now transcend the confines of the body. By dialing the right number, so to speak, he could plug into the feelings, thoughts and conditioning archetypes of other states of being and thereby become part of the numinous nexus of ideational processes that interfuses existence with the light of meaning. Could it then be that at some evolutionary omega point, we might all be unified into one "galactosapiens" encompassing the entire life of the galaxy? Already I seemed to be standing in the penumbra of a serried host of shining intelligences into which the qualified members of mankind were being initiated one by one. Now, with each new synaptic flash of recognition the incentive was being provided to move on.

As we continued our explorations, the places and spaces to which we went were remarkably diverse. Particularly fascinating was the manner in which the theme for every jaunt was set by an immediate state of mind or external cue.

For example, one evening early in January I took off into the bright world from our waterbed while Howard watched a medical documentary on TV. Although I had no cognizance of the program itself, in my inner-dimensional sphere I seemed to be attending a telepathically conducted medical school in which it was being demonstrated that all disease stems from just one basic source—the disharmony between inner and outer realms. There were enormous depths of profundity in the lesson being taught but, as always, the sublime significance of the concept deflated to a simple cliche on being reduced to words.

During a two week mid-January vacation in Southern California I was bemoaning our inundation by torrential rains just when we so badly needed sunshine. In compensation Howard and I decided to take a twenty-five milligram flight into the bright world. Rising through the clouds I seemed to be a participant in a pageant of the elements featuring the Sun as a positive male force, the water as a negative female force and the dancing colors of the rainbow as their multihued offspring—"the joys and sorrows of the light." Within this misty flux of

fiery and fluid polar opposites the fertile moisture of the air was bathing the earth with soothing vapors.

Rising on up to a Hollywood-level archetype Howard and I emerged together into a movieland set where the Sun was still shining. There we became bit players in a brief but exhilarating "beautiful body on the beach" episode starring a brawny twenty-year-old Sunny and a sixteen-year-old Marcia with "long, languorous, lustrous limbs" tossing a ball and sporting in the sand.

Later there was an "old hotel in Carmel by the sea" excursus during which Howard with an ear-to-ear grin stared out the window at a gray sky exclaiming, "What an absolutely lovely day!" At that moment he was playing the role of the Happy Troll, and in the collage of his countenance I clearly saw the troll with crisp black curls springing out around his head beaming benignly down on the passersby below.

Then late in January there was a twenty-five milligram flight of fancy during which I found myself being drawn into my favorite portrait which hangs on our bedroom wall. The face is that of a nature spirit sketched in gold and surrounded by wavy emanations. In a vague way it is an idealized version of my own face, even though it was sketched in blue glass by a German artist before I was born. As I watched with mesmerized fascination the face began to glow from within like blackened metal being burnished to a mellow shine. Now it resembled my own eternally existing countenance—one which would one day be reclaimed. Since its creation the image had been copied and recopied, folded in the middle and mailed to the United States as a Christmas card, passed through several more hands and finally repainted by an artistically inclined friend. This portrait had accompanied me from Massachusetts to Maine to California to Washington. Now I felt as though I were seeing the original version that had inspired the artist so long ago. My ephemeral personality had also been bent, folded stapled and mutilated, yet the pristine purity of that primal identity remained untarnished. It felt good to know that I actually had a true face that could remain inviolate through so many inadequate renditions.

An interesting discovery was that even a dose as small as twelve milligrams could produce a salutary effect. Normally it would not have seemed worth bothering with so minuscule an amount. One afternoon, however, I found myself nerved up over problems relating to our foundation and in no mood for an upcoming dinner party. Hence, around midafternoon Howard gave me a twelve milligram shot and I lay down for fifteen minutes. The effect was that which is supposed to be produced by a vibrating bed. It was just a gentle

massage, jogging every particle of my scattered psyche back into proper alignment as a magnet might draw a mass of iron filings into a coherent pattern. The sense of being "all together" lasted the rest of the day and greatly enhanced our evening.

Another mini-trip of fifteen milligrams was taken when I had been on a partial fast for the sake of removing a few pounds. Even though not eating, I sat at the dinner table with Howard. The dose seemed exactly right for the mood and setting. Throughout the meal I felt brilliant, beautiful, rich, relaxed and sparkling. Whereas a predinner cocktail would have dulled the senses this useful upliftment intensified this every detail of that memorable meal. Yellow corn, green lima beans and red peppers in a casserole sparkled mysteriously in the candlelight. The salad of green and purple cabbage and orange carrots ringed with scolloped cucumbers on a bed of lettuce could have been nature's crown jewels. I had no more desire to consume these beauteous vegetables than to munch on emeralds and rubies, yet my soul was sumptuously fed.

Even our table talk remains imprinted in my mind. If one could always be just this high, I averred, what immeasurable influence and worldly accomplishment might be achieved? Since we could occasionally produce this sort of mood on our own, might it not be possible to maximize the ketaminelike substances which the body produces naturally, just as one can produce alpha waves with the aid of a biofeedback machine? When I reached peaks in meditation it was like climbing a hill under my own steam. There was always the necessity to push on. This was more like having a loving hand reach down to pull me up.

Before it had saddened me to have to redescend into the valley of humdrum occupations. Now I saw that the process of shaking off the dust of the plains was like washing. Even if the grime again accumulates, scrubbing is worthwhile simply for the sake of being refreshed. In the long run, being a clean person has its own positive effects.

The conversation then turned to the subject of synthetics, of which ketamine is one. "Well, God also made chemicals!" This was a common enough thought, but then it slid on into the idea, "And we are all chemicals in the body of God." I wondered why the word "synthetic" has pejorative overtones when synthesis is our evolutionary goal. Simultaneously I saw myself as an organic compound being broken down to the molecular level and then restructured into a more effectively functioning human being. It seemed like a rightful way to carry out nature's intent. On the whole, this experience taught me that ketamine may be advantageously used in weight control, since it can so easily diminish one's appetite.

That night I slept well and awoke at our usual outrageous hour of 5:30 AM without the customary desire to crawl back under the com-

forter. Our mini-dose trips had been more useful than I would have expected. Perhaps, in the long run, this would be the way to go.

As the month of February wore on two predinner twenty-five milligram sessions provided an interesting contrast between ideal and real possibilities. In each instance Howard had come home from the hospital, we had our usual yoga workout and dinner had been prepared. It was that quiet evening time when many people would pause for a cocktail—a habit in which we do not indulge. The relaxation engendered was about as great as that to be expected from two stiff drinks, although of an incomparably higher quality. On both occasions we were sitting by candlelight at opposite ends of the sofa with feet outstretched, enjoying the music on the radio.

The first time, to my great surprise, images began coming to mind of a house on the Olympic Peninsula (where I have never been) that would or should be our retirement home. It was a simple, comfortable old place set on a steep hillside overlooking a river. Outside was an informal garden, ferns and tall evergreen trees. Inside, the sheen of dark wood set the tone for a high-ceilinged living room with a piano and massive stone fireplace flanked by a cosy country kitchen. I even saw the shed where Howard kept his fishing equipment and inhaled the mossy rain-drenched fragrance of the surrounding forest. We called it "the twelfth house" because it would be our final sanctuary. (In astrology the twelfth house is a place of retreat.)

The next house trip was startling because it was the first time that we went absolutely nowhere. Had not the candlelight, incense and my own mind been so sharp we might have thought that the medicine wasn't working. Howard started out by questioning our intention to purchase an expensive van for our travels, and suddenly switched to the idea that the same money could be applied toward a down payment on a larger house farther out in the country. For the next twenty minutes we lucidly discussed the financial, professional and psychological ins and outs of making such a move and determined that it would be both right and feasible. By the end of the conversation we had embarked on a course of action previously uncontemplated. In the following days and weeks our enthusiasm remained undiminished and we took the requisite steps to locate a more accommodating home base. My conclusion was that low-dose samadhi therapy can, when the occasion warrants, be an exercise in realism and I made a mental note to consult the goddess the next time we needed a think session with regard to pressing personal issues.

At the high dose level we also engaged in some purely theoretical excursions into the nature of good and evil and the reasons for existence. Repeatedly I witnessed the panoply of creation laid out as a mandala in which the lowest depths faithfully reflected the most ex-

alted heights. However, at this point in our narrative a description of each separate sortie would soon become as boring for the reader as a home movie show of someone else's kids, pets and sightseeing tours. Perhaps, therefore, the time has come to ask, how much of this activity was recreational and how much educational? Were we merely indulging our imaginations or were we being led somewhere? What were our flights of fancy actually teaching us?

There was no doubt but that our sessions were taking us through a graded series of insights. Because most of us are so imbued with the puritanical idea that mankind can evolve only through pain, it took a while to realize that in ketamine's kingdom growth can also proceed through joy. That is, the process of learning how to be happy can be educational in an altogether practical way. We dance because it feels good but at the same time the exertion keeps us healthy and better able to cope with our jobs.

The antithesis of spirituality is puritanism. Historically these sour and earnest partisans of the pain-limned route to eternity banished music, dancing and games and became the world's capitalists and war mongers. Our culture is still sufficiently imbued with the hellfire and damnation puritan ethic to make it exceedingly difficult for the goddess to say, "Accept my gift because it will make your hearts sing and help you to melt in wonderment at the glories of creation." Only if we could somehow prove that we were *solving problems*, that we were practicing *therapy* rather than a form of *yoga* could we justify inviting her into our homes.

The word *yoga* means integration. To a large extent we were integrating diverse approaches to reality. That is, it was becoming increasingly difficult to decide whether we should be categorized as scientists, artists, educators, therapists, priests or philosophers. Seemingly, we were experiencing a kind of professional synesthesia that made it seem as though what we were practicing was not so much *samadhi* therapy as *samadhi* *yoga*.

Essentially, the goal of all forms of *yoga* is the achievement of divine bliss. Little by little we discover that we have been laboring through all our vicissitudes toward a unified condition which is not an escape from the contingencies of planet Earth but rather a resolving of paradoxes and a balancing of the multitudinous pairs of opposites which rend us this way and that. Disciplines and restraints remain but are easily accepted as we progress to the point where ends and means, the play and the player, become One. In all this we are no less concerned for the plight of humanity. Our pleasures are neither selfish nor selfless. Rather we become more transparent to ourselves.

In contrasting therapy and *yoga* we have an echo of the age-old conflict between those who regard life as a problem to be solved and those who see it as a reality to be experienced. In the Chinese philosophical treatise *The Secret of the Golden Flower* it is written,

"When purpose has been used to grasp purposelessness the issue has been grasped." Perhaps it would be as appropriate to say that when the distinctions between work and play fade out then we will see creation as God's (and our own) recreation. Then indeed we will grow through joy and the kingdom of heaven will bubble forth from within. In the same way we will find that while "samadhi *yoga*" feels good and could produce a stupendous addiction to God, it will certainly turn out to be useful in dealing with the sick and suffering as well as in giving guidance to so-called normal people. Samadhi *yoga* is also samadhi therapy and in the final analysis there is no difference between the two.

As January slid into February it became increasingly evident that what the goddess was giving us were variations on one theme which could be expressed in the words, "Let the soul sleep through." Again and again, both symbolically and through direct apprehension, I was made to see that the evanescent appearances of the phenomenal world are but ripples in the surface of a universe containing oceanic depths of beauty, goodness and compassion. Regardless of where one begins, the journey inward is bound to reveal some segment of the core of meaning that makes our lives worth the living.

Repeatedly, the idea of all the elements becoming permeable to one another was presented in pictures of mists softening the garden spots of earth, of the fragrance of sage drifting through desert cacti, of the intermingling of sand and surf, of air beaten into a froth of waves on the sea shore, and of the warmth of sun lifting the morning dew skyward. Often the images took the form of textures as though the threads of one level of consciousness were being woven into those of another to produce a crochet of sumptuous designs. Still other images were organic as when I saw the members of humanity as God's earthworms aerating the soil of animal instincts with higher aspirations or as spiders of light weaving cobwebs between earth and heaven. On another occasion it was shown to me that dreams are like enzymes of the psyche, enabling us to digest and assimilate the day's experiences.

Analogy pertaining to cookery were also common. There were times when it seemed as though my task was one of raising a soggy batter into a souffle, mousse or chiffon cream pie, and I wondered if it would ever be possible. Probably the most common of all the images was one of being worked upon like beaten gold. In this respect it always seemed astoundingly apposite that my new name, "Alltounian" meant literally "son of a goldsmith."

One of the most vivid of these picture lessons dealt with the process by which we are "in-spirited" by the breath which flows through our bodies. I had started our session by breathing in *yoga* fashion first

through one nostril and then through the other while visualizing the pranic life-force flowing in through the top of the head down to the base of the spine and out along the channels of nerves. Suddenly it seemed as though my backbone had become a magnified syringe in which the horizontal lines, like markings on a ruler, were laid out like vertebrae. A fiery energy current was pressing down the hollow cylinder of the spinal canal from whence it was being apportioned to every cell of the body, enabling each one to partake of the largesse of the whole. In turn, the minuscule cell entities were busily engaged in a process of combustion, using their varying allotments of oxygen to stoke the furnaces of the organism in which they were incorporated. Moving up a level it was impressed upon me that the entire universe is like a syringe, as the breath of spirit is injected into the body of matter, only the process is going on all the time everywhere at once.

At this point, however, it seems necessary to warn the reader that we definitely don't recommend this visualization exercise. It is too powerful and can disrupt or prematurely stimulate the fires of the body. Certainly anyone using ketamine on a regular basis should read Gopi Krishna's cautionary book *Kundalini* and take it to heart.

Increasingly my attention was being brought to bear upon the issue of how the bright world, which one might call the "anima mundi" or soul of all things, can be induced to interfuse the plasticized realm of non-porous objects. How are we to tincture everyday awareness with the deeper dye of the beyond that lies within? How is the realm where everything interpenetrates to be reconciled with the billiard ball realm of supposedly discreet atomic particles and isolated stars?

Going back to my earlier preoccupation with the angels of the angles, I saw this process as one involving the conversion of the spherical vortex of the cosmatrix into the cubes of our building block universe through the tetrahedral (sixty-degree-angled) formative energies of the realm of archetypes. Of course the ninety-degree world is in one sense as illusory as the web of longitudes and latitudes which cartographers have inscribed on the surface of the globe, but at the same time it is necessary to our functioning. One can argue endlessly as to whether directions are "real" or "unreal" but we know that for practical purposes they exist.

To square the circle is a complex affair with which the metaphysicians of ancient times were compulsively preoccupied. Somehow the secret lies in elevating the square base of the material world into the triangle-faced pyramid of a higher-dimensional realm; hence the great pyramid of Egypt exemplifies the measurement for the irrational number pi. This is not the place to detail my many ruminations on this subject, but the idea was sufficiently compelling for me to take up a compass and ruler and lay out an idealized plan for Ananta

Ashram/North with six hexagonal buildings, each one serving a different function, surrounding a central patio. The overall design was constructed in such a way that the six buildings could be inscribed in a circle with a seventh empty space of equal size in the middle. It seemed an appropriate concept, especially in view of the fact that the chemical formula for ketamine is two hexagons connected by a single band.

February's most interesting development was the sharing of our bright world with a number of old and new comrades. As we began to work with individuals and launched our Friday night "group samadhi" sessions my private journeys also began to take more account of other beings. It began with a visit from a successful writer whom we will call Bill. Bill, Howard and I decided to take a fifty-milligram three-way samadhi trip one evening in our livingroom.

Following the familiar lift-off into the subtler dimensions of perception the presence of other guiding intelligences began to tug at the corners of my attention. For years I had been amassing evidence that mankind is not alone in the cosmos and had long since become convinced that not only are we monitored by an executive "hierarchy" specifically connected with this planet, we are also subject to the scrutiny of visitors from elsewhere. Never before, however, had I so strongly sensed the quality of these benign beings, who, for the sake of discussion, can be labeled "space brothers."

The unexpected conclusion of this tuning in on the vibratory frequencies of the space-brothers was the recognition that they were us! Or at least we were being used as instruments of their reconnoitering. Recalling a metaphor first suggested by my friend Isha Chandi, I saw our group floating down to earth like parachutists ejected from a speeding plane. Now, having landed in different spots we were stumbling about through the underbush of an alien terrain looking for one another in order to coordinate our efforts and carry out the assigned mission. Being with Bill now was like welcoming another member of the band. If only enough of us could reassemble we would be invincible, but first we had to close ranks. It was almost as though we were engaged in a military maneuver. Severe opposition did exist but could be met if we could stand together.

But why, if we belonged to this special task force, hadn't we known it? What had happened to the mental radios that might have kept us in touch with the commanders of our airborne squadron and with home base? For years, my own lack of the psychic gifts, dimly recollected from other lifetimes, had been a cross to bear. I wasn't even a good subject for regression and my intuition, especially about other people, often failed. Even meditation and breathing exercises seemed like trying to leaven lead.

Now, however, I began to grasp why the biomechanism assigned

as my physical vehicle had been constructed of such peculiarly compact material which, through the years, had been systematically toughened. Evidently it was my place to go down to the very bowels of matter in order to anchor certain light energies in places where, under ordinary circumstances, it would be difficult for these rays to penetrate. For an anchor it is quite appropriate to be made out of lead. Even astrologically my horoscope is dominated by the leaden planet Saturn which, as a bucket handle opposing all the other planets in the natal chart, resembles an anchor holding them down.

What the space brothers now seemed to be showing me was that in the mandala of the universe the highest is reflected in the lowest like gold reduced to lead or diamonds to coal. It is a worthy, albeit difficult, feat to link extreme positions. Perhaps at some prior stage I had attained an elevated spiritual altitude; hence it was now possible to descend lower, even to the point of undergoing a lot of gross experiences. What seemed to be needed at this point were people who, like cells in the body of humanity, could burrow down and perform anatomical tasks of which the conscious mind has slight cognizance, and simultaneously remain responsive to the developmental plan for the organism as a whole. An astrologer might say that the conjunction of my ruling planet, the Moon, with Pluto which signifies penetration to the depths illustrates this hypothesis.

It also came to me that this physical denseness was connected with the nervous incoordination which had plagued me through my school days and which still shows in my dyslexic handwriting. Could this long-term awkwardness, which yoga has to some extent alleviated, have been a function of having so much more to bring together? The irony of being a writer who can hardly control a pen seems little different from that of being a spirit too far removed from the body with which it is compelled to work. Could this also be why my vision suffers from the defect of having one near-sighted and one far-sighted eye? Again, thinking of my horoscope this state of affairs seemed to be shown by Saturn's opposition to Mercury, planet of communications.

All this may sound like an immodest rationalization for a lack of psychic sensitivity. Nevertheless, these were the thoughts seeded in my mind during that particular group session. In addition, it was impressed upon me that the time had come to re-etherealize this vehicle of all-too-solid flesh. Perhaps that was why I had been offered the opportunity to receive and pass on the gift of ketamine. Certainly the mission would require a well-armored exterior to ward off the barbs of a host of critics. But if I could become more clairvoyant by this means, so too could similarly earthbound souls. Yes, the body was feeling more than ever like lead, but alchemically lead is a substance that can be transmuted into gold.

Pondering these insights in the days that followed I was reminded that most mediumistic persons are enabled to link inner and outer worlds because of the gauzy quality of their subtle "etheric" bodies. Owing to this permeability messages can be transmitted, but all too often a lack of fiber has resulted in a predisposition to obesity, alcoholism and temperamental idiosyncrasies. Consequently spiritualism fell into disrepute while staid Theosophists still find it hard to live down the peccadilloes of H.P. Blavatsky. Would it be possible, then, to take someone like myself who is not in the least mediumistic and with the aid of ketamine deliberately widen the interstices of consciousness, as though fashioning a filigree of loose-knit filaments through which the light may shine?

The weekend of February twelfth was one of those rare times when I had almost two days all to myself. Howard had gone on a fishing trip and no company was expected. Accordingly, I hoped to make some real progress in my explorations of the bright world.

Saturday morning was launched with a thirty-five milligram session which opened up new territory inasmuch as it was the first time that I contacted a particular spiritual personage. The entity reached was my inner-plane guru, a personage to whom I have felt close all my life but never met "in the flesh." Actually, I did not see his figure and very little of the face, although I could sense the quality of his presence. All that was really clear were the eyes. As he looked directly at me my entire being was irradiated by the light of that all-seeing gaze. It was as though I were being drawn into the glowing nimbus of his consciousness and rendered transparent so that his light could shine through me. At this point my concentration was so intense there was no room for thought. Any verbal message would have been utterly superfluous. It was an exercise in pure being of a type never before experienced. Only toward the end did the idea come that he was the alchemist who was transmuting the lead of my physical biomechanism into the gold of a soul-infused personality.

Many years previously I had paid two visits to a prominent spiritual teacher whose modus operandi had been to stare unblinkingly at the assembled throng of his devotees while they stared back. Surveying the members of his audience, one by one, he would look straight into each person's mesmerized eyes as though drilling through to the inner self. As his image wavered and grew misty I waited curiously for the time to come when he would notice me. Sure enough, eventually he did direct his attention my way, our eye beams interlocked and a twinge of yearning stirred deep within. I knew that some sort of transmission was supposed to be taking place but felt very little effect either then or afterward. On the whole, it seemed like a dumb way to spend the evening, though I vaguely sympathized with

the mystical rationale of the process. Now, however, I understood perfectly what it was that this teacher had been trying to accomplish. Here on the inner plane the method really worked!

Being penetrated can be painful, as when a sword pierces the flesh, or pleasurable, as in sexual union. To be penetrated by the gaze of my transcendental guru was an experience quite beyond ordinary human pleasure and pain. The feeling engendered was that which comes with the attainment of a new level of accomplishment, a cool exaltation which only later melts down into trickles of gladness to irrigate the instinctual lowlands of the psyche.

Feeling that I had achieved a breakthrough I was eager to try to repeat the experience the next day. First, however, there was a mass of deskwork to be dispatched. Rising early on Sunday I plowed assiduously through my self-assigned chores and by five o'clock PM was more or less caught up. My mind was reeling with the effort but I had wanted to feel completely free to enjoy whatever new insights might come.

Up to now it had been our habit to use our samadhi medicine as a sacrament. Generally Howard and I would both fast, and I would make it a point to bathe, shampoo and take a walk in order to achieve as serene a frame of mind as possible. Like the sixteenth century astronomer-astrologer Tycho Brahe who always donned his best clothes before going to his observatory to observe the stars, we had formulated our own simple preparatory rituals. Music, candles and incense set the stage, and when possible yoga and deep breathing exercises. Today, however, knowing that Howard would soon be back with fish to clean and news of his excursion I took no time to compose myself but rushed helter-skelter into the bedroom and detached the phone cord from the wall.

Waiting for the medicine to work it vaguely entered my mind that I had greatly stepped up the frequency of my "trips." Since we were now working with others I wanted to see to what extent it might be possible to resonate to their vibrations by accompanying them into the dimension of meaning where telepathy is the main medium of communication. It made me feel like a "high priestess"—a role which I felt I had played before and found compatible. That very week a letter from Jane had cautioned me that the medicine worked best when used in moderation. However, I had noticed no deleterious effects from my own sharply accelerated intake. Accordingly, I decided to take thirty-five milligrams, a dose which would usually produce a trancelike state in which the outer world faded into insignificance.

This time the initial hum of the motor quickly gave way to a pounding which struck me as being much like the thuds of a mallet softening meat. It seemed like an ugly metaphor and I resolved not to use it in

the book. Then once again I was dissolving into that great mandala of the cosmos with its mirroring highs and lows. This time, however, I seemed to be oscillating up and down, swinging uncontrollably in widening sweeps from sublime to spooky sensations. Angel's wings faded to bat's wings, smiles inverted to pouts, lace to spiderwebs, the sun sank into a swamp, and there I was skittering down the lower side of the mandala unable to halt the descent. "Oh this can't be," I protested incredulously. "I've never yet had a downer. It just doesn't happen."

There was nothing horrific, or even or even particularly scary, about the level through which I was passing. None of it had the insensate chill of a nightmare. Rather, I seem to have become stuck in an archetype of comic-book vulgarity. For some time I had been thoroughly revulsed by the crassness of the current drug scene. It was an element I assiduously avoided and with which we had no desire to be in any way identified. Indeed, we had sincerely hoped that our efforts might add some luster to the sadly tarnished reputation of the psychedelic repertoire and show that legitimate research in the field was still possible. But what I was seeing now was the garbage bin of this milieu where the only known expletives seem to be "shit" and "fuck" and where the grossest substances are used to produce whacked out crude, lewd and smutty "highs."

Observing this play of images with queasy fascination I thought of a phrase used by one of my hypersensed subjects when he was exploring a fantasized version of Satan's netherworld. "It's all excrement!" he had exclaimed laughing hugely. Now that was exactly what was forming. The bawdy comic-strip colors faded into a tapestry-like excremental motif which then became edged in tongues of fire. It reminded me of India where cow dung is burned in place of wood and of an old woman I had seen there patiently following a cow with broom and dustpan in hand lest someone more alert deprive her of the fuel so badly needed for her cooking stove. It came to me also that oil, the excrement of the earth, is similarly combustible, and that the scatological sign Scorpio is ruled by fiery Mars as well as by Pluto, lord of the underworld. Thank goodness, the flames were now leaping up, consuming all that mess. Maybe the fires of hell served some good purpose after all.

Previously, my experiences with regressed sensors had aroused the suspicion that most of the exponents of the hell and damnation fundamentalist doctrines were members of a group of souls who had been transferred to Earth from a planet which had become progressively more hot and gaseous and finally burned out. Remembering that long-gone trauma in their souls' histories and not being equipped to deal with it, they had projected it forward as a future possibility. Now, however, I could see that the fires of the subterranean strata of creation could be purifying agents serving a useful pur-

pose in the economy of this globe's evolution.

Nevertheless, as I returned to normal awareness I still felt those low, lugubrious vibes. The room was ashen gray in the vanishing light and I wished that Howard had been there. Physically I felt fine but mentally I was flabbergasted, appalled and dismayed that the goddess, my beautiful goddess, should have given me a bummer just when I had been hoping for so much. I realized that for the sake of honesty I would have to reverse my declaration that ketamine never produced bad trips, since for people who are engrossed in ugly archetypes this sort of thing could probably happen frequently. I would also have to face whatever it was in me that had brought this to pass. At the same time it had been intriguing to discover that even in the bright world one can go slumming. Energy can be tainted and this too is a fact to be confronted. Just as there is a "big Santa Claus" in the sky, there evidently can be etherealized imprints of *Mad* magazine, raunchy movies and the dregs of the drug culture.

In some ways I felt like a fractious two-year-old who has pushed his mother to the limits of her patience out of curiosity to see how far he can go. Suddenly she lashes out and gives him a resounding slap on the bottom. The child is tearful and chastened, but at the same time relieved. At last he has found out where he stands. The boundaries of parental authority have been defined. Up to this point I had no idea how much ketamine might be too much. Now I was beginning to find out, and was willing to abide by the new dictum. Henceforth I would try to be more reverent and more moderate in my usage.

Despite this digression through the seamy side of consciousness I did not feel depressed. It had all been a necessary lesson, an issue that needed clarification for the sake of the research. Although I sensed that my system needed a rest the body felt fine with the usual relaxed afterglow. The conviction remained that we could count on fair treatment from the goddess if only we played the game correctly. Perhaps it is fortunate that there are built-in safeguards against over-use of this potent medicine. One should not take advantage of a person merely because he is gentle, and the same can be said for ketamine.

Ruminating over this experience I concluded that it was worthwhile to have traced the contours of the lower side of the mandala. It made my notes that much the more complete. Nevertheless, it must not happen again. There was no doubt but that over three and a half months I had acquired an increased measure of control. Now the time had come to utilize this growing skill. And indeed, as it turned out the next "trip" was the sweetest, gentlest one of all.

Since a respite was obviously needed I spent the next week preparing a rough draft of the manuscript of this book and assessing the personal results of our "samadhi yoga" program. Realistically speaking, what changes had been produced?

Physically I was feeling remarkably fit. Friends remarked how

well I was looking and I believed them. A mild overstimulation of the nervous system had to some extent interferred with my sleep cycle but it seemed to be under control. Evidently insomnia was a possible side effect that would have to be watched.

Psychologically there was a greater need for silence and solitude. It was easier to meditate, especially since I could so much better appreciate the need for repeated forays into the supra-mental realm in order to lighten the heavy batter of the mundane personality. Increasingly my moments of Self recollection felt like folding bubbles into an angel cake. That is, there has to be a regular up and down blending rhythm if the finished product is to rise properly when exposed to the fires of the spirit. Samadhi therapy is certainly no substitute for meditation, but it can supply the incentive to make meditation an integral way of life.

It also seemed as though the texture of my being was becoming looser—less like leather and more like chiffon. Walks were more enjoyable as my senses became permeated by the greenness of the forests, the splashing of brooks, the dampness of the air, the warmth of the sun and the fragrance of the early spring flowers. It was easier to empathize with the problems of others but harder to get "uptight" over the self-created growing pains of humanity. God was in charge of His universe and it was coming along just fine. I still had my own up and down moods but was less apt to forget how much these passing humors depend on chemistry. All in all, the memory of the joy world, only a few molecules away, seemed to be a remarkably stabilizing factor.

We continued to be keenly aware of the controversial aspects of our research and of the havoc it could create in our personal lives, even though we were charging no money for our services and were making every possible effort to keep our operation entirely legitimate. In view of our financial pressures, concern for Howard's job was no Mickey Mouse affair; it was entirely justifiable. But we had already passed the point of no return. Since there was only one way to go it seemed as though we might as well walk on and enjoy the countryside through which we were passing without undue regard for the opposition which would eventually have to be faced.

Spiritually, there was less sense of ego and more of self. Since egotism is, in general, a source of frustration and aggravation this diminution of the "big I" could only be a relief. Knowing that existence goes on and on it really didn't seem to matter much what happened to "me."

Admittedly the development of the individual ego serves a necessary function in motivating human growth. Perhaps the sense of being an altogether separate entity can be compared with the pattern

which a seamstress uses in creating an outfit. A certain form must be imposed on the material at hand if it is to serve its purpose. Once the job has been done, however, the pattern can be discarded. So it is with the ego. For my own part, I felt whatever I was going to be was fairly well established. Concern for name, fame and worldly accomplishment were approaching the vanishing point. Yet the discipline of daily endeavor held firm. Knowing that there is no such thing as oblivion provides a strong incentive to work in whatever world one happens to be traveling through. At the same time I felt content to be one of God's earthworms preparing the soil for a new season of growth.

The only personal goal that really seemed alluring to either of us, apart from fulfilling our karmic duties, was that isolated home on the river where Howard could fish to his heart's content, I could write and family and friends might occasionally visit. "Trust in the cosmos. Whatever will be, will be." How delightful to be no longer afraid of cliches! It's the being, not the doing, that counts now. Even though ambition seemed to have flown the coop I still felt productive and able to rejoice that our work was helping others.

The week spun around and it was another misty Seattle Saturday. Howard and his daughter Valerie were off for the day and I was delighted to have the hours to catch up with my own eternal correspondence and immortal soul. By one o'clock in the afternoon both were in good shape. Lighting a stick of sandalwood incense I sat back in bed with pen, paper and a forty-milligram dose of ketamine.

By now I could gauge to within five milligrams how far a dose would take me, accounting for food recently consumed and my own state of mind. It had become possible to maintain the same continuity of consciousness at the forty-milligram level that had formerly stretched only to twenty-five. Yet I did not feel that I was acquiring tolerance for the substance. Rather, I was learning to deal with it better.

In determining the level reached much seemed to depend upon the order of business set forth by whatever intelligence was directing these trips. If I was simply playing my priestess role and monitoring someone else's journey then middling doses would not take me far from this world's squared-off realities. If, on the other hand, there was absolute privacy and the various departments of my life were reasonably well organized, the same dose would leave me gasping those oft-repeated words, "This is the deepest (or highest) I have ever been." In my mind this phrase had become the cry of the roots as they probed ever farther into the new element in which they were immersed. Whether these now flourishing roots of the psyche were actually extending deeper or higher seemed quite impossible to tell. Up or down—the distinction was as irrelevant as that between the stars over our heads and the stars

under our feet. It was as hard to separate the above from the below as to discern the difference between a glimpse into the heart of the galaxy and a glimpse into the nebulae of atoms within the body.

Preparing to begin I set a poster-sized picture of the Indian superguru Sai Baba on a chair about three feet away and propped myself up so that it would remain in view. For some years I have been convinced that Sai Baba is the highest being alive on this planet today. In India millions worship him as an avatar of love and truth. But what exactly does the word *avatar* mean, I wondered, reaching for my Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. There I discovered that the word is derived from the Sanskrit *ava* meaning "down" and *tarati* meaning "he who passes across." *Tarati* is akin to the Latin *trans*. The word is defined as "the descent and incarnation of a deity in earthly form." In other words, an avatar is a transpersonal being who brings the lightning down from heaven and channels it through his own body in order to make it available for the use of mankind. Alice A. Bailey's *A Treatise on Cosmic Fire* states, "An avatar is a ray of perfected and effulgent glory, clothing itself in matter for the sake of service." Intellectually, the concept was clear enough, but what did I really know of avatars? Would the injection I was now giving myself help to clarify the issue?

As the medicine took effect the image of Sai Baba began to glow three-dimensionally. The enlarged photograph shows him clothed in his saffron robe, seated on a platform and looking down meditatively. It seemed now that he was brooding contemplatively over the whole earth and I felt the love that was emanating from his serene eyes. For him this was no unimaginably remote nirvana, no mere blanking out of the mind in order to transcend to cares of earth. Rather, he seemed to be stirring love into the world the way one might stir honey into a vat of foaming porridge. The whole brew was being sweetened with his tender concern. This love was synonymous with consciousness—they were one and the same. It also had a cohesive quality, as though he were holding the universe together through the inclusiveness of his engaged attention.

For a while my mind dwelt on the one peculiar attribute that has characterized every one of my samadhi sessions. Always there is a sense of beating, blending and mixing. Frequently this beating is associated with the fluttering of wings and the riffling of feathers on those wings. In this instance, however, I was seeing not only the manner in which the energies of creation spiral up and down, drilling their way through successive levels of being, but was also understanding that the purpose of this motion is to produce a commingling of elements. In the dim recesses of my mind I had a vague recollection of an incarnation spent as a whirling dervish. Previously I had thought that the members of this bizarre Muslim religious fraternity spun around in order to make themselves dizzy and thereby induce a

trancelike condition. Now I saw the rationale for their gyrations. Through their twirling they were alining themselves with archetypal modalities. They too were trying to whip the clotted forces of the material world into a more effervescent concoction.

For a long time I simply allowed myself to be permeated by Sai Baba's love. Then the telephone rang and it seemed as though someone was knocking on the door. (Actually the knocking was next door but in the samadhi state all sounds are amplified.) I had no intention of answering but the interruptions set me to musing on the subject of connections. Here, snugly ensconced in our well-fortified home, I was able to serve as a spider of light only because the outer openings were well sealed. Whether we close the doors of our senses or of our homes it is necessary in some way to bolt the gates in order to slide out upon the inner web of the bright world. Every idea is a connection and the entire universe is spun of strands of ideas. When we say that nine tenths of our intelligence is unused, what we actually mean is that nine tenths of our possible connections are unmade.

For the most part we deal only with the logical, rational threads of causation which ray forth from the center of the web. However, these alone are insufficiently cohesive. It is the longitudinal synchronistic cross connections that really hold the universe together. There seemed to be a key in this thought that I was just beginning to grasp. Here on the inner level we make our own good and bad luck, but here too we are responsible even for apparently chance happenings. In ketamine's kingdom every incidental circumstance becomes relevant to the overall design.

Opening my eyes I felt entirely peaceful. No longer was I weeping at the portal of return; my mind was purged even without tears. Gazing out the bedroom window on the right the view was now quite different. Several days earlier our hardworking landlady had cut down the branchy entanglement of boughs that separated our house from the cottage next door. I had called them "thorn trees" because of the way they pierced the sky, but actually they were maverick plums that had sprung up on their own. Most of them had needed to be cleared away and she kindly gave me an armful of the branches which I arranged in front of the carved Indian screen in our livingroom. Behind I had tacked a card lettered with an old Japanese haiku which read:

*Plum blossoms give their fragrance still to him
Whose hand has rudely broken off their limb.*

The clipped off shoots had just started to burst into a froth of white blossoms which picked up the mother-of-pearl inlay work on the screen, and the whole effect delighted me beyond measure.

Now where the plum trees had once been I could see clear through to the sloping roof our our neighbor's small house. As is com-

mon in Seattle's humid clime, the roof was alive with moss. Most of this massy covering was green, but clumps were shot through with reddish tones.

"My roots in heaven! They're really there now. I've finally got my roots right up in the sky."

The next stage would have to be that of the flower. Flowers of service with fragrance wafting far and wide. Was I just fooling myself about the roots? No, on a day-in-day-out basis I was actually becoming more permeable. It was a peaceful feeling with few ups and downs. My soul note now seemed more like a steadily oscillating sound current, a happy hum of rhythmic activity and rest. I felt very contented and hoped that the quality of that contentment would be communicable to others.



7: Gentle Magic

ACTION

Ketamine has a wide margin of safety; several instances of unintentional administration of overdoses of Ketalar (up to ten times that usually required) have been followed by prolonged but complete recovery.

—Parke-Davis

It was becoming increasingly apparent that this was not a book we were writing as much as a book we were living. In the samadhi state we had seen how the entire universe is controlled by thought. That is, the outer crust of phenomenal appearances is simply the defining limit of the life-energies which ray forth from an omnipresent cosmic vortex. These originating emanations percolate down through a formative gridwork of archetypes from the God-made to the angel-made to the man-made until all at once they freeze into the congealed contours of matter. In the end, as in the beginning, there is nothing but consciousness; we change the world only to the extent that we can modify our awareness of what is going on "out there." Now that we

were starting to understand these rules of the game it was up to us to try to direct these conditioning energies on higher causal levels where they were still fluid.

As I saw it now, our work was that of "weavers in the light." The downward extending strands of energy were strung from top to bottom on the multi-dimensional loom of the universe. There is a part of each one of us that remains securely attached to both the uppermost and the lowermost shafts of the encompassing framework. Now, by making the horizontal connections we were gradually working our way back up again. The purpose of this effort was not so much to reach the top (in essence we were there already) but to create the design.

To a large extent these crosswise shuttlings back and forth manifest as synchronicity, since they exist in the same present tense. Such synchronous happenings are agents of karma, hence our fate is sealed by conglomerates of apparently chance circumstances. Accidents are only events seen out of context; in their totality they become divested with the variegated hues of meaning which comprise the patterns of destiny.

In our own lives the coincidences were accumulating to an astonishing degree. If I needed a word it was apt to jump out at me from a random perusal of the dictionary. When it was important to contact a friend that person would call for no particular reason. If I fancied that it would be helpful to have a certain object it would soon appear. Often these coincidences involved Howard. For example, on Washington's birthday I was shopping when, as I had done a dozen times before, I passed a place where one could have words or emblems stamped on T-shirts. On impulse I picked out a light blue shirt for Howard and had it emblazoned with silvery letters saying "Dr. Neptune." Arriving home with my prize I was chagrined to discover that he had gone out. When he returned half an hour later he had a gift for me. It was a pink T-shirt stamped "Samadhi." Neither of us had ever mentioned the T-shirt idea to the other, yet we had stood at the same counter within the same hour.

However, the big needs took longer to fulfill. By late February our deeper desires could be boiled down to three wishes. In the order of their ascending importance these were the wish to find a house in the country, the wish to release Howard from the burdensome financial responsibilities which held him locked into an uncongenial job, and the wish to make our samadhi therapy available to large numbers of people. It seemed to us that if captains of industry, leaders of nations and molders of public opinion could partake of this love medicine the whole planet might be converted into the garden of Eden it is potentially capable of becoming. In the meantime, we continued our private experimentations.

It was becoming an intriguing challenge to take off into the bright

world from different launching pads and thereby assess the extent to which the ketamine experience is affected by the immediate sensory setting. Since I had now learned to remain seated in the lotus posture up to the thirty-five-milligram point I decided to stage a private session in which I would gaze at my own face in the bathroom mirror. Perching atop the laundry hamper which doubled as a seat I positioned myself about three feet from the washbasin mirror and took a thirty-milligram injection.

Observing the changes that were modifying the image staring back at me I decided that this had to be the most flattering thing that had happened since the age of fourteen when, one day I looked at myself in the mirror in a new way and realized that I was going to grow up to be pretty. Regrettably that youthful bloom had long since passed. My next birthday would be the fiftieth and the creases in my face made it evident that efforts to beat the clock had been only minimally successful. Now, however, my Egyptian queen countenance was coming back into view and I was immensely pleased with it. In the wavering light the eyes were growing enormous.

I had now reached the point where words and ideas jump into the mind unbidden. In this state it seems to be possible to think of more things simultaneously than would normally be possible. "Eyes, eyes that mesmerize...eyes, I's, I-identifies with the eyes." The letter "I" was the stanchion of my being, standing upright between earth and heaven and directing my gaze both ways at once.

"M.M...that's Marcia Moore, but its also Meta-Morphosis. If I could rejuvenate myself, manifest my true face, then people would be so impressed that everyone would want to try this love medicine. They would learn to care for one another in spite of themselves. The quest for the fountain of youth: it's the only desire powerful enough to make them drop their petty fears and criticisms and accept this gift. It would be the perfect answer.

Perhaps I was becoming like a queen bee, fed lavishly on the royal jelly of ketamine for the sake of the whole hive. But I didn't want to be the only queen; I longed to invite the rest of my kind to the feast so that the whole world might be properly fed. It seemed strange that a longstanding legend maintains that the bees were originally brought to earth by visitors from the planet Venus. I was also struck by the fashion in which the bees build their honeycombs at sixty-degree angles. Was this because they have a special link with the bright world? I sensed the Venusian quality of their penchant for flowers, the sweetness of their product, their elevation of the female principle insofar as they are ruled by queens, and felt grateful that God had created them.

As always, there was more input than the rational mind could sort out. For the first time it dawned on me that these cross-connections of ideas were the higher level equivalent of syn-

esthesia—one more step upward toward the realm of perfect unity. Rejuvenation! The thought was now beating at my brain. To accomplish this goal it would be necessary to reprogram the cellular intelligences of the body itself. We all know that every human being is a full-fledged godling in the manifold universe of his own flesh. Within this microcosm every minuscule inhabitant is compelled to defer to the decrees of the one governing overlord. But at the same time we are demiurges—imperfect deities who may also instill chaos into those trusting tissues, muscles, and neurons of our long-suffering organisms. If we who are responsible for the welfare of the hardworking multitudes laboring in the caverns of the body do not give them cause to trust in us, how then can we be so presumptuous as to pray to some bigger God who rules the heavens, and in whose judgments we as cells within the body of humanity must likewise trust? Can we humbly beseech Him for favors which we arrogantly deny to those who are equally dependent on our caprice?

Still gazing into the mirror I saw that if the work of regeneration was to proceed I would have to establish myself as the goddess of my particular universe and as the fashioner of the archetypes by which its indwellers are obliged to abide. For too long I had been locked into a Saturnian archetype of growing old rather than into a Venusian archetype of abiding youth. To what extent might it be possible to inaugurate a new dispensation?

The usual background whir was louder now. It sounded like a drill. My eyes were at the point of that penetrating shaft, drilling a fresh archetype deep into the mass consciousness of my own body cells. As the drill bit spun round and round it seemed to be boring in the words, "Oh make my universe beautiful, happy, fragrant, friendly."

Ordinarily, so trite a phrase would never have impressed me. In my softened condition, however, the affirmation was being stamped indelibly upon the ethers of my world within. All at once it seemed clear why so much emphasis is placed on the *word* of God. Words are the archetype makers. It was high time (pun intended) to start manufacturing a new gospel for my own body. Etymologically the word *gospel* means "God's spell." Ah yes, I was learning more about magic every day!

Because astrology is the language of archetypes I was receiving ever more astrological input. It now appeared that the issue of rejuvenation was one of harmonizing Saturn, the "ancient of days," with Venus, goddess of beauty. Saturn is the natural ruler of the plane of concrete matter, whereas the gifts of Venus come from our planetary alter ego. Nature, associated with Venus-ruled Taurus, regenerates herself yearly in accordance with the Saturnian time cycle of the Sun's circuit through the zodiac. Staring at my mouth in the mirror it struck me that physical attractiveness derives much of its ap-

peal from the smile which shows the teeth. Yet teeth, skin and the underlying bone structure are Saturnian, as is the power to endure. No wonder Saturn is exalted in the Venusian sign Libra. Venusian beauty comes largely through the exercise of Saturnian determination.

At that moment, the idea of formulating a new set of body-repairing archetypes seemed entirely feasible. I envisioned groups of people inhaling ketamine vapors and then lying back while positive affirmations were systematically stamped into their psyches. What a beautiful way to treat obesity, depression and addictions! The idea seemed enormously exciting and I was sure it could be done. This would be the therapy of the future.

Returning to my normal flattened-out state, however, I had my doubts. Not about the process but about my ability ever to convince the public to try it. What, after all, had the medicine really done for me? Yes, my fingernails had improved. But honesty compelled the admission that my face really hadn't changed much. Nobody was about to mistake me for an Egyptian queen even if I did feel a new inner glow. Time may be the great healer but it is a terrible beautician, and we were still functioning in time's domain.

Leavening lead—that was my body assignment and I still couldn't figure out how this alchemical miracle was to be accomplished. The whole conundrum sounded like a Zen Buddhist koan that wasn't even supposed to have a proper answer. Would the way be shown.

In the meanwhile, our daily life remained active and fulfilling. Now that we were spending more time with Howard's bouncing ten-year old daughter Valerie I began to think of taking up a hobby that we might enjoy together. For years the pastime I had most wanted to cultivate was the making of windows, lampshades and the like out of bits of colored glass. First there had been no time for such an occupation and now there was insufficient space. However, when Valerie and her friend Cathy came for the weekend I did purchase some ready-made molds and glass beads with which we could experiment. The idea was to arrange the beads within the forms and melt them in the oven to produce suns, stars, flowers, animals and so forth. The process turned out to be surprisingly easy. Watching the individual globules fuse into glassy patterns pleased me beyond measure and I resolved to look into the possibility of ordering the beads and lead for frames in substantial quantities.

After we had completed our handiwork I gathered the leftover beads, laid them out concentrically in the fluted heart-shape mold that hangs on my kitchen wall, and placed them in the oven to bake. I hadn't expected that the finished product would be worth even that minimal effort, but to my surprise the resultant red heart surrounded by radiating orange and white bands looked as though it could pro-

vide a base for some interesting free-form effects. Using a hot knife I carved the fluted edge to resemble wings and then reheated the emblem so that the wings could be bent back into a more pleasing shape. Even so, the effect remained crude and I chastised myself for putting over so unproductive a task.

That evening while Howard was driving Valerie and Cathy home I decided to take a mini-trip into the bright world. We were now establishing a routine of low-dose predinner sessions about once a week, but these occasions were mainly for enjoyment.

Our "ketamine hour" facilitated a "grooving together" that we had both come to anticipate as an effective way of transfusing the love magic into our steadily deepening marriage relationship. This time, however, I decided that the trip would be especially for me.

Lifting off, my mind was still preoccupied with those multicolored glass beads flowing together in delicate traceries of light and dark tones. In the background was the rising beat of soft-feathered wings fanning outward. Then came a clear vision of the image I had been trying to formulate. It was a clear ruby heart with crystalline wings—a heart which was now transforming itself into a chalice. At that point I was still sufficiently caught up in my bead-making mania to try to figure out how it might be possible to construct a container in that particular shape.

For some reason this chalice was drawing me back to Egypt. Not to the dynastic land of the pharaohs but the archetypal Egypt, "the mother of mysteries" whose location was still an enigma. But why the preoccupation with this one particular culture? Ah, now I grasped it. The Egypt that we knew about had been the injection point for energies which circulated throughout the globe, just as one small spot on my skin had been the injection point for the ketamine which was now moving throughout my body. That other place, which I still associated with Venus, Sirius and Gemini had been the original prototype. Now, however, the artifacts of the earthly Egypt had been transsubstantiated into an enormously potent thoughtform which could still put us in touch with the eternally existing Motherland. Briefly I glimpsed the goddess Isis holding the ankh, the symbol of resurrection and also very similar to the astronomical symbol for Venus.

As my concentration deepened a new mantram was beaten into my brain. This did not come like an ordinary idea but rather branded itself into my consciousness in a blaze of light. The words were, "And so it is—my heart becomes the chalice into which the injection must flow." Later I would have to try to figure out what that meant. Now all I could do was to experience the influx of energy into the region between the shoulderblades where my own heart seemed to be growing wings.

I sensed that some kind of alchemical operation was being per-

formed and remembered that the word alchemy meant literally "of the land of Khem," Khem being the ancient name of Egypt. The Egyptians with their obsessive preoccupation with death and resurrection were the originators of the Hermetic tradition, of which alchemy is the finest flower, just as the Chaldeans were the originators of the astrological tradition. The Egyptians were also the great anatomists, largely because of their skill in mummification and in the arts of medicine. If Howard and I had been there in former lifetimes no wonder we were so concerned with the conquest of death!

It also flashed upon me that the King Tutankhamun exhibit of ancient Egyptian artifacts would soon be coming to Seattle. It seemed as though there had to be some mystical significance in the ceremonious conveyance of these highly charged relics to the various regions of the United States. Why was the populace reacting with such fervor to the display? Could it be that this gift from Egypt symbolized the far greater gift of the knowledge of human immortality now being offered to people everywhere? Through hypersentience, and now through ketamine therapy, techniques for transcending bodily limitations are becoming ever more widely available. The art of soul travel which in Egypt was reserved for initiates is in the Age of Aquarius becoming something that multitudes can comprehend.

Once again the swirling colors of the beads danced before my eyes. Ah yes, life was the great bead game with all the globules melting and fusing together. But the beauty of that creative process depends on the leaden outlines that shape the patterns. This lead was the formative agency which made it possible for the golden radiance of the sun to filter through the multihued panels of glass. Why was I wanting to change that lead's consistency when its value lay in being exactly what it was? The softness of gold and the denseness of lead needed each other to be complete.

In my flight of fancy it also came to me that words, the tools of my trade, are like leaden molds into which thoughts are cast. Indeed, printers' type is traditionally made of lead which, like the letters themselves, can be melted down and reused. My own Moon and ascending sign, Cancer, rules containers while my Sun sign, Gemini, pertains to communications. No wonder I had spent my life pounding words into solid encasements for ideas. I was well back to earth now but still marveled at the extent to which purely objective astrological factors can delineate a person's subjective bent of mind.

Later, taking a bedtime bath I laughed at my ineffectual attempts to create a replica of that winged heart. The effort seemed as absurd as the scene in the current hit movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* in which a man whose mind has been imprinted by visitors from outer space maniacally insists upon replicating within the confines of his liv-

ingroom the contours of the mountain he must reach. Now I really understood that compulsion to scale the macrocosm down to microcosmic size and to superimpose an abstract archetype upon a specific human cell. It had seemed so desperately important to fit those glass beads into their proper places.

The warm water in which I was luxuriating was feeling extraordinarily good. Suddenly I sat up and exclaimed, "Eureka! Now I know how to leaven lead. You make it into stained glass so that the light can shine through."

Unquestionably I was becoming perfused with the spirit of alchemy. This development was particularly surprising because alchemy had never intrigued me. Yet when I first felt my guru's eyes irradiating the nether-regions of my psyche the words which had come were, "Ah yes, he is the old alchemist!"

My next ketamine session took me a few more steps along the same path. It began with a twenty-five-milligram dose which, since I had eaten well that day, produced a state that could better be described as a meditation than as a "trip." At the start I was looking at a picture of a mountain with a cave at the base. The usual buzzing sound was now reminiscent of a drill, impressing me with the idea that as esoteric anatomists it is our job to drill deep into the depths of the organic substance of the universe. All matter is carved out from within, not shaped from without. I had witnessed this peculiar process of inside-out creation in virtually every session but the idea had seemed too complex to verbalize.

For the first time I totally understood what occultists mean when they speak of the "deva" evolution. (Devas are said to be the spirits of the elements to whom is entrusted the work of building the forms of matter.) Briefly I was an elfin creature sitting in a circle with my fellow elves inside a mountain. Our bodies were made of flame and we were all of one mind. We knew exactly what we were meant to do and were happy to be instruments of nature's larger purposes. So ketamine was the bridge between the human and deva kingdoms! There would be much to ponder on in this respect, but at least I had broken through to a new level of comprehension. This realm of elemental essences was so alien to normal human thought processes that previously it had not been possible to describe my insights. It seemed to me, however, that having achieved this conscious realization it would subsequently be possible to tune in more sensitively upon the fairytale realm of sylphs, sprites, nymphs, gnomes, undines, salamanders and the like.

Often, in the deep state I would have the impression of being on the nose cone of a rocket hurtling through an aeonic pleroma, oscillating between subtle and dense states of being. This time I was burrowing into the most compacted layers of matter—like excavating

tunnels in a mine. I was seeing the winding threads on a drill bit, and then the similarly shaped spiral indentations on a number of large and small screws. It appeared that each screw was geared to a different time cycle. Some were like the revolving second, minute and hour hands on the face of a clock. Others had threads that were days and years. Still others were consonant with the orbits of the planets. I wished that "screwing around" was a less pejorative term because that was exactly what was going on. Yes, the penetrative potency of those corkscrew patterns was reminiscent of the male element in nature, but as I was envisioning them there was no sexual connotation whatsoever. They were simply instruments of creation channeling the interior recesses of the space-time continuum.

Since I had leveled out and it didn't appear that I was going to get beyond those repetitious screws I took another twenty-five milligram dose and hung the mountain picture back on the wall. Quickly my mind began to brighten as though breaking through to an aerial region of pure mentation. Here it came to me that basically there are just two divinely revealed esoteric arts. One is astrology, whose earthly body is astronomy, and the other is alchemy, whose earthly body is chemistry. Astrology is of the nature of the Sun and alchemy is of the nature of the Moon. Like the rational and the irrational, the conscious and the unconscious or the left and right lobes of the brain they complement each other. As the female principle of nature receives its rightful due, so too will alchemy come into its own. To a large extent this true alchemy will be nurtured under the wing of the holistic healing movement.

The thoughts were throbbing faster now. *Khem*. Literally, that means "black earth." Because of the rich alluvial deposits left by the Nile River Egypt was called "the land of the black." I was glad that the name had remained even in the word *chemistry*. Alchemy has been called "the black art," not because of any association with evil, but rather because it has so long been shrouded in mystery.

"You were an astrologer. Now you must become an alchemist." These were my instructions and the idea was not pleasing. I loved the solar science of astrology and had devoted my life to it. What did I know of alchemy except that it was murky, involuted and almost totally misunderstood. Indeed, I had never even had a course in chemistry.

Intuitively I knew what alchemy was about, but had long since thrown up my hands at the thought of making it comprehensible to the public. To read about alchemy is like reading a cookbook, it can be meaningful only to the extent that one tries out the recipes. All the same, I now resolved that if I were permitted to pursue this line of research the goddess and I would write one more book which would be entitled *The Alchemy of the Soul*. It would be divided into three parts, arranged under the following headings:

1. *The Serpent*—transmutation
2. *The Scarab*—sublimation
3. *The Phoenix*—regeneration

These three processes would be associated with body, mind, and spirit respectively.

Since at this stage there was nothing I wanted to do less than embark upon yet another book I was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the way this trip was going. "All right, then," I asked. "What about this business of transmuting lead into gold? We could certainly use some help along this line."

Ah, a new thought was coming. "It's the leaden people of this world, the Saturn-Capricorn types, who earn the gold as the rewards of their labors. Being so securely anchored on the material plane they can crystalize the light-energy of the celestial spheres into hard cash. Who wants a golden anchor when lead can so much better serve the purpose! Let them remain as they are.

As so often happened, the new idea consolidated itself in a mantram. The words, which seemed to come through with a pronounced East Indian accent, formed themselves as follows:

*Some of the brightest spirits live in the densest pots.
It is necessary for the keeping of the flame.
Be ye, therefore, tolerant!*

The modus operandi of my course of instruction within the bright world was becoming more clear. A cluster of ideas, like seeds, would be sown in my mind, but it was up to me to cultivate these sprouts and make them grow. For example, I was now seeing Saturn as the deliquescent carbon deposited deep within the earth, which over the eons becomes crystalized into the diamond capable of reflecting every hue of sunlight. I was glad that in my book *Astrology, the Divine Science* I had assigned diamonds to Leo, sign of the Sun. This then, was another one of the ways in which lead and gold, Saturn and the Sun, Capricorn and Leo, are reconciled.

Om mani padme hum. How many times while living on the edge of Tibet I had chanted that most widely used of all mantras, wondering what it really meant and why the Tibetans were so compulsive about winding it around on their various types of prayer wheels. 'Om, the jewel in the heart of the lotus,' was the most common translation. Or "Om, the diamond-souled one." I saw now that it was through this heart energy that the darkness of matter is sublimated into the radiance of the translucent Self. The circularity of the prayer wheels was, of course, another way of drilling in the archetype.

It also came to me that the secret of making gold would be discovered when scientists finally solved the energy crisis by using

diamond-like crystals to harness the rays of the sun. At least a hundred regressed subjects had told me that this technique had been employed in the days of Atlantis. When there was enough energy for all, money as we know it now would lose its meaning; consequently it would be permissible to make as much gold as people wished to use. To some extent the secret of the crystals has been revealed in modern times through the discovery of laser beams, but until the power of the human soul is also utilized, solar heating and lighting will remain impractical dreams for most of humanity.

The gold produced by the earth has now become so tainted by human greed that the bulk of it has had to be returned to the nether regions from whence it came. Literally, most of the gold in existence today reposes untouched in underground vaults where it can be repurified like land allowed to lie fallow for a season. "Look not to the earth for your true gold but to the Sun, source of light and life for all time to come. Look then, to your own diamond-faceted soul."

"Oh dear," I thought. "There are more ideas than I can comfortably turn into words." Precipitating this golden shower of insights from the goddess into the lead of printers type was becoming too much like work. The experience was like going out under Patanjali's "raincloud of knowable things" without my mental umbrella and being drenched. It was a relief to be coming back now, back under my cosy closed-in skull where thoughts entered one by one, bowing and scraping before the throne of the almighty intellect.

All the same, it seemed as though this might be a line of thought to pursue. With a few alchemical tricks in our personal lives Howard might be released from an arduous job and what a blessing that would be! At the moment, however, the only way I could see was to transmute the leaden forms of words into the gold of an assured income that would meet all our needs. With a sigh I pulled myself out of our warm waterbed and trudged into the study where my typewriter awaited me. Perhaps its revolving ball was my kind of prayer wheel. After all, I was functioning in Saturn's realm now and might as well deal with him on his own terms.

My alchemy trip convinced me that at least for the time being I had discovered my own ideal dose. Twenty-five-milligrams would raise me to the esthetic level of perception, but was becoming less fruitful when it came to tapping the higher mental thought currents where real knowledge was to be obtained. If, however, at the leveling-out point I took another twenty-five-milligram booster shot I could sail along for just the right period of time at a cruising altitude where it was possible to enjoy the higher celestial regions and still remain oriented to the earth. Accordingly, I decided to repeat the experiment a few days later.

It had long since been made clear to me that one does not dictate to the goddess with regard to the information desired. For several weeks I had been programming myself to find out why my right hip joint was giving me so much pain, and had received no insight whatsoever. All right then, I shrugged. So the goddess wants to teach me about alchemy. I was willing to be a student. Indeed, nothing could have pleased me more than to delve deeper into the lore of ancient Egypt. Perhaps I would even be able to go directly to the source of alchemy which, I was becoming ever more convinced, was that inner-dimensional Egypt which still exists in a concurrent reality. Consequently I began my next trip with the happy expectation of discovering more about the symbolism of the serpent, the scarab and the bird.

The first twenty-five milligrams produced virtually no effect. After the booster shot, however, I suddenly realized that my body was feeling deliciously warm and at ease. Everywhere there was a pink and golden light. Fuchsia tones, like the distilled essence of the pack of valentine cards I had just taken down from our kitchen shelf, fluttered before my eyes. Now it was all sunshine and roses, cupids and urns, red hearts and white paper doilies, blossoming boughs, gardens of tulips and hyacinths, peach-toned lace and satin negligees, as though I were breathing in the best memories of all the pretty feminine fripperies I had every enjoyed. This was my springtime-of-the-soul archetype and it was being dramatized to a fare-thee-well. May poles, stolen kisses, giggles and games, rosy cheeks and dancing eyes, it was all there strung together with garlands of half-heard music, festoons of Japanese lanterns, and party-time laughter.

"Never mind that," said the voice of my analytical intellect. "You've gotten yourself into the archetype of spring but you know perfectly well there also has to be summer, autumn and fall. You're enjoying all those balmy breezes but you could just as easily slide into some Arctic waste."

"It's all right," a strong feminine voice cut in authoritatively. "Where we are now it's springtime and this is your divine valentine...your divine valentine...your divine valentine." The words ruffled on like an organdy flounce of frills, lightly, liltingly, with just a touch of humor. "Accept your divine valentine."

"Uh, that's really nice," my mind replied. "But I know that Valentine's Day comes but once a year."

"Hush, just lie back and accept what we have to give." Firmly, insistantly, whatever power it was that wanted me to have this valentine was making me lie back as though in a perfumed bubble bath. Now every limb of my body was receiving a gentle color massage. Fragrances wafted around me like those of the finest cosmetics.

"Oh how delicious! It's that big beauty parlor in the sky!" I exclaimed. And indeed, the treatment I was being given was not only delectable, it seemed to go on and on. After my skin had been stroked,

soothed, and rubbed with warm oil I was made to witness the manner in which this healing pink light was interfusing my blood stream. I could actually see the individual cells being revitalized as the energy currents flowed through arteries and veins.

"Yes dear, this is your ethereal beauty salon and we're treating you with Cleopatra's cosmic cosmetics. Now just lie still and let us help you." It wasn't that I was actually hearing this voice; rather the thoughts were being imprinted in my mind. "Cleopatra's cosmetics." Coming into focus was the trademark of the establishment, an emblem bearing the face of the fabled Egyptian enchantress with wings on either side. The cosmetics themselves were arrayed in translucent pink jars created in the shapes of winged hearts. These vials seemed reminiscent of the ruby and crystal chalice of my earlier excursion into Egypt.

Drifting lazily back to Earth I mused over the etymological connection between "cosmos," a word meaning order and beauty, and its derivation, "cosmetic." How grand it would be if there could be a mundane plane "Cleopatra's Beauty Salon" with hot baths, massages and a line of ketamine-based beauty products—cremes, unguents and all manner of sweet-scented emollients. Imagine being able to rub one of those lotions on the face and keeping that rosy glow all evening. Better yet, how about a ketamine perfume that would cause one's lover to remain gently high as long as he nuzzled one's neck. What beautiful love magic that would be! I regretted that our own supply was too limited to permit this kind of experimentation. Yes, I was back now, and could only whisper "thank you."

Had I spent the day at the finest spa on earth the effect could not have been one tenth as salubrious as that which remained for the next few days. Perhaps it was only my imagination but I could have sworn that my face was smoother, eyes brighter and skin more glowing than before. Certainly there was no way I could have dreamed up the sense of physical well-being that kept me smiling through a multitude of ordinary chores. It may not have been the highest or the lowest, but it was certainly the nicest trip I have ever taken in this or any other world.

For some time it had been in the back of my mind to stage a twenty-five-milligram samadhi session in the tub. Since the taking of long hot baths has always been one of my favorite modes of relaxation I decided the time had come to see if there would be a synergistic interaction between our "vitamin K" and the warm water. On February twenty-fourth I decided to find out. It was a Friday afternoon and Howard had been held over at the hospital for emergency surgery. I knew how tired he was and hoped the relaxation of the bath would soothe my disappointment over having this bite taken out of our precious weekend.

Lounging in the perfumed suds it seemed to me that my system must be becoming remarkably tolerant because nothing, absolutely nothing, was happening. There were no purring sounds, no vestige of giddiness. It was just a soothing soak, albeit my mind did feel remarkably lucid.

My toes, fanning out at the opposite end of the tub, were doubled by their reflection in the water in such a way as to bear a curious resemblance to wings. "Vestigial winglets," I thought. "How like the earthlings to get it all backwards! Mercury's wings should be not on his heels but on his toes." Now my fingers were looking like wings too. "Poor clipped pinions! Beating themselves all day against leaden typewriter keys, trying to incarnate Geminian wings of thought." But at least they served as reminders of where my wings should have been.

Physically, it seemed to me that I could have done gymnastics had the need arisen. Mentally, however, I felt high enough to envision the goddess, even though her form remained obscure. She was brighter and more beautiful than ever and her mind seemed to be impressing itself upon mine like large and small circles being concentrically alined.

"They will try to close the leaden doors of the establishment against you," she was warning. "But when the people want me I will come. The authorities will not be able to shut me out if those who understand will take action in my behalf. You must tell them that."

Now we are looking ahead in time. "They will make trouble for you," she went on. "But at the end you will hear me say, 'Now my dear, you have completed your task. It is time to come home again.'" Still in my mind's eye I sensed her opening her arms to take me with her. Yes, it felt so very good to be going home to stay.

That was all there was to it. As I continued to soak it occurred to me that our account was becoming more like a diary than a book. There was never any way of knowing what the next day would bring. Everything was being recorded with the stipulation that irrelevant material could be eliminated at the end. Thus far, however, I had cut not a word.

Two new ideas were also seeping into my mind which seemed worth noting. One was to have Howard take pictures of me on a fifty-milligram trip to see if it would be possible to manifest any vestige of what I was experiencing within. The other idea was that probably Para Research would be the proper publisher for the book. Certainly the people connected with that concern were totally sympathetic and could be counted on to put the manuscript into print with efficiency and dispatch. If resistance was coming we should launch our missile while we could, like a warrior throwing his javelin before members of the opposition can grab his arm.

Because I was so eager to play the game right and not overdo a good thing I had planned to be a simple observer during Marwayne Leipzig's first samadhi session on Saturday, February twenty-fifth (Marwayne's description of this experience is contained in chapter 8 of this book.) However, when Howard offered me a twenty-five-milligram boost I gratefully accepted. Since he was on call that weekend he himself remained grounded. For my own part, I figured that twenty-five milligrams would render me just sensitive enough to tune in on Marwayne and to enjoy the Barbra Streisand record we planned to play as an accompaniment. Since I had eaten well that day it didn't seem likely that much would happen. It was, therefore, a complete surprise when I took off into an intensely meaningful flight of my own.

The first notable effect was that I found myself enthralled by the purity of Barbra's voice as she sang the lyrics of her record "Classical Barbra." Howard and I had played that album all during our courtship and I also had a tape of the same recording in my car. More than any other record it was "our music" and I had heard it at least a hundred times. Yet it had never rung more pristinely through the atmosphere than now. Several of the songs were sung in other languages and Barbra's accent in each one was flawless. I knew how hard she must have worked to perfect each bell-tone syllable. At the same time I heard her thinking, "No one will ever really appreciate this extra effort I am making, but I'm going to do it absolutely right anyway." At that moment I wanted desperately to shout out, "But we do appreciate it; we are grateful; the difference does matter!"

Had Barbra been there in the flesh I would have fallen at her feet in unabashed idolatry. For the first time I really comprehended the adulation given to movie stars and why they are worshiped like gods and goddesses. Of course they deserve our love, I thought, because they are the modern archetype makers, the heroes and heroines of the legends that feed our souls. The grooves of spinning records, the reels revolving film—these were manmade replicas of the wheels with which the universe eternally recreates itself—Hollywood prayer wheels. In my deeper meditations I had seen the archetypes being carved out from within, like coring an apple. Now I saw how they were shaped from without, like stamping the discs of recordings that could be played repeatedly. And always the shape was in one way or another reminiscent of a spiral.

Throughout this reverie I remained seated in the lotus posture, still aware of being in the livingroom with Marwayne and Howard. At the same time, to my overwhelming joy, I found myself returning to my cosmic beauty parlor. "This can't be," I protested. "I've already visited this archetype. It was wonderful beyond words but I know I can't just go back again and again."

"You don't seem to realize," the strong feminine voice that I had

heard before reassured me. 'The secret of a massage lies in making the same circular motions over and over. Lots of women go for beauty treatments every week. The magic is in the repetition. Just be peaceful now and let us work on you.'

Indeed, they were giving me the full treatment. Without even lying down my body was being relaxed and refreshed. It was as though I had slipped into a healing place about one octave above the beauty salon. This healing sanctuary was in some way superior but there was a distinct similarity of vibration which made it possible to pass from one straight up to the other.

It all seemed so merciful, so inexpressibly *kind*, so much more than I had ever expected. At the end, the thought came that Barbra's glorious voice might be my golden key. Perhaps in times of need if I lay down and listened to her record I might again be lifted into that pink glow. "Oh yes," I sighed. "The universe is a good and a beneficent place."

Now my attention was riveted on Howard. He was sitting in a chair sipping herb tea from a shiny red mug decorated with a chain of white hearts running around the base. I was spellbound by that mug. Surely it was the most gorgeous mug in creation—so rich, so luminous, so fraught with meaning! Heart after heart extended the whole way around the circle. "We can have our Valentine's celebration all year round. Of course I can send you a valentine every day." I wasn't sure whether I was saying the words or not but it seemed like a profound revelation. We were cartoon figures and beautiful red hearts were flying on lace paper wings from me to him. I felt very happy about it.

The distance traveled on twenty-five milligrams impressed me in quite a different way the following evening. Howard had been called back to the hospital for his third emergency of the weekend and I decided to watch the showing of *Anna Karenina* on television while awaiting his return. Strangely enough we had never tried viewing television under the influence of ketamine. Accordingly, I took a dose of twenty-five-milligrams and lay back to watch the show.

The resulting experience was enchanting. First my eyesight seemed to improve. All the colors deepened, faces glowed and I became conscious of how enormously well the entire production had been executed. (In actuality it was a superb rendition of a book I had read twice from cover to cover many years before.) I remained entirely within the here-now world, but my delight was the same as that which I used to feel as a child when going to the movies was a supreme treat. Somehow I had forgotten how it was to be completely thrilled by a theatrical presentation. It occurred to me that I could be criticized for using ketamine for so frivolous a diversion. But why not? It

seemed like an innocent pleasure, one probably less deleterious than downing a couple of martinis. Indeed when bedtime came I was relaxed, happy and ready for a long soothing sleep.

In telling Howard about this experience I suggested that we might try a low dose together the next time there was a particularly good TV show. Two nights later he arrived home from work while I was out of the house. Taking twenty-five milligrams he lay back to watch the news. Unhappily, by the time I had returned he had become so locked into all the dire, doleful and distressing happenings that were occurring around the globe that he remained depressed for the remainder of the evening. Reactions of this nature have made it clear that there is no such thing as ketamine experience *per se*. Rather, it is the combination of the drug plus the setting plus innate predisposition that produces a given result.

On the whole I still feel that ketamine should be used as a sacrament and not just for "kicks" or to enhance a movie show. Children should not play with matches and adults should not tamper with the fires of the body unless they have some idea of what they are doing. We mention this experience because it was part of our experiments, and not to encourage others to do the same.

As the new week began it occurred to me that I had only a few more days before making another twelve-hundred-mile run down the coast to take care of various important pieces of business in Ojai. On the way back I would be meeting Howard in San Francisco for his anesthesia research conference. In addition a heavy schedule of hypersentience and karmic astrology programs were coming up. Charts would have to be drawn and new material assembled. It would be at least a month before there would be the time and energy for any new in-depth explorations of the ever more intriguing kingdom of ketamine. It was at this point that the impulse came to end our narrative and submit the material to Para Research.

Normally, my inclination would have been to allow far more time for the production of a book. After all, Mark Douglas and I had labored for nine years over our magnum opus *The Astrological Tradition* and its companion piece *Astrology and Time*, and they were just coming into print. What would people say to our giving birth to this strange brainchild in such an impulsive flush of enthusiasm only a few months after our marriage? Considering the issue, however, I realized that we were not yet in a position to engineer an opaque data-stuffed tome. That could come later when we had the proper backing. Rather, our immediate goal was to fashion a translucent objet d'art, blown into form on a single molten breath of inspiration.

We knew that we had made only the barest beginning and that we would not rest content until the job was done right. Psychic faculties

were starting to open up which we were constrained to inhibit. There was no way we could develop a greater degree of sensitivity and still give due attention to all the other demands on our time. However, it would not be possible to dispense with these nonessentials until we had a book to use for priming the pump of a continuing research program to which we could be entirely devoted.

All at once we began to appreciate some of the advantages which might accrue from restricting the core of our personal narrative to the experiences which transpired between November 1977 and February 1978—four months in all. These reasons can be listed as follows.

1) The imposition of a cut-off point would obviate the temptation to go back and try to say everything better. Of course improvements could be made, but only at the cost of the veracity derived from recording each "journey" when and as it occurred.

2) Speeding up publication would give us the clout to launch a bona fide scientific research program since we could thereby define ourselves and our intent. We had already taken the necessary steps to comply with official guidelines for such work and were actively seeking a sponsor with whom to cooperate. In all this we had been entirely up front. As we saw it, this initial endeavor had served as a pilot study convincing us that we would now be justified in linking up with whatever associations might assist us in broadening the scope of our investigations.

3) For my own part, I was becoming eager to pursue the proposed alchemy book. From the amount of material coming through it was evident that this would have to be a new and separate project.

4) Permitting the book to go forth would supply the ammunition to withstand the carping of ill-informed critics. In addition it might allay the fears of potential candidates for our ketamine research program. Already the necessity to explain our position over and over to each new inquirer was becoming intolerably wearisome. The need for a document that would speak in our behalf was immediate and pressing.

5) Hopefully, the fact that we were able to produce a full-length book in only four months would also serve as evidence that our wits had not been totally addled by the substance we were taking.

With regard to my own part in this work one last explanation seems necessary. The objection can be raised that I acted rashly in giving myself the injections that were needed in order to complete this book on a time schedule with which it seemed urgent to comply. In reply, I would like to say that it has long been my task to work within the ill-defined gray areas where the laws of the land do not clearly apply.

For years I have argued in favor of astrology on television, in direct violation of a written code which states that astrology can be

mentioned on the air only in a denigrating fashion. That code is reprehensible and needs to be thrown out. However, if we had waited for the authorities to awaken to the absurdity of such restrictions many fine people would still be hiding in the shadows. We had to push forward and explain ourselves in order to reverse that perfidious ruling. Fortunately the producers of the shows on which I and other astrologers have appeared have had the courage to take matters into their own hands and do what they know to be right.

For me, history repeated itself when I began regressing people to former lifetimes on television. As far as I know I was the first person to demonstrate reincarnation therapy this way, though it has since become common practice. Yet as late as 1977 the manager of a television station had to be physically restrained from bursting in and throwing me out midway through a show because he fancied I was breaking a rule against practicing hypnosis on the air. In view of the importance of the issue of human survival of death such confrontations do not seem like a very big risk to take.

If a few courageous people had not been willing to act on their convictions we would still be obliged to believe that the sun circles the earth, slavery would still be condoned, and in Massachusetts it would still be against the law for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. Fortunately there is a place in our society for the conscientious objector, as was made evident during the controversy over the morality of the Viet Nam War. I would like, therefore, to register myself as a conscientious objector to the enforced moratorium on research into altered states of consciousness as facilitated by certain well tested and relatively safe psychedelic substances, and am willing to accept the consequences of taking such a stand.

At this point Howard and I are as well qualified as two people can be to work within the field of consciousness expansion. In order to set the ball rolling, however, we have had to proceed on our own. There simply wasn't any other way to begin. Most of us don't break into houses. However, if the house is burning down then it is wrong not to enter in order to save the people within. By the same token, the state of the world is now so critical as to justify extreme measures on the parts of those who wish to quench the flames of human selfishness which threaten to incinerate us all.

In making the journeys mentioned in this account we have acted according to our most sincerely held beliefs. Intelligent people should not permit themselves to be tyrannized by unintelligent rulings which are no longer relevant to an existing situation. We are not trying to persuade people either to believe or to behave as we do. Rather, we are hoping to assist them to open their minds to other realities which they can experience for themselves. For this purpose we and they must be permitted the internal freedom to proceed along the pathway to greater self-discovery.

The outcome of this train of thought was that on the twenty-eighth of February I decided to undergo the last personal samadhi session that would be recorded in this book. Henceforth the material received would be funneled into a new folder labeled *The Alchemy of the Soul* or else fall into a full-scale scientific research program. Lying back in bed I wondered what our bright spirit of ketamine would say to that. What ponderous or portentious "last word" would she have for our readers? In this respect my own mind was a complete blank. The challenge was entirely up to her.

For the first time it seemed as though I were reaching the goddess directly. Veiled in light, her form remained elusive. It could have been an aureole of blonde hair or a flicker of liquified sunbeams that caught my attention. What was clear, however, was the golden effervescence of her presence. Perfumed blossoms were floating down around me while trills of music sounded like birds singing or children playing. If there can be such a thing as a happiness archetype this was it.

As it turned out, the goddess didn't have much to say. Rather, it was evident that she was trying to tune me into a new way of being. I had expected a serious message—perhaps even a final sermon for our readers. Instead I was met with a froth of laughter. Now the words were rippling through my mind as though each bursting bubble was releasing its content of meaning. As nearly as I can transmit it, this is what she said:

"At this time, planet Earth is starved for joy. Not for gaseous hilarity. We need no coarse guffaws nor vaporous giggles. My greatest gift will be the spirit of pure joy. Please, my children, be happy. Rise into the blue like butterflies. Let your hearts take flight; look to the sun-drenched skies where light and love abide. You don't even have to call what you do therapy unless it pleases you to use this term. Just be free, and when you want to fly I will give you wings."

To my surprise, the goddess agreed that the time had come to end this book. "Send it forth," she said. "It's only the beginning. Just the opening of a door. But let them know the way is there—that there is a way up and out. Yes, an entrance into my bright world of love and laughter, light and beauty. Open the door and let them through. Then as they come up to me, I will go back down with them to bless this Earth I love so well with a new springtime of the soul."



8: Coming Together

Ketamine stimulates the central nervous system and at the same time produces a dissociation in the thalamocortical tract which is the main relay center for sensory impulses to the cerebral cortex. Hence it separates the higher nerve centers in the brain from the lower centers in the spinal cord, producing a sense of separation between mind and body.

—Howard Sunny Alltounian, M.D.

We knew from the start that the day would come when we would want to share our adventures into the bright world with our friends. Nevertheless, we proceeded with caution, observing our own reactions over the period extending from late September to February. Finally, in a quiet way, we permitted the word to go out that we were conducting research with a little-known psychedelic agent and would be willing to work with interested volunteers.

Some jumped at the opportunity. The majority hung back or were undecided. Naturally this reticence was to be expected. On the whole, however, the reactions elicited made it clear that quite apart from the natural hesitation that anyone would feel in experimenting with an obscure drug, "consciousness expansion" is not a particularly high priority concern, even among metaphysical students. But of course our background in yoga and hypersentience had long since demonstrated that few people want to be the first to try out a new technique, particularly when it is offered free of charge. Once it becomes "the thing to do" the story is very different.

In allaying people's fears it seemed noteworthy that in numerous cases it was the heavy smokers, compulsive coffee drinkers, pill-poppers and boozers who protested the most vehemently against the idea of taking a mini-dose of a substance routinely administered to children and old people because of its proven reputation for being a completely safe anesthetic. One man who drinks five or six bottles of

Coca Cola a day, sips black coffee half the night, and who suffers from advanced emphysema as a result of compulsive chain smoking stated flatly, "It is against my principles."

To date, no one has had a "bad trip," although not all were enthused over the experience. Most psychedelic sophisticates have reported that this was the most pleasurable drug experience they have ever had and have wished to continue their explorations. A few still preferred LSD or some other substance. Virtually everyone has commented on the impossibility of describing the dimension of being to which the mind was transported. Yet when these people do start groping for words it is apparent that the levels of consciousness through which they have passed bear a remarkable similarity to those described in this narrative as well as to each other. One has the feeling that they are describing the same phenomenon, albeit from differing points of view.

The question of proper dosage was one we had to answer for ourselves. For a while we started most of our subjects with the standard fifty-milligram trip, which was where we ourselves began. For a large well-grounded person this works exceedingly well. However, some individuals were jet propelled so far out on this amount that they were unable to bring back enough of the experience to be meaningful. Consequently, we now start out with twenty-five milligrams, working up to larger doses on request.

The more experience we gained working with others the more convinced we became that there are no "standard" reactions. Once we gave a 160-pound youth fifty milligrams on his second appointment and he was too "blown out" to make anything of the experience. Chastened we gave the next subject, a woman who also weighed 160 pounds, a twenty-five-milligram shot and she complained that nothing was happening. A twenty-five-milligram booster shot still produced no particular reaction. Only after a third twenty-five did she feel anything like an altered state of consciousness.

For my own part, an initial twenty-five-milligram shot followed by an equal-sized booster is still the most efficacious and will usually produce a deep meditative state in which bodily consciousness fades out.

The actual psychological effects have been amazingly varied. This may be because the drug can act like a dye which reveals the cellular structure of a cross-section of tissue spread out on a microscope slide. The pattern that shows up is simply a more vivid depiction of what is already there, including the pathological elements. One should not blame the coloring agent if a carcinoma is thereby exposed. If a person would rather not view the cancerous tissues of his own personality then he is best advised to stay away from ketamine. If the medicine actually is a kind of truth serum then it must be dealt with on these terms.

In his book *The Joyous Cosmology*, Alan Watts puts his finger on this issue in the following words:

I wish to repeat that drugs of this kind are in no sense bottled and predigested wisdom. I feel that had I no skill as a writer or philosopher, drugs which dissolve some of the barriers between ordinary pedestrian consciousness and the multidimensional superconsciousness of the organism would bring little but delightful, or sometimes terrifying, confusion. I am not saying that only intellectuals can benefit from them, but that there must be sufficient discipline or insight to relate this expanded consciousness to our normal, everyday life.

The following accounts, composed by various people with whom we have worked, show the results of some of our experimentations.

LANI MITCHELL

My name is Lani Mitchell. I am married and we have two children. My home is in Seattle, Washington, and I work as a secretary for a large corporation. I am a student of astrology, metaphysics and the occult, have taken a mind control course, and meditate on a regular basis. In this lifetime I have been blessed with a gift for healing and clairvoyance. Through hypersentient age regression we found that this interest in healing has evolved over a period of several incarnations. In one existence I was an Indian woman who was the tribal medicine woman. Before that I had been a heavy, round-faced, gray-haired doctor in Rome where I also taught medicine.

To date, I have had four experiences with samadhi therapy. Like everyone else I have had problems which have also afforded opportunities for growth. At the time when I began my sessions with Howard and Marcia I had been dealing with these difficulties alone and in desperation, trying to resolve a course of action that would be best for all involved. But despite my efforts, waves of depression and indecisiveness kept sweeping over me.

My first samadhi session was held on February 10, 1978 at Howard and Marcia's home in Alderwood Manor. Howard gave me 25 mg of ketamine and Marcia sat with me throughout my "trip."

My first feeling was a rush of warmth all over my body. It was similar to going down a long slide, right to that totally disembodied state we call alpha. As the outline of my body disappeared I floated above the bed six to eight inches above my body. Then for a while it was a visual experience. I could see the energy being emitted from the curtains. They seemed to vibrate and flow. It was wonderful, peaking at a height of awareness I had never previously achieved.

I felt a person helping me to sit in the lotus posture. He actually took hold of my legs and moved them into the proper position so that

I could attain the lotus—something I have never been able to accomplish alone. It was very exhilarating. I wanted to sit right up and try it alone. Then he took the lotus posture in front of me and a little to the left. For the first time I really looked at him. He was a tall man with angular features, very thin with a beautiful body, long gray hair and a beard. An overwhelming feeling of peace swept over me. At the same time I was curious to know more about him. I know I will see him again. Ironically, the issue of sitting in the lotus posture is a concern of mine. I just can't seem to attain this position.

Since I seemed to be getting help with problems I asked about my weight. I have always liked to eat too much. The next picture was alarming. I saw an immensely fat woman who must have weighed 350 pounds. It was appalling. I did not look at her very long as it was quite terrible. Maybe it was a form of shock treatment. Ever since then food has not looked so good to me.

I thought of my husband Dugan and saw his face clearly. Somehow I needed to let him know that I loved him without his beard. That is a thought I have never dealt with before. Dugan has always had a beard and we both like it. I felt as though I should ask him to shave it off, but knew I could not; we both love his beard. Maybe this is a realization that needs to be faced by me, not him.

Incense was burning and the patterns of smoke reflected on the ceiling were beautiful—like time flowing, taking shape and dissipating. It all seemed wonderful. My understanding of time has been evolving over the past year and it was enlightening to see it from this aspect.

Afterward I continued to feel warm and loving. I knew that I would continue to deal with people in an especially gentle way, and that in this manner samadhi therapy would touch the lives of others and help them to feel good also.

During my second samadhi session Howard and Marcia were both present. Howard played an album of Barbra Streisand songs called "Classical Barbra." I started the long slide down and felt that wonderful warm feeling sweep over me. I watched Barbra's voice slowly take shape as the music filled the room. I could actually see her voice as the words became sounds and lost their English meaning. The notes looked like colored waves, swirling and soft at the edges. They all swirled in from the outside and climaxed in the center. The patterns sparkled ethereally like light shining through a diamond or the phosphorescence in Puget Sound at certain times of the year. It was like looking at a large picture with no frame. Waves of color (Barbra's voice) were sparkling and crashing silently onto a beach at the center, coming in from all sides. The tones were magnificent, blue, pink, and white with iridescent foam. I myself seemed to be in the center of this soft, smooth-looking billowing mass of vibrating energies.

I tried closing my eyes and it was like opening the door to the

universe. I felt I could see through to eternity. I looked through the galaxies for ever and ever, gazing past stars and planets. It was like being propelled through space. Great waves of tenderness swept over me. What love! I was that love.

Later, thinking about this experience it seemed to me that samadhi therapy emphasizes the gentle side of our human nature. We all have this gentleness and need to be reminded that this is where our soul resides. There is no way to overlook the High Self in this state of samadhi.

My third experience was some four or five weeks later. I had lost my perspective on my problems and was completely exhausted. Marcia and I retired to a quiet room of the house for the therapy. The first feeling, ten minutes or so after the injection was a quiet calm, a light sense of peace and warmth, and the realization that my fatigue had disappeared. Next came a rush of overwhelming love and gratitude that this help was being given, along with an awed wonderment at the depth of these emotions.

After enjoying this lovingness for a few moments I knew I needed to get to work on some of the problems I needed to consider. After days and weeks of fruitless contemplation I now started to see clearly why these difficulties had arisen. It was obvious where the communication had broken down and how it might be restored. I knew immediately what my course of action should be in order to improve the situation. Later, this knowledge was proven accurate and I was relieved of my indecision.

During this third session I also found that if I concentrated on my third eye I could leave the body and float off into space. But since I didn't want to leave the loving atmosphere with Marcia I decided not to go.

My fourth session was somewhat different from the others inasmuch as we decided to find out if I could go in and out of my body at will. Marcia's friend Isabel Buell, who is naturally clairvoyant, asked if she could sit by me and observe what happened. I lay down in the middle of the livingroom and Marcia covered me with my special blanket. As the injection took effect that wonderful warm feeling began to rush over me. It was like floating but I knew I wasn't yet out of the body.

My eyes were open, my breathing seemed to disappear, and then there was a roar in my head. As my vision changed I could see objects and shapes, but not in precise detail. Isabel said, "You're leaving your body; I can see it." I felt very large, as though I filled the room. I couldn't remember if my eyes were open or if I had closed them but I knew that I was not seeing through my body's eyes. It was so easy to leave this body; I just slid out and then went back in with Isabel confirming that I had reentered. My detailed vision was back and I became aware of my breathing and of Marcia sitting by my side.

I wanted to try it again. I thought about my right eye, heard the roaring sound in my head, and as before my vision changed. "Now you are going out through your right eye." Isabel said. I smiled because that was exactly what I was doing. I had that large feeling again and then slowly returned with Isabel confirming that I was back. It was a thrilling feeling.

I asked Marcia if I could practice once more so that I would become aware of just what it was that I was doing. When she said "Yes," I thought about the end of my nose and went out that way. "Now you're going out through your nose," Isabel said. This gave me confidence that I was accomplishing what I was trying to do. While I was out I felt a strong swirling sensation. Throughout the experience it was wonderful listening to Isabel's description of what my soul looked like to her.

Now, remembering my previous experiences with samadhi therapy I know that I left the body every time. It had all seemed so natural that I just hadn't realized that that was what was happening. It wasn't hard; I just slid in and out. I felt perfectly safe and relaxed and stayed within the confines of the room. It is a beautiful feeling to be in such perfect control and to be aware of the process by which the soul makes the transition to the spiritual world. It is so simple to give up an old or used-up body.

I believe that this kind of stepping aside from the physical form is something which many people could easily practice. Surely the sense of detachment produced would give the terminally ill some profound insights and alleviate many of their fears. There is another complete world over there. We do not give up life; we just go on to a new place in the universe.

Thinking back over my ketamine sessions it seems to me that one of the most important things I learned is that everything has shape. When we talk our words swirl through the air and flow on out into the cosmos. In samadhi we can see these vibrations and sense their meanings. In this way we can understand exactly what another person is trying to say and can respond appropriately. Now as I deliberately work to develop this deeper awareness it becomes easier to smooth out my human relationships.

Samadhi also creates a state of telepathic rapport. When Marcia and I work together we are so in tune that I can start talking in the middle of a thought and she is with me. It is like carrying on a mental conversation and then just moving on into the vocal equivalent without explanation and never losing the thought.

Since my first samadhi session I have undergone some significant personal changes. My personality is quieter. Loud music is just noise now. I prefer soft sounds and am more receptive to psychic communication. My overall assessment of interpersonal exchanges is far more accurate. Even though I can instantly recognize hostility in

people I know why they are carrying it around and am not defensive about it.

My dietary problem is also coming into perspective. One day I had a flash which in an instant showed me why I have always been fighting my weight. The mistake has been in my mental processes regarding food. Now I am losing weight without any real effort and friends have started to comment on how much better I look. I am eating less these days and it is wonderful. I feel freed.

Samadhi therapy is a gift of the gods. It is overwhelmingly gentle and loving. For me it has opened doors, clarified my life's purpose and given me new hope for the future.

GERRI SCHOBER

I drove to Marcia's that morning eagerly looking forward to experiencing insight into a previous lifetime and wondering if I might discover instances of interactions between myself, my husband and my son. Along with my eagerness there drifted an apprehension. I was not a good hypnotic subject; perhaps I would fail today and not accomplish what others had. I thoroughly believed in reincarnation, in the capacity of the mind to regress to all sorts of past remembrances and in the ability of the higher self to guide the individual into experiencing what he needs the most. However, was this true for me?

After the ketamine was administered I drifted into a delightful state of relaxation and serenity. I was aware of wanting something to happen and recall telling Marcia that I wanted "It" to occur, whatever "It" might be. She gently reassured me that my own psyche would guide me into experiencing whatever I needed at this time. I was not to try to program the experience.

I became aware of being enclosed within tall walls. Light was shining through at the top where no ceiling barricaded its entry. I recall discussing with Marcia that I had put a wall of defenses around me so that others, and perhaps myself, could not really see the true me. Perhaps I might not like what I would see. She reassured me that this is a common concern and I soon drifted into a deeper sense of "wellness." The walls faded away, exposing magnificent rays of light, colors that gracefully moved across the pathways, only to be replaced by others. I was overwhelmed with a sense of peace and contentment. Nothing here could disturb me. I was truly experiencing the calm of the soul uninhibited by the barriers placed there when we lock ourselves within our human shells.

I spoke very little, simply relishing the contentment of the moment, but with an occasional sense that I should somehow be sharing this with Marcia, who I knew was quietly and patiently sitting close by. My words became apologetic. I did not see any particular forms or receive any thought patterns that I could put into words. Marcia again

reassured me. My inner self knew what I needed. She sensed that I had a need at this time to bathe fully in the light, to relish this moment that I would be able to recall in future meditations.

She asked me what it would be like if I could let down all my defenses. "I would feel just like this," I said. "Free. Free to be me. Just being and not doing."

Marcia's words were again reassuring. 'Perhaps that's what you need to learn: that just being something is doing something. In other words, that being is as important as doing. It seems to me that perhaps you value the doing a little more than the being. There is a quality of your being that is going to affect everything you do. The issue is what you are, and how much light you are bringing through.'

Oh, how I could see that light! Bright but not blinding. Beautiful, comforting, reassuring. One moment like freshly created snow banks; the next, interlaced with varying shades of colors—colors that slipped quietly and gracefully across the screen. What an extraordinary artist was painting this picture!

It was again Marcia who helped me understand my experience. "It's what your higher self is trying to show you. You see, doing something can be a great defense. But that isn't what we are here for. Maybe what you need is to put more emphasis on the quality of your being and less on the quality of your doing. Imagine what kind of person you would be if you could be in the light like that all the time!

For this moment I possessed a marvelous impression of being completely happy with myself. Of not really doing anything for others, but just being me. I broke the reverie by remarking to Marcia that this was a selfish desire.

"Are the flowers selfish just because they are beautiful and want to be what they are?" Her voice sent me into further reflection. "This is obviously what your higher self is telling you," she went on, "that you need to be. You don't have to run around doing good for people all the time. You would probably do them more good if you could spend a little more time just being in the light." "Um hum," was all I could say. I wanted to absorb every iota of this present moment.

Marcia left me to my meditations and to the time necessary to "come down to earth." As I did so, an overwhelming sense of release swept over me with a feeling of joy and freedom. I was elated. I was happy with myself.

The experience couldn't have been any further removed from what I had expected, and yet it was so much more. I have retained the feelings and the imagery. While I will not pretend that my own meditations have come close to resembling this adventure, the memories linger and frequently visit, assisting me in regaining reflection and release.

But most of all, the message has come through: It's okay to be me!

LOIS HAGEN

Lois Hagen is an attractive forty-three-year-old woman who wished to undergo the ketamine experience mainly because she likes to keep up with new developments on the metaphysical scene. This is a transcript of her first session. She was given twenty-five-milligram ketamine and then another twenty-five after ten minutes. Howard and Marcia remained in attendance while she spoke spontaneously of whatever came into her mind.

LOIS. I want to go into the presence of God.

MARCIA. We will just wait quietly and see what happens.

LOIS. I am a part of everything.... It's like I am floating and I am a part of everything. I feel but I don't feel. I'm here but I'm not here.

(Long intervals of silence. Booster shot is given by Howard.) I hear the music and I hear your voice. I feel like I'm wrapped in a blanket. Just surrounded by a big white blanket. I am part of this room and yet I am not part of this room. Everything is very very soft. It's like I am wrapped in a big piece of plastic. It's so soft; I am just floating. I've never been more comfortable in my entire life. I have never experienced such peace. I feel as though I am being drawn into a big tunnel. I smell incense. I am wrapped in foam. My heart is beating fast. I know what I am but I don't know where I am. Everything is white, soft, like being wrapped in foam. I feel like I am floating. I see white. I am above the sofa. I am very large; you are very large; we are all very large. We are moving very slowly, but we know what we are doing. We are very methodically moving. Am I out of my body? I feel so large. I feel like I'm talking but I'm not talking. Its the strangest feeling...so easy. I want to learn to move easily.

MARCIA. You are learning that now.

LOIS. You are on my right; you are my guide. Will you bring me to Jesus?

MARCIA. We can do that if you wish.

LOIS. I want to see Jesus. I love Jesus. I gave my life for Jesus. I died for Jesus. I loved Jesus so much. I gave up my whole life for him. If I could see him one more time...(Here Lois was referring to certain partially remembered experiences of former incarnations.)

MARCIA. Look for him.

LOIS. Will you be my guide?

MARCIA. Yes.

LOIS. I want to tell him how much I love him. (Tears start to flow.) I cannot see him.

MARCIA. Can you feel him?

LOIS. I can feel but I cannot see him. I want to see him. I feel like I'm in a cocoon. I'm lying in this cocoon. Would you like me to go

out of the cocoon?

MARCIA. Only if you're ready.

Lois. I didn't see Jesus. I want to see Jesus. I gave my whole life for him. I feel so restful. May I go back again? Will you be my guide?

MARCIA. Yes, you will see him when you are ready.

Lois. I will see him next time. Oh, I'm so warm, so comfortable.

The room is starting to take shape. I see curtains, the wall.... Am I in my body or out of my body? I seem to be both. Things are kind of settling. You are an excellent guide. You are like a pilot. My husband is a pilot. You are an excellent pilot. I am lying on something so soft. Gold, white, it is beautiful. And you are my pilot. It's like we are in a giant spaceship. And you are guiding me through the celestial stars.

MARCIA. That's how it's meant to be.

Lois. (Aware that Marcia was taking notes.) Why do pilots write?

MARCIA. They keep a log book—to help them navigate.

Lois. I'm not here yet.

MARCIA. I don't want you to hurry. Hold on to the feeling.

Lois. It's a very soft soft foamy feeling. Why is it so hard for me to form my words? (Referring to Howard.) There is someone with you. He's your helper. You work together; you are a team.... Without your helper you could not function. You need each other. You are the pilot but he controls the ship.

MARCIA. Yes, we fly together like the wings of a single thought.

Lois. I'm still in this foam. It's very very soft.... Marcia, were you Nefertiti?

MARCIA. I have done some very deep meditations on Nefertiti.

Lois. There is something Egyptian about you. I'm not back to normal yet. It's like I'm gently settling down. I see Helen over there on the right.

MARCIA. Come back gently.

Lois. I'm not really here yet. It's like the sofa is molded to my body. It's like it was made for me. It's like when I get up from the sofa my imprint will be here forever.

MARCIA. It will. Something of you will remain.

Lois. I didn't want to hurry back. I thought you had appointments.

MARCIA. No, there is no one else today.

Lois. That seems so kind. It's like a spaceship and you are my pilot.

MARCIA. So now you know how to fly. It's really quite effortless.

Lois. I'm settling down now. It's like something I've never, ever before experienced in my life. At least not in this life.

MARCIA. When you're ready we have some tea for you. This is like a prelude of what it will be like when you leave the body for good. (We ended this session with the assurance that we would work together again, and that the next time we would start to look into

some more personal issues in Lois' life.)

In a letter and biographical sketch submitted later Lois commented, "I feel very good about samadhi therapy and am willing to try it again. It gave me the valuable knowledge of an out-of-body experience thus raising my consciousness permanently."

This account was submitted by our friend Bill who came, not for therapy but simply in the hope of having a pleasant experience.

BILL

There is always a point (at least for me, when taking a hallucinogenic drug) at which I become slightly uptight. This happens during those first three to seven minutes when the effect begins and you realize that there is no turning back. You've done it, and the substance is starting to rush through your system.

In my first few minutes of "samadhi" I had this feeling, and then I let go. I let myself release. I could hear me telling me to flow with it...let it happen...let it happen.

I remember three things that seemed particularly notable.

First, everything around me seemed textures. The room, even my random thoughts took on this patterned effect. Colors were muted but strong. They seemed to be predominantly earth browns, muted whites and grays.

Second, everything felt like a painting. I was in the painting, but was not the picture itself.

Third, and most important, I am definitely not my body. I could feel the gravitational forces that gave mass to my body. I could look and see it spread before me. But I was not it. Whatever I am is totally separate. If I call this individualizing essence spirit, soul, energy or by any one of various other terms it is still separate unto itself; it is free of the body.

The textured feeling kept growing stronger. I tried to look at Marcia and Howard but couldn't really see them. Rather, I saw pale white thumb-print faces that were part of the same painting that I was in.

There were gaps, blanks during which I wasn't quite sure where I was. Somewhere or nowhere? It was all slightly surrealistic as though I had become a living version of a Dali painting.

The room seemed to have depth not seen before. There were no sharp edges. Everything was peaceful...very very nice. I wondered where I was going. I seemed separate from the body, yet it was there. I could see it.

Light rays were coming from the flame of the candle on the table. Then they were more than rays; they were solid rod-like shapes enter

ing my eyes. It was fascinating to see light-rods that way. They no longer flickered or vanished. Rather, they were solid burnished gold rods that moved through me. I found them enchantingly beautiful. I tried then to focus on my third-dimensional normalcy, but couldn't. This other dimension, or whatever it was that I was in, seemed quite real. Since it was pleasant I decided to flow with it.

The room—the painting that I was in—was full of oriental designs. Shapes remained but they reminded me of a Japanese painting. I allowed myself to ask, How much longer will I be here? Howard came in from somewhere and I heard him talking of time. "How long have I been away?" I wondered. One hour. I couldn't accept his answer. It seemed more like fifteen minutes.

Then they were saying goodnight. I realized I was fading from one reality to another, drifting back and forth. I knew I was slowly coming out but it didn't matter because now I was falling into a new dimension—sleep.

I must point out that now, even after seven weeks I can easily recall this experience. For me being out of the body and seeing and feeling another reality was altogether remarkable.

As I was going to sleep I realized that the colors and texture of the sofa-bed on which I was lying were almost identical to those I had envisioned. Yet I had been lying on my back looking up at the ceiling or out into the room. Not once did I look at the fabric of the couch itself, nor did I touch it with my hands. Rather, it seemed as though the cells of my body were picking up my immediate surroundings.

In the morning the same thought struck me as I awakened. My cells had actually absorbed their surroundings. During that hour every one of them must have been opened up and totally aware. Or was it my whole being that was aware? There was no doubt but that those textures and colors were completely one with me, that they and I had somehow flowed together and merged in a larger supersensory unity that constituted a single, all-encompassing design.

MARWAYNE LEIPZIG

February 25, 1978

50 mg

I arrived at Howard and Marcia's home in Alderwood Manor at about 1:15 PM. It was a typically drizzly February Washington day, overcast and gray. They both greeted me warmly at the door and ushered me up the entrance steps to the main floor of their apartment. Marcia asked Howard to play Barbra Streisand's "Classical Barbra" record, knowing it to be a favorite of mine.

First, however, Howard explained that the amount of ketamine we would use would be fifty-milligrams. This is an extremely small

dose compared to those used in surgery. He asked me about the operations I had had in the past and if I knew the types of anesthetics that were used. In general, he put my mind at ease about using ketamine. Then he took my blood pressure. I had told him that I have what is considered to be rather low pressure, but that for me it is normal. When he read the gauge he remarked with a chuckle, "Yes, you do have lovely blood pressure."

Then he told me to keep on talking as he injected the ketamine into the muscle of my right arm. This he did with such skill that I was hardly aware of what he was doing. Marcia placed a pillow on the couch, had me lie back and covered me with a blanket. Then I heard the first strains of the "Classical Barbra" record. I was totally relaxed and at ease; my friends had prepared me for a good experience.

My first response to the drug was a feeling of fuzziness. This was reminiscent of the times when I had been given anesthetics for surgery in years past. "Oh yes," I thought, "just like in a hospital. I do not like this." I was aware of the fullness in my ears, as though flying in an unpressurized cabin, but heard no other sound than the music. I did not hear the crickets, nor any buzzing noises.

Colors began flowing past my closed eyes. Initially there were waves of palest, sheerest greens with floating islands of iridescent darker greens, changing shapes, waving and wafting on their way as in a stream. "Oh, yes," I thought, "Now I am ready to be cut open.... This must be the time." But I knew that I was not in an operating room, that no surgery was going to be performed and that I was in fact in Marcia and Howard's livingroom. I was fully aware that I was on their couch. It was simply a fleeting thought as my mind compared what I was seeing with the only previous drug experiences I had ever had, which were all in hospitals. Then I let that thought go as my mind told me to be free and to "go with" what I was seeing.

Next a phantasmagoria of color forms developed before me. I observed them like a spectator at an art show viewing one magnificent canvas after another. I was spellbound by their beauty. Each one seemed more spectacular than the last. The difference was that they were not encased in frames, but flowed and blended one into another. "So this is a drug trip," I thought rather smugly.

Then I became caught up in those undulating waves of exquisite colors. I became the color. I was it and it was me in some way impossible to explain in words. The thought occurred to me that color is vibration and I was seeing the vibratory energy of the cosmos. Going through a vertical pillar of hyacinth blue deepening into cobalt my mind began to concentrate on an eye-shaped patch of purple which floated my way. At the same time the area in the center of my forehead which in yoga we call "the third eye" felt contacted. "Am I seeing my third eye?" I wondered as the purple changed shape and flowed into a glowing triangle. I wanted to cry out, "Don't go, don't

go!" and wondered if I could indeed talk.

I was aware that my hand had slid down off the couch and felt as though I wanted to uncross my legs. With attentive concentration I made the effort to lift my arm and uncross my legs. To my amazement they were feather-light and I did both with the greatest of ease. It was as though I were a foot or two off the couch and my hand and foot were weightless. I wondered if I could open my other hand; instead I opened my eyes. Soft greens filtered through the kaleidoscope of color I had been viewing, and for a brief moment or two I was back in the livingroom. Howard was tending to a candle, paring some wax from it. Looking toward the far wall I saw the familiar Indian screen and the hanging plant above it. Seemingly the plant had expanded in size and was in full bloom. It was gently swaying back and forth. "Howard must have knocked it somehow," I thought. But as I kept looking at it I realized that it was a measured, metered swing, not diminishing in scope. "That plant is moving to the beat of the universe," something in me remarked.

Closing my eyes the familiar Streisand songs caught my attention again. The color patterns were still forming before my closed eyes, now linear, now vertical. It occurred to me that these patterns had astrological correlates. "The first colors were Piscean," I mused, recalling the greens. Now came the shimmering gold tones, not as paint but as light. "Leo." Could I see any reds? Having an Aries Moon and Mars in Scorpio I looked forward to viewing a panoply of reds, just as I had been privileged to witness the greens and blues.

"The colors have been analogous," I thought. "Oh stop it. You are doing your Virgo thing of examining all the details too closely." This analytical bent annoyed me since the patterns were changing too swiftly for me to study them in minute detail.

I smiled to myself. Then followed an exquisite array of reds and purples, almost black in their density. "Aha, Scorpio!"

Suddenly I was seeing the sheer, creamy green tones again and a voice said, "And what are you going to tell the ladies at Juneau?" (I am slated to teach an astrology workshop in Juneau, Alaska, in mid-March.) I waited poised, as though some magical answer might be given, or some heretofore untold truth in astrology might be revealed to me. But that crystalline voice did not supply the answers. I smiled, knowing that I would have to work on a speech and preparation of the workshop.

It is impossible for me to describe the full scope of this experience. I haven't the necessary vocabulary. But throughout the entire time I was fully aware of my own being and name. I never lost contact with the idea that I was a privileged observer to something infinitely more beautiful than I had ever perceived before. Vertical planes changed into linear ones and I "went with them," sliding between to merge with the colors themselves. Some of what I saw reminded me of the colors

one sees when oil and water mix together and run down a driveway, not as dirty oil but as shimmering violets and blues. The colors enveloped me; I was part of them, and at the same time an observer. At one point it was so beautiful that I shouted mentally, "If this is samadhi, HERE I AM!"

My cautious Virgoan nature also reminded me that perhaps one of the reasons I was delighting in all these colors is because I was born with Venus conjunct Neptune in Leo. "Could I grow to 'love' this?" I wondered. "Could I become addicted to it?" Yet I knew that ketamine is nonaddictive. I mention this to illustrate that although I was being carried along, immersed in the greatest beauty I could possibly imagine, my mind was still able to function lucidly in its own capacity.

"Ah," I thought, hearing Barbra, "now she is singing in French.... She does it really rather well." Then I let go again, drifting with the free-form currents of color. In the beginning I was grateful for the familiar music, as it was my tie to ordinary reality. However, as I went further into the flowing oscillating, ever-varied color patterns I sometimes felt faintly annoyed, resenting that my familiarity with the music kept bringing recognition to my mind. When there was a piano accompaniment the piano was almost like a new instrument to me, it was so unbelievably clear in its tones. I remember mumbling, "This one is my favorite, and I never knew it before. It is so pristine." Then I smiled to myself again thinking, "What a typically Virgoan remark that must be!"

Opening my eyes again I saw Marcia sitting on the floor near the foot of the couch. Her eyes seemed to take up more than half of her face. "Incredible eyes," I thought. Then I decided I would try to say it, and found that with remarkable ease the words came out, "You have the most exquisite eyes."

For a moment I felt saddened because I realized the effects of the ketamine were wearing off. Deliberately I closed my eyes, determined to have yet another "vision." Instead I saw some fine red-patterened lines looking rather like cracked crystal. These gradually took on a fuzzy grayish look as if a fungus were growing on them. "Well," I thought reluctantly, "that must be it," and opened my eyes again. I asked if it was all right to sit up and they both assured me it would be fine, but to do so slowly in case of light-headedness. But I seemed to be in full control of all my faculties, with no ill effects whatsoever.

Marcia brought me a cup of herb tea and a bowl of mixed nuts. I ate them and sipped the tea, munching away and talking. Sentences were sometimes left incomplete, as my mind simply could not find words and sipped the tea, munching away and talking. Sentences were sometimes left incomplete, as my mind simply could not find words to describe the experience. Occasionally it would waft back into a dreamy state, nostalgically recalling where it had been and seeking to recapture those visions of ethereal beauty. Private thoughts pushed in.

"I wonder if the spirit enjoys something like this when the body dies? Did I catch a glimpse of eternity? How beautiful the universe is!"

I asked how much time had elapsed from the moment of the injection until I had sat up and talked. I seemed as though it could not have been more than twelve minutes. Marcia was not sure. Howard checked his watch and replied, "About forty-five minutes." During the experience my mind would sometimes tell me, "It is going so fast. Flow with it," as if I realized that this intense concentration could not last. Afterward I wondered if being so Mercurial is not a drawback. Ice cream melted in my mouth even as I was tasting it. And then I thought to myself, "Isn't it always so, with anything exquisite?" and I was glad that my Mercurial mind functions as it does, permitting me to recall the forty-five minutes as one recalls a happy time with a dear friend, a bath one gave an infant a long time ago or being in love the first time.

I walked to the window looked out at the soft greens and grays of our February winter afternoon, and remarked, "What a beautiful Washington day. I do love Washington."

Almost from the start of our work with other people I realized that of all the many enterprises in which I have engaged in this lifetime the practice of "samadhi therapy" is the one that has been of the most service to others. Consequently, it is the most personally fulfilling. It was especially gratifying, therefore, to discover that Howard felt the same way. As he put it:

All the years I have spent my life's energy giving anesthesia to ungrateful patients, and what's more disappointing, in assisting surgeons who have forgotten the simple art of showing appreciation for services rendered. Comparing the indifference of these supremely educated, ever determined-to-do-more-surgery doctors with Marwayne's 'Thank you, Howard, for one of the most beautiful experiences I have had in this lifetime,' I am of course motivated to carry on with this research on a full-time basis.

With regard to our group samadhi sessions we were surprised to discover how easy it was to integrate the various individuals who showed up at our gatherings. Even when they were unacquainted with each other or were on quite different "trips" there was always a general feeling of unanimity. On one of these occasions in which I myself joined, it seemed as though we were all "spiders of light" weaving a shimmering web which could be dissymmetrically attached to any convenient leaf or twig and still maintain a concentric design. One couple was weaving their threads together, another friend was deep in his own reverie, others were looking on and all the while Howard,

who had abstained, was monitoring us. Yet we all seemed to be in the most exquisite mental rapport. It was, therefore, no surprise when afterward one of our number commented, "I felt as though we were all spiders hanging out on this one big web."

It was during that same session that I found a new theme being repeatedly drilled into my head. The beat that went on insistently on three descending notes was, "Love is the name of the game. Love is the name of the game...." The experience was so intense that it was impossible to refrain from whispering the phrase two or three times out loud.

Even while I was aware that these same words were bound to sound remarkably trite in Flatland—like song lyrics stripped of their music—I could sense how they might be used in group formation. The chant would be intoned like a round by people sitting in a circle with the accented syllables "Love, Name, Game" resounding together in perfect harmony.

Love is the
Name of the
Game....

Love is the
Name of the
Game....

Love is the
Name of the
Game....

In this way the word-magic would bring the love energy down through the archetypal level of names and forms to the game-playing schoolground of planet Earth. No doubt other more poetically talented people could devise more esthetically satisfying mantras, but the experience did impress me with the need for modern day rites of communion which could be used in conjunction with the ketamine group encounter.

Afterwards I apologized to my neighbor for whispering the words aloud, fearing that they might have intruded upon her meditation. "Oh, it was fine," she assured me. "I felt as though you were our cheer leader."

In conclusion it should be added that it is extremely important for at least one person to remain solidly grounded—like the stem of a plant whose flowers are waving in the breeze. Otherwise a sense of insecurity amounting almost to panic can set in. Always, at least one completely sober and responsible person should be in charge.

In the beginning we had thought that because our samadhi medicine was working so well for us it was also bound to benefit others, even with minimal guidance on the part of an external monitor. "You don't need a guru; you need samadhi!" Howard would exclaim, spreading his arms theatrically, and our friends would laugh. It seemed as though ketamine could be per se effective in raising the vibrations of the body and producing meaningful insights. To some extent we still find this to be true.

Gradually, however, it became apparent that if this substance is

to find its proper niche in the pharmacopoeia of the mind it will have to have its own armory of specific procedures. Some subjects definitely do need to be directed, and all are profoundly influenced by the personality of the guide-therapist. On the whole our evolution in dealing with those who sought us out was away from "tripping" and toward the time-honored method of encouraging the subject to talk his problems out. In keeping with this trend we reduced our doses from fifty to twenty-five, or even twelve, milligrams.

At the same time, we found that increasing numbers of people were coming to us with problems that were not amenable to conventional psychiatric treatment. On numerous occasions we blessed our magic elixir for its ability to melt resistances that otherwise would have been impermeable. The extent to which it speeded up the therapeutic process is hard to exaggerate.

As we continued to experiment with various psychotherapeutic techniques it became apparent that our general methodology was falling into several categories, each of which was subject to variations. In their simplest form these overlapping classifications can be listed as follows:

1) *Psycholytic Therapy*: Individuals, couples and groups are given small doses of ketamine on a repeated basis in order to facilitate the release of unconscious material which needs to be aired, discussed and resolved. Except for the fact that the drug produces a much higher level of insight this approach bears all the earmarks of regular psychoanalysis, especially as practiced by the votaries of psychosynthesis and transpersonal psychology. Some, but not a great deal, of guidance is given.

2) *Hypnodelic Therapy*: Individuals, couples and groups who wish to incorporate hypnotic types of suggestions into their psyches can undergo one or more relatively low-dose samadhi sessions during which they are subjected to a flow of positive affirmations. Where psycholytic therapy draws something out of the mind of the patient, hypnodelic therapy puts something in. Records, tapes and music can also be used to produce designated effects.

3) *Psychedelic Therapy*: People individually or in groups who simply want to know how it feels to be in an altered state of consciousness are given relatively large doses of ketamine on a one-shot basis. No attempts are made to direct or interpret the experience while it is going on. The facilitator is supportive but not intrusive.

4) *Reincarnation Therapy*: Individuals can be encouraged to revisit their former lifetimes using the same methods as those described in our book *Hypersentience*, but with the addition of a shot of ketamine. At first we were quite astonished to discover that many of the people with whom we were working were spontaneously remembering earlier existences. Some were doing this deliberately while to others the memories came as a complete surprise. Thus far we

have found these effects completely salutary and plan to conduct further research along these lines.

In applying these techniques it may be important to consider whether the experience is deficiency or growth motivated. That is, does the subject have a particular problem to solve or is he basically concerned with the exploration of alternate realities. Both reasons may be cited or he may go from one to the other.

Within the general therapeutic situation the following factors are to be considered:

- 1) Potency of the dose.
- 2) Frequency of the dose.
- 3) The subject's personality and expectations.
- 4) The therapist's personality and expectations.
- 5) The influence of companions present.
- 6) Setting.
- 7) The purpose of the experiment.

No one should presume to be a guide who has not personally undergone the ketamine experience. It is important for the therapist to have a general background in metaphysics and to be a sensitive, caring, insightful human being. The fact that he is serving mainly as a mirror makes it all the more important that his character should be pure and undistorted by personal biases. He should also be cognizant of the following general rules:

PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS

1) Food and alcohol should be avoided for at least four hours before taking ketamine. The subject should know beforehand that it is important to take the medicine on an empty stomach and that fasting maximizes its effects.

2) The subject should lie down, especially if this is his first session. In general, any kind of moving about is inadvisable.

3) Explain that there may be some pangs of concern as the substance starts to act on the system and it becomes apparent that there can be no turning back. Toward the end there may be another momentary jolt of apprehension that the mind will be unable to adjust to the exigencies of the mundane plane. This is all quite normal, and the subject should bear in mind from the start that the procedure is safer than it may seem.

4) Do not leave the subject unattended until he is thoroughly grounded again.

5) Do not touch the subject unless he specifically requests it. (This seldom happens.) In any out-of-the-body state, even if it consists only of mild anesthesia, it can be disagreeable to have to contend with physical sensations.

- 6) Remain quiet. It is rarely necessary to say or do much while

the subject is under. Unless he wishes to communicate permit him to explore on his own.

7) Encourage the subject to rest and meditate even after he has returned to normal. Since his alpha rhythms will probably remain suppressed for some time, interesting ideas may come in the next hour or two.

8) Follow through when possible. Encourage the subject to be on the lookout for longterm insights and effects.

9) See to it that the subject arranges his schedule so that he doesn't have to drive for at least an hour after the conclusion (two hours after the beginning) of the session. Provide him with some refreshments during this time.

10) Try to avoid working with alcoholics who have been drinking or with seriously disturbed people. On the whole, samadhi therapy is for the sane, the rational and the well-adjusted.

11) Encourage the subject to broaden himself through the study of relevant literature and by associating with people interested in the fields of metaphysics and mind dynamics.

12) Keep detailed and accurate records of each subject's medical history, dosage and response. Every subject should have a standard data sheet to which further comments can be appended.

It was only after we had thoroughly established our own procedures that we began to hear of instances in which ketamine had been used in psychotherapy. Shortly before this book went to press Dr. Guenter Corssen, one of the original developers of ketamine, sent us a copy of an article entitled "The Use of Ketamine in Psychiatry" published in the June 1973 issue of the journal *Psychosomatics*. The authors, E. Khorramzadeh, M.D., and A.O. Lofti, M.D., state, "The present report is to the best of our knowledge the first investigation into the use of this chemical (ketamine) as an abreactive agent."

The article describes a study conducted with one hundred patients in a psychiatric unit of a university hospital in southern Iran. The patients were given 0.5 mg of atropine intravenously with subsequent intravenous doses of ketamine ranging from 0.2 to 1.0 mg/kg body weight. Mind expanding effects of the drug were then determined in follow-up interviews. Patients were evaluated in terms of facilitation of psychotherapy and symptom relief.

Typical of the comments quoted were, "The injection took away the discomfort in my chest," "Heavy burden of sin is gone now," "I feel carefree with no worries," and "As a child I always wanted to shout but they did not let me."

Other statements categorized as psychic changes included, "I was in a different world and with flashbacks I was seeing vividly events

which led to my illness," "Colors disappeared and I saw only in black and white," "I was talking to the Holy Family," "I was walking everywhere and seeing everything," "The blue sky was squeezing my chest," "I was flying and chasing my own life," and "I was facing the forgotten memories and was ashamed of them."

In conclusion, the authors state:

One hundred patients with a variety of psychiatric diagnoses have been part of our study. Three different dose schedules of ketamine were used and it was noted that a minimal anesthetic response was required for the expected abreactive effect. In all, ketamine at 0.4-6 mg/kg body weight led to minimal anesthetic effect and the abreactive response in nearly all of the subjects. The abreactive effect correlated well with the ketamine's mind expanding effects.

Ketamine was found to be a fast-acting drug with a short duration of action. It induced regression, introversion, lability of mood and perceptual disturbances. Moreover, it led to a loss of time sense and detachment from the environment. It activated the unconscious and repressed memories, while it temporarily transported the patient back into childhood with frightening reality, reviving traumatic events with intense emotional reaction. Some had recall of events leading to their illness. Interestingly, patients showed a good degree of verbosity and inhibitions were gone.

Within one year of follow up, nearly all patients had remained well, though two required a second injection. The complications were very minimal and included apprehension (two subjects), nausea (three subjects) and vomiting (two subjects). In conclusion, ketamine was found to be a safe psychotomimetic agent.

Ketamine has also been used in psychotherapy by Dr. Salvador Roquet, the founder and director of the Institute of Psychosynthesis (unrelated to the psychosynthesis of the Italian psychiatrist Roberto Assagioli) in Mexico City. Until this institute was forcibly shut down by the Mexican police early in 1975 Dr. Roquet treated over 600 patients with therapy involving hallucinogenic substances, including ketamine. Since he was using seven different psychedelics including LSD, mushrooms and morning glory seeds his work was rather different from ours. However, the essence of the therapeutic procedure was the same. That is, the patients were forced to fall apart in order to reintegrate on a higher level. As with atomic energy, fission precedes fusion and the consequent release of radioactivity.

In the last few years the use of ketamine in psychotherapy has been spreading without fanfare and it can be assumed that once this method is fully legitimized the public will become aware of how much work has already gone on in this field.

In ancient times the roles of physicians and priests were often synonymous. Evolved cultures raised magnificent temples of healing, while on the tribal level the medicine man was also the community shaman or spiritual guide. Traditionally the shaman is a person who can enter a trance state in which he apparently dies and then returns to life. He knows how to navigate the inner spaces of being and commune with higher intelligences, and can use the information thereby gained for the good of his people. The shaman's altered states of consciousness are often induced by the judicious use of psychedelic substances.

It is time now for the public to realize that shamanism is an honorable profession. With the increasing use of ketamine as a medical sacrament the demand for para-pharmaceutical personnel who can reformulate the shamanic ideal in modern terms is bound to be insistent. Much new thinking will have to be done if the leaders of humanity are to mend the splits that threaten to undermine our divisive civilization. People absolutely must be made to realize the futility of trying to alleviate bodily ills without also considering an individual's psychological, sociological and spiritual condition. Consequently, the pressure is on for a reformulation of the healing arts in holistic terms.

We believe that samadhi therapy is naturally adapted to this holistic trend inasmuch as it works simultaneously on the physical, emotional, mental and spiritual nature of man. Since ketamine is a consciousness-expanding drug it should be dispensed by a special kind of shamanically oriented therapist—one who can take an integrative view of a man and the universe because he himself has learned to see clearly. As long as qualified people are permitted to develop this shamanic vision we can hardly draw the upper limits of ketamine's regenerative potential for man and for the planet.



9: Cautionary Notes

It was the distinct impression of the observer that most of the patients who had received ketamine experienced a sense of well-being which supplemented the analgesic effect of the drug in such a way as to give increased relief from postoperative pain. This observation, coupled with the comments of the volunteers that they had experienced a pleasant psychic experience, tends to suggest that this drug has a definite potential for being abused, and that clinicians should be aware of this possibility.

—“Analgesic Effects of Ketamine Administered in Subdissociative Doses,” by Max S. Sadove, M.D. Anesthesia and Analgesia, Volume 50, No.3, May-June 1971.

Several of our comrades were incredulous. “Why do it?” Why blow this beautiful set-up for all of us by provoking unnecessary opposition? Here you are, married to a successful physician, able to relax and enjoy the reputation you’ve already earned. If you want you can spend the rest of your days taking ketamine with no hassle, and write about it as well. But if you bring your therapy sessions out in the open you’ll be jeopardizing his career and your own peace of mind.”

Why indeed? Perhaps the answer is that anyone who dabbles more than a toe in the ocean of truth can no longer go on living for himself alone. One of the first effects of most psychedelic agents is the obliteration of the differences between what is inside and outside one’s own head, with the result that the cosmos is experienced as a matrix of interpenetrating forces. We are here as co-creators of the world in which we live, and that means that we can serve ourselves only by serving others. Intellectually, most of us admit the truth of this golden rule, just as we know that it is desirable to express love and enjoy the grandeur of nature’s continual striving for perfection. But in the higher dimensions of meaning, where samadhi is the soul’s native element, it is as natural for an illumined individual to want to spread the light as for the sun to shine.

To me, the issue of what other people think of me personally has long been a matter of relative indifference, except insofar as it would endanger Howard's job. On the negative side criticism was inevitable, but on the positive side a ground swell of support could release us to pursue fulltime research into the psychotherapeutic application of ketamine. It was a big gamble but one we would have to take. If the cosmos is indeed ruled by divine justice then our story would have to have a happy ending, despite the stresses of the immediate necessity to fight for what we believed.

Far more serious was the issue of the possible dangers that might await the over-zealous explorer of ketamine's yet uncharted kingdom. In all our research the most difficult fact for me to confront has been the increasingly inescapable conviction that my beloved samadhi medicine cannot, and should not, be given out to all people indiscriminately. I so much wanted to open the gates of our bright world to others and to share our insights. There was even a time when I had visions of groups of yoga students inhaling ketamine vapors while meditating and chanting in unison. I would have liked to have seen it made available to prisoners, psychopaths, bored housewives and jaded businessmen. Now I am not so sure.

For one thing, I have found out that the average person simply isn't interested in experiencing altered states of consciousness. Even among our fellow spiritual students the majority insisted that they were quite content with their present state of mind and had no desire to experiment with any other. The situation was analogous to that encountered in our reincarnation research. Seemingly most of the dwellers on planet Earth still find the question of immortality to be of minor importance compared to the everyday concerns of making a living and cultivating normal human relationships. There are few indeed who really care about discovering the nature and purpose of their own beings.

It must also be confessed that not everyone who has undertaken our samadhi therapy has welcomed it as ecstatically as I did. Several were disappointed or indifferent, averring that they did not achieve any insights; it was just another kind of psychedelic high. Remembering my own first trip I could understand this reaction. It takes a while to discover how to maximize the beneficial effects of this medicine—in much the same way it may take a while to enjoy sex. And of course some never do. Even though the majority of our test subjects found the experience to be extremely pleasurable, a few were disconcerted to feel so "different" from their ordinary selves.

One of the most important lessons we had to learn was how little ketamine is required to lift an individual into the scenic highlands of consciousness. Hence, as we proceeded, we changed our initial injection from fifty to twenty-five milligrams and found the results greatly improved. Once the subject had an idea of where the medicine would

take him he could give us an informed opinion as to how much he should have. Even if he did wish to intensify the experience twenty-five milligrams followed by a booster shot of twenty-five seemed to serve our purposes better than fifty milligrams all at once.

From a psychotherapeutic standpoint our best results were achieved with doses ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five milligrams (depending on the subject's weight) with conversations being carried on throughout the process. Virtually all the people with whom we have worked have become extremely communicative and have really wanted to describe what was going on in their psyches. We have taken people on many a beautiful "flight" working this way. In general the results have been sufficiently beneficial to convince us that this will be a valuable adjunct to the psychotherapy of the future. Since the patient is able to commune with his own higher self it doesn't greatly matter what school of thought the therapist represents. It is enough that the guide should be an understanding person who will leave the patient to his own devices.

When the aim of the ketamine trip is to explore higher realms of consciousness larger doses may be in order. But these should be given only to seasoned travelers who also know when to apply the brakes to their enthusiasm. Such people will have to proceed at their own risk, taking full responsibility for their own safety and welfare. Their position is analogous to that of pilots who fly private airplanes. The government should not have to regulate every detail of what they can and cannot do. If they choose to take foolish risks and crash that is their problem. In any field there is a limit to the extent to which safety can be legislated and it is up to intelligent self-governing individuals to realize that this leeway must be allowed if they are to retain their basic freedoms.

Our considered opinion is that most of the liabilities associated with ketamine are those inherent in the use of any mind-expanding agent. Nevertheless, it is important to emphasize that ketamine is qualitatively different from the others and should not be regarded as just one more way of getting high. Most of its negative aspects are reverse sides of its positive benefits—as inevitable as the shadows produced on a sunny day.

Ketamine indisputably does enhance sensitivity, and this revving up of the nervous system can be a mixed blessing. Being more responsive to beauty can also mean being more responsive to ugliness. We can regret being able to absorb the disagreeable emanations of others, especially when these negative-thinking people are close associates. It becomes all too easy to spot the phoniness of a pose that has hitherto held us beglamored and to reject the polite shams which convention demands as the price for dubious rewards.

There can be no doubt but that ketamine acts as a truth serum inasmuch as it forces confrontation with material which has long been

locked away in the unconscious. If an individual has something to conceal or has in any way been living a lie, then he takes this substance at the risk of having to be altogether honest with himself. Presumably, therefore, it could precipitate latent psychoses, just as LSD has been known to do. Unless there is a willingness to clean up one's personal life it might be better to avoid ketamine altogether. There can be little point in revealing a cancerous tumor if the patient is unwilling to submit to an operation to cut it out.

Another drawback which is a notorious feature of the heavy use of any psychedelic agent is paranoia. Howard and I did experience our share of this common side-effect and thereby subjected ourselves to much unnecessary strain. Realistically speaking there certainly was a danger that his job might be jeopardized by the premature revelation that we were engaged in unsponsored research with a controversial drug. Nonetheless, the sense of being once again an "outlaw" was probably more oppressive than it should have been.

It may be that people engaged in esoteric pursuits are especially subject to paranoid fears because they have, in former incarnations, suffered more than their share of martyrdoms. Consequently any ketamine-induced probing into the cracks and crevices of the psyche is likely to joggle the buried memories of innumerable martyrdoms. Most of us have been tortured, burned or in some way crucified in former lifetimes and these ancient traumas still produce their repercussions.

The first lifetime to which I was regressed was one in which I had been a young maiden on a South Sea island who was garbed in feathers, conducted up a steep mountain and hurled into a volcano as a sacrifice to the local deity. (Actually I think I was supposed to be bearing a message to the god and this seemed a logical way to send it.) There was also a memory of having been shoved backward over an abyss and, of course, Old Mary shivering on that damp dungeon floor. To this day it is hard to escape the conviction that we will once again be immolated, incarcerated or rudely dispatched as the result of engaging in forbidden practices. This fear has not been helped by the fact that even in this existence there has been some ferocious opposition to the esoteric movements with which we have been allied, some of which has rubbed off on us personally.

There were even times when I felt as though the gods in their heavens were throwing dice to decide which archetype would make the most fitting finale for our labors. A spectacular martyrdom might just turn the trick in publicizing samadhi therapy. On the other hand, if this old Earth is to have a new dispensation maybe we would be permitted to cut a fresh groove by enjoying our sunset years in that secluded "twelfth house" on the Olympic Peninsula that we so often envisioned. Certainly we were willing to cooperate with the "powers that be" in carving out an archetype of joy and success and have made

active efforts to create thoughtforms to this effect. From what we have been able to remember of our souls' histories it would be an agreeable change of pace.

Almost certainly, no one is going to refine the pure gold of a shining new value system without digging deep into the leadmines of the soul. The individual who sincerely strives to recreate himself in a new image may eventually achieve the desired alchemical regeneration. He is likely to find, however, that reincarnation would have been an easier expedient. Perhaps that is why physical rebirth remains the preferred method of rejuvenation. Only toward the end of the evolutionary cycle do we become co-creators of our fleshly domiciles, like a tenant who having rented house after house finally decides to take the trouble to construct a home of his own, now that he knows what he really wants.

For the person who rarely, or even occasionally, resorts to ketamine the safety factor is remarkably high. However, the heavy user should watch himself carefully since there can be cumulative effects that are not immediately apparent. The over-excitation, sense of invincibility and of omnipotence, that may accompany repeated experimentation can militate against the practice of due caution.

Probably the real problems which can be expected to arise will appear in instances in which physicians give repeated doses of ketamine for analgesic purposes—as for example is now being done in treating burn cases. At this time it is not the underground use of ketamine that gives us cause for concern as much as the ways in which it is being prescribed by physicians ignorant of its deeper physiological and psychological effects. Formerly ketamine was almost entirely limited to one-time surgical operations. Increasingly, however, it is being prescribed as a kind of "novacaine for the whole body" which in cases of intractable pain may be administered again and again simply to keep the patient comfortable.

In an article published in 1974 in the medical journal *Anesthesia and Analgesia* Guenter Corssen, M.D., who is the developer of and foremost expert on ketamine, reports, "Ketamine has been administered as much as 45 times in the same individual along with radiotherapy for intraocular lesions and other inoperable intracranial tumors, without manifestation of brain damage or other signs of toxicity."

For us, it was astonishing to discover how much ketamine was being given to pregnant women on the point of delivery. In the July-August 1977 issue of the same medical journal the following information is given under the heading, "Neonatal Neurobehavioral Tests following Vaginal Delivery under Ketamine, Thiopental, and Extradural Anesthesia."

In the ten years since ketamine was first used by Chodoff and Stella, it has been extensively employed for both vaginal deliveries and cesarean section.

...In a recent study ketamine was used as the sole anesthetic for 545 cesarean sections over a four year period.... Fetal mortality was 1.8 percent, a figure less than half that seen with other techniques. No ketamine-associated effects were noted in the neonates.

On the other hand, the May-June 1971 issue of the same magazine contains a "Ketamine Symposium" in which the moderator Peter Bosomworth M.D. states:

And certainly there have been some very strange neurologic reactions in newborn infants following the use of ketamine, to the extent that I think probably the law is correct here; that only qualified investigators should be investigating these strange reactions at the present time.

Since ketamine easily crosses the placental barrier it is intriguing to speculate on the mind-bending effects produced on the infant thrust into the world on the crest of a wave of psychedelic sensations. The experience may not necessarily be negative, though it must be a let-down to the poor baby to find out an hour later what the world is really like.

In our investigations Howard and I discovered that while learned physicians think nothing of giving 150 milligrams of ketamine to a baby they can be shocked at the suggestion that they themselves might take a twenty-five milligram dose in order to have some understanding of the psychological effects of their routine ministrations. Rather, their emphasis seems to be entirely upon disguising the "emergence reactions" with other drugs. In the burn and obstetrical cases, however, only ketamine was being given, and this seems to be a rising trend.

More and more we were finding out that even though people react in varying ways to the ketamine experience there are certain constants. Apparently there is some inherent property of the substance that makes it appear that one is tuning in on higher intelligences, journeying through space, tapping archetypes and controlling coincidences. Even the medical journals have to some extent taken account of this phenomenon. For example the May-June 1973 issue of *Anesthesia and Analgesia* contains an article entitled "Sensory Disturbances Following Ketamine Anesthesia" which states:

A significant proportion (18 percent) of patients receiving ketamine have vivid and colorful dreams, frequently of "outer space" or "floating."

Perhaps the most remarkable property of these dreams was that

the majority were pleasant, even though the patients had been heavily premedicated, were given knock-out doses of ketamine, and were being subjected to painful and frightening operations.

In this article the following three cases were mentioned:

Case 1. This 42-year-old, 120-lb. woman was hospitalized for a dilation and curettage in August 1971.... Following the surgical procedure, she dreamed in the recovery room of riding in a space ship or floating down in it.

A week later, while walking down a flight of steps, she perceived the same sensation as described in her recovery-room dreams; the sensation lasted until she was off the steps. This episode would recur each time she descended steps, over a three-week time span.

Case 2. This was a 63-year-old, 210-lb. man who had undergone ten anesthetic procedures during the preceding six years for operations on a recurrent bladder tumor.... His dreams in the recovery room consisted of "floating" or "flying" in space with his extremities "open like wings." A week after discharge, while walking down a flight of steps, he experienced the same sensation for a few seconds.

Case 3. This 60-year-old, 128-lb. woman was admitted in January 1972 for an operation on the flexor tendon on an index finger.... In the recovery room she dreamed of numerous faceless people surrounding her bed. She was discharged two days later. Thereafter, and for about a week, each time she lay down, she saw faceless people around her bed, each such episode lasting for five or six seconds. Interviewed four months later, she had not had any recurrence of these episodes."

It also stated that of 1400 patients undergoing ketamine anesthesia, 80 percent reported dreaming while in the recovery room.

The incidence and quality of dreams following ketamine anesthesia—floating in space, splitting of the body image, and depersonalization—are far different from dreams previously described following conventional anesthetic agents. Also emergence delirium and/or hallucinatory effects following ketamine are much more common than with any other general anesthetic.

For my own part, I deliberately accelerated my intake during February with the thought in mind that I should check out the upper limits of safety before publishing this manuscript. After a week of daily tripping I began to suffer seriously from insomnia. By the first part of March I was sleeping only about three hours a night—and my body has always required an average amount of rest.

Despite this disruption of biological rhythms I felt remarkably well. The reason for the maintenance of a high level of efficiency was

that between the first and fifth of March I experienced several inner plane healing and body-repair treatments. The last was like an actual operation with semi-visible surgeons working with light energies upon my spine. It was a most peculiar rendition of an actual surgical procedure which seemed to seal some sort of etheric rent in the lower back and quiet my overstimulated nerves. However, my bad leg did not improve and there was still an unaccustomed vibratory tingling at the base of my spine.

On March fifth I underwent a triple twenty-five milligram session which ended with a "Close-Encounters-of-the-Third-Kind"-type of confrontation during which my mind seemed to have reached the interface between planet Earth and the extraterrestrial web of informing intelligences that we have come to think of simply as "the Network." As it appeared to me, encounters of the first kind are with oneself, those of the second are with other individuals and those of the third kind are with the space brothers. It was made clear that our work had barely begun, but that my own physiological ability to stand up under the requisite pressures was in question. Accordingly, the impression was conveyed that I should desist from further ketamine usage until we had solved some pressing personal problems and wrapped up a multitude of loose ends, including this book.

The thought of foregoing our samadhi medicine for a couple of months was not as depressing as I would have expected since it was becoming increasingly evident that the body needed a respite. It was also good to know that there was some inherent quality in the substance that could signal the danger of an overload. Evidently the atoms of my inner being had been quickened to the point where the transformation could be sustained without repeated stimulation. Consequently I set aside my vials and syringes and prepared for my next trip to California.

For some time, I had been hearing via the grapevine that the person who had conducted the most research into the psychological effects of ketamine was the renowned scientist John Lilly, M.D. In mid-March I was fortunate enough to enjoy a brief visit with John and Antoinette Lilly at their charming Decker Canyon home high in the Malibu hills. This time Howard had been obliged to remain toiling away at his job at the Seattle Public Health Services Hospital while I attended to business in Ojai. Then we were to meet for an anesthesia conference in San Francisco. However, I was accompanied by my longtime friend Lynn Powell, a psychologist who is also a practitioner of ketamine therapy.

Although the Lillys' estate is only an hour's drive from the heart of teeming Los Angeles its appearance is that of an oasis in the sky set off by ranges of primeval mountains. It couldn't have felt more

remote. At the same time it was a casual, comfortable sort of country place where modern conveniences blended compatibly with the accumulated memorabilia of years of full and gracious living. One could not help but think that whoever lived in this garden spot must have the best of all possible worlds.

Probably most of our readers know John Lilly as the author of many distinguished books including *The Center of the Cyclone*, *Programming and Metaprogramming the Human Biocomputer*, *Simulations of God* and several volumes on dolphin-human communications. He is the founder and director of the Communications Research Institute and in 1954 invented the Isolation Tank method for research into the "Deep Self."

Toni Lilly, a handsome vital woman my own age is a therapist and writer with extensive experience in teaching and filmmaking. Meeting her we could understand why John had written:

She has a maturity of viewpoint, a finish and elan, a *joie de vivre*, a steadfastness and a groundedness that I have seen in no other woman. She is very capable in human relationships. Male or female, businessmen, politicians, scientists, doctors, actors, mystics, children—all enjoy her warmth and enthusiasm. During the year of experiments with the Samadhi domain, when I pushed most others beyond their limits, Toni stood by and kept our planetside trip together.

It was Toni who made us welcome and ushered us out onto the lawn where we basked in the morning sunshine, sipped mugs of Red Zinger tea and honey and admired the flowers. By the time we had made our introductions John had joined us and we turned our attention to the point of our visit.

Being still in my euphoric stage of childlike awe at the wonders of ketamine I was astonished to discover that both Toni and John considered this to be an extremely dangerous substance and that both had ceased taking it. On asking the reasons for these reservations I was flabbergasted to discover that he had been taking up to fifty milligrams an hour, twenty hours per day, for periods up to three weeks. Owing to the cumulative effects thereby induced it became possible to remain permanently stoned.

"What happened?" I asked, my mouth agape with incredulity.

The answer was not reassuring. Out of the original ten member group of experimenters one had driven his car off a cliff and another had met an equally lugubrious end. John himself had incurred an accident that almost proved fatal. Several had found themselves prone to "robotlike" behavior carried to the point where it appeared that the body was actually taken over by alien forces.

"Didn't the medicine tell you when to stop?" I asked.

"Yes, but some of us went on anyway."

"Well, I can certainly understand not wanting to give it up."

"The problem is entities," John said. "People start thinking they are in touch with other intelligences—even with beings from outer space."

"Oh I have that all the time," I admitted cheerfully. "But it hasn't bothered me. In fact it seems kind of friendly."

Next we went on to discuss the objective reality of these intelligences.

"Whether or not these entities are generated in one's own brain is immaterial," John said.

I didn't agree. Even though subject-object distinctions are obliterated it is extremely important to me to retain some residual awareness of which is which. One can volunteer to serve as an outpost of consciousness for higher beings and still function as a self-propelling individual. In fact, as I see it, the retention of personal autonomy even while operating on the edges of the Network is the name of the game in these electrically charged regions of the universal mind. The ego may become as transparent as a glass window but can nonetheless serve a protective function. However, I did not argue the point.

Toni's main grievance against the drug appeared to be its tendency to make a person lose touch with "reality." In this discussion it didn't seem necessary for any of us to affirm what this world's consensual reality is but one of many states of being; that went without saying.

Here again I could certainly understand what Toni was driving at, albeit I felt that in my own particular case the problem of dissociation was not an issue. Thanks to ketamine I could so much better appreciate the beauty of planet Earth that my grip upon it had, if anything, been tightened. The importance of the Divine Plan for humanity and of our part in it had been so highlighted that, if anything, I had to restrain myself from overwork. Maybe, however, my case was different because I had deliberately used the substance to make connections between the worlds, not to dissolve them. There must be an enormous difference between taking a dose of ketamine and hastening to the typewriter to describe what has happened and taking a dose and then following it with more of the same.

From what the Lillys' were telling me it seemed evident that people had used ketamine for escapist purposes. "What a pity!" I thought. "It's like the way men misuse women, pollute our mother, the earth and denigrate the soft, gentle, sensuous aspects of creation. Why must they do it?" These ruminations led me to express the opinion that ketamine is a female force. Toni agreed. She had even named it Kay. However, the wife of one of their group members had seen Kay not as a goddess but as a seductress out to steal her husband.

How sad the goddess must feel about that, my mind ran on, and

for a moment her sorrow was mine. What one of us is there who does not know how it feels to try to help someone and receive abuse in return. "But what about the therapeutic aspects?" I asked.

Both the Lillys strongly emphasized that the therapeutic value of ketamine depends on the synergistic interaction between the therapist, the subject and the setting. In all of this the observer can in no way be removed from the system he observes. Since this involvement of the experimenter in the experiment runs counter to the bias of modern scientific materialism it is bound to raise a problem for ketamine researchers who seek to enlist the cooperation of the medical establishment. As Toni put it, "It will heighten whatever influences and frequencies are affecting your life."

"I couldn't agree more completely," I said. "Probably that's why people are so confused about what ketamine really does. Because it will vary with each individual."

Toni nodded. "It brings out what is already there."

"Then there seem to be two rather different issues," I went on. "The first is its use for occasional consciousness raising—what Howard and I call 'samadhi therapy.' That is, we give a person twenty-five to thirty milligrams and let him talk about himself. In this way he just about always gains some insight into his own identity and motivations. And this method seems to be safe and useful in the hands of the right people."

Then the second use would involve an intensive, long-term regimen designed to produce a total reconditioning of the human biocomputer. This obviously is not so safe and is meant only for the few."

"And which of these ways are you taking?" Lynn asked.

"Both. I really want to explore this new territory."

As he rose to return to his work John Lilly's last words to me were, "You'd better be damn strong if you're going to play that game."

"Yes," I replied to myself. "At least I am getting stronger. And God willing I will ride this comet through to the end."

As Tony strolled with us back to the car she gave me an autographed copy of their recently published autobiographical work *The Dyadic Cyclone*. (Simon and Schuster 1976). The kindness which this famous couple had shown to two strangers on a busy morning seemed more glowing than the spring sunshine which now, at noon, was drenching the Malibu mountains, and we left with a warm light of friendship in our hearts.

"How wonderful to know that people of this caliber are involved in the field of drug research!" I remarked to Lynn Powell as we wound down the hillside. "It does so much to counteract the general shoddiness of the dope scene. Even if it didn't turn out for the best for their group, at least they have raised the standards of our work. We should be grateful for what they have done."

Needless to say, I lost no time reading *The Dyadic Cyclone*. The book was a revelation insofar as it showed how parallel our courses had been. Where Howard and I had envisioned our union as a double spiral they had called theirs a cyclone, saying: "The dyad, formed from two cyclones, becomes a stable entity greater than either of its partners."

As they had seen it, the dyadic cyclone is the unification of two personal centers, one male and one female, rotating respectively to the right and the left. Once the dyad is established the participants can move beyond a single private inner reality and merge the two vortices in such a way as to establish a rising quiet center shared by both.

Many of the other concepts that had come to me under ketamine were also developed in this book. Where we had spoken about being responsible for one's own archetypes John Lilly had said, "One joins the network for Creators in which the individual Self fuses with the network of those who are doing the creating continuously at very high levels. Here there is no more of one's Self or of one's Supraself. One is the ultimate creative process."

As in the book *The Center of the Cyclone* he admits candidly, "As far as I and others in this area can find out, our planet is subject to influences from beings far more intelligent than us, far more advanced, far more knowledgeable and not just in the consensus science of this planet, but in sciences we have yet to discover.

There is a cosmic limiting velocity to miracles. The 'miracle speed limit' is administered by cosmic traffic cops. We are not allowed to make discoveries (so-called) any faster than the stage of evolution of this planet allows."

We were also intrigued to discover that the Lillys had become profoundly involved in the issue of synchronicity, saying, "As long as this dyad is functioning fully, events line up."

Their format for such concatenations of events is:

There exists a Cosmic Coincidence Control Center (CCCC) with a Galactic substation called Galactic Coincidence Control (GCC). Within GCC is a Solar System Control Unit (SSCU), within which is the Earth Coincidence Control Office (ECCO, sometimes mistakenly shortened to ECO, as in Ecosystems and in Ecology.) Down through the hierarchy of Coincidence Control (from Cosmic to Galactic to Solar System to Earth) is a chain of command with greater and greater specification of regulation of Coincidences appropriate to each level in the system. The assignments of responsibilities from the top to the bottom of this system of control is by a set of regulations, which translated by ECCO for us human beings, is somewhat as follows:

To all humans:

If you wish to control coincidences in your own life on the planet Earth, we will cooperate and determine these coincidences for you under the following conditions:

- 1) You must know/assume/simulate our existence in ECCO.
- 2) You must be willing to accept our responsibility for control of your coincidences.
- 3) You must exert your best capabilities for your survival programs and your own development as an advancing/advanced member of ECCO's earthside corps of controlled coincidence workers. You are expected to use your best intelligence in this service.
- 4) You are expected to expect the unexpected every minute, every hour of every day and of every night.
- 5) You must be able to remain conscious/thinking/reasoning no matter what events we arrange to happen to you. Some of these events will seem cataclysmic/catastrophic/overwhelming: remember, *stay aware, no matter what happens/apparently-happens to you*.
- 6) You are in our training program for life: there is no escape from it. We (not you) control the long-term coincidences; you (not we) control the shorter-term coincidences by your own efforts.
- 7) Your major mission on Earth is to discover/create that which we do to control the long-term coincidence patterns; you are being trained on Earth to do this job.
- 8) When your mission on planet Earth is completed, you will no longer be required to remain/return there.
- 9) Remember the motto passed to us (from GCC via SSCU): *Cosmic Love is absolutely Ruthless and Highly Indifferent; it teaches its lessons whether you like/dislike them or not.* (End of Instructions)

(—*The Dyadic Cyclone* pages 26-27.)

My own inner orders to desist from the use of ketamine for an indefinite period combined with the impressions garnered from the interview with John and Toni Lilly did temporarily inhibit my experiments with this mysterious substance. Then gradually I began taking twelve-milligram "mini-trips." Some of these were for specific purposes, but mostly the experiences were like beautiful gifts pulled out of a psychic grab-bag. Each one was an unexpected delight and different from all others.

At no time was I ever disappointed. When overdoing, however, there would be a taste like burned cinders in my mouth or else, for a few minutes, the world would be edged with a jaundiced yellow hue like the oil that sticks to a baking pan. As this book goes to press I have again increased the dosages and feel far more confident of my ability to regulate the heat required for our ketamine cookery. In many respects it has been like using a modern stove that can turn itself off when the job has been done. Already much new material has come

through which will be incorporated in *The Alchemy of the Soul*.

We also found that while ketamine can greatly facilitate the process of regressing people to former lifetimes, that can be done only in certain cases. Presumably these were instances where the information was needed and could prove helpful. The psyche is never flooded with material with which it cannot deal. In this as in all particulars the effects produced by ketamine remain subordinate to the will of the higher self.

Unquestionably my consciousness expanded more during the four months covered by this narrative than during the whole of my former thirty-five years of metaphysical pursuits. Moreover, the changes seem to be permanent. Probably the main acquisition has been a growth in the capacity to love. In yogic terms, it is the heart center which has been primarily stimulated and this vivification, like honey in tea, has sweetened every aspect of life. Currently, the only factor that limits further development seems to be the restricted capacity of the body and mind to assimilate the energies tapped. The power is all there but the circuitry can take only just so much voltage. This personal insufficiency has been a source of frustration but it can also be taken as a challenge, or even as a kind of game. Sometimes it has been a dangerous game like car racing or ascending the rocky face of a mountain, but it has always been exhilarating.

Now, ruminating over the events described in this book, it seems evident that even though our precious "vitamin K" has worked well for us and for most of our friends we still have an obligation to emphasize that it can be, and has been, misused. It must be handled with due caution and respect if we are to avoid the pitfalls which have accompanied the exploration of other psychedelic substances. Hopefully then, if enough enlightened people will take responsibility for maximizing ketamine's regenerative potential it can be made more widely available. But this distribution cannot be entirely regulated by bureaucratic decree. Rather, initiative will have to be taken by freely acting individuals who can grasp the importance of the issues at stake.

It cannot be denied that the beauty of the "bright world" may be just too alluring for some mortals to resist. But this is still no excuse for rape. Nor is it adequate reason for insisting that these enticements remain behind the veil. We must simply educate ourselves to the point where the lust for exotic sensations becomes sublimated into a love for discipline, order and pure esthetic appreciation. The temptations posed by consciousness-altering drugs, like the temptations of sex, are here to stay. If ketamine is banned an equally potent analog will take its place. Hence, we might as well learn to deal with it now, not by suppression but rather through the exercise of good judgment.

On the other hand, for those whose responses are less than ecstatic, samadhi therapy may even prove disappointing. Some people just aren't "turned on" by ketamine; it does nothing for them ex-

cept to produce a nervous sort of "high." There are also some who deliberately block its effects. In cleaning out the caverns of consciousness there are bound to be grimy deposits which must be painfully scraped away. If an inquirer is unwilling to make the requisite improvements then he may be best advised to avoid unnecessary confrontations with the "dweller on the threshold" of the unknown depths of the psyche.

We conclude, therefore, that while this medicine is not for the use of everyone, it can benefit all. Any widespread process of psychological purgation is bound to purify the mass consciousness and thereby hasten the evolutionary development of this planet. If higher channels are opened up, the resultant influx of redeeming energies can, like water, produce a general softening which prepares the soil for next year's season of growth.

In the meanwhile, those individuals who are aware of having been the ones who made the original decision to plunge into the lifestream of the terran sphere, and who are willing to face the consequences of their determination to rise through the ascending grades of Earth's "school for souls," should have reasonable access to this efficacious educational tool. Unquestionably, ketamine can provide the incentive to move on to the point where flashes of insight are focused into a penetrating beam, and where the light of occasional inspiration can be made to shine with a steady glow. It will then be so much easier to find out who we are, from whence we came, and why we are here. In addition, we should be able to gain some understanding of where we are going and what we may potentially become. Only then will we, in due course, take our rightful places as responsible citizens of the galaxy and inheritors of the wisdom of the stars.



10: Alchemy in Action

Ketamine-induced EEG alterations in man are characterized by the replacement of alpha rhythm with a predominant theta rhythm....

The appearance of theta activity as a rule coincides with the loss of consciousness and onset of analgesia. Another characteristic proves to be the occurrence of high-voltage periodic patterns, often with a steep front, which is usually superimposed on the background theta activity. These high-voltage complexes tend to recur every two to ten seconds for several minutes and are undoubtedly the forms that others have referred to as "suppression-burst" patterns of polyspike discharges. These patterns have also been noted by Kugler's group, who refer to them as rhythmic, bilateral-synchronous complexes of slow and steep waves.

—Guenter Corssen, M.D., "Ketamine and Epilepsy"—Anesthesia and Analgesia, March-April 1974.

"We use anesthesia to take away their physical pain, Howard said. "Why shouldn't we use it to take away their mental pain?"

Naturally I agreed, even though we knew that the issue wasn't quite this simple. What is it, then, that ketamine really does, and for what purpose? Why should it be either pleasurable or edifying to be reduced to an undifferentiated blob of protoplasmic jelly, split apart like a bifurcated amoeba, stripped of every status symbol including the body itself, shown that most of what you believed about the world probably isn't so, and convinced that the sum of our knowledge of the workings of man and the cosmos amounts to less than a thimblefull of water drawn from the ocean of eternity?

This is a large question. In reply, we can only summarize (as seen through our eyes) some of the benefits Howard's magic needle has brought to those who have been privileged to make the journey into the bright world. These may be listed as follows:

Physical: It remains my conviction that ketamine possesses rejuvenating qualities, but thus far it has not been possible to capitalize upon that aspect of our research. Within another year or two we will be better qualified to judge its long term effects. What we can demonstrate, however, is that it has the power to sooth and tranquilize the body while opening the psyche to an inflow of vitalizing energies. Beyond any shadow of a doubt my own efficiency has been enhanced by ketamine, even though it has been necessary to guard against overstimulation.

Some people have felt that they have been spiritually healed during their sojourns in "samadhi land" while others have felt nauseous or anxious. Presumably the positive effects could be maximized by low doses and health-giving suggestions which could be recorded with a musical background. Most of the therapeutic techniques employed by hypnotists could as easily be practiced on patients whose relaxed state has been induced by twenty-five-milligrams of ketamine.

Even though we are here on Earth as souls learning to direct mental energies, the mastery of the body remains the supreme challenge.

Our team is at this time working on the problem of cellular regeneration and hopefully will soon have more to report.

Psychological: To a large extent the spirit of the times determines what is or is not considered the proper pursuit of science. If a sick child who has been separated from his parents and subjected to a painful operation has a strange dream after being given a knockout ketamine cocktail of mixed anesthetics, then this happenstance may be mentioned in a medical journal along with cautionary advice on how to avoid such "emergence reactions." But if John Jones takes fifty-milligrams of ketamine and lifts off into the inner dimensions of consciousness his mental peripatetications are written off as muddled fantasies.

Glancing through the hundreds of titles contained in the bibliography of ketamine literature issued by Parke-Davis, Inc. my eye was caught by such articles as "Sedation and Anesthesia of the Virginia Opossum, *Didelphis Virginiana*," "Ketamine HCl as an Anesthetic for Birds" and "Studies on Fluorescence and Binding of 8-anilino-1-naphthalene sulfonate by Submitochondrial Particles." To date, however, we have not seen one officially sanctioned investigation of the effects produced when intelligent human beings use ketamine in order to explore their own higher mental faculties. Throughout the world of academia there still seems to be an implicit assumption that the intuitive realizations of the supra-conscious self are somehow less "authentic" than the instinctual drives of sex and aggression generated in the murky depths of the unconscious.

Hundreds of clinical studies of LSD have reported almost uniformly positive results. They have shown that properly used the drug can stimulate accurate perceptions, produce valuable insights and facilitate adjustments to the exigencies of Earthside circumstances. Accounts of hypnagogic, psychedelic, clairvoyant and dream states show overlapping qualities, like feathers on the same wing. What they have in common are relaxed ego boundaries, a sense of transcendence, richness of imagery, suggestibility, suspension of logical thinking, profound emotion, the glorification of coincidence and of symbols and the feeling of entering an alternate—or greater—dimension of meaning in which everything relates to everything else. Typical of this state of mind is the response given by our friend Lynn Powell when Howard asked him, "Where are you now?"

"I'm right here," he replied. "And so is everything else in the universe."

Despite these interesting effects virtually all research involving psychedelic substances is now banned. At present anyone can obtain a supply of mind-expanding pills from his friendly local hippie. Reach for your wallet, and the supply is established. But in our topsy-turvy society the study of subconscious repressions is encouraged while studies of supra-conscious modes of expression are repressed. En-

counter groups which teach us how to release pent-up anger are all the rage, but most people who tap the love-stream that flows from the heart of a beneficent universe are afraid or ashamed to admit it. Now, however, we are being given a second chance. Because of its proven harmlessness, short-term action and lack of negative after-effects, ketamine can once again open the door to officially sanctioned studies of alternate realities. With a little less "ology" and a little more "psyche" modern psychology may still rise to the challenge.

Therapeutic: The psycho-spiritual needs of the various people with whom we have worked are so diverse that it would require a lengthy treatise to explore this subject in any truly meaningful way. The main point to remember is that the ultimate therapist is the 'high self' or soul in man. By making connections with this inner mentor, outer problems, whatever they may be, can be more effectively handled. Pipelines constructed to a boundless reservoir of universal peace and compassion can be used to irrigate the lowlands of the psyche. Quandries can be clarified, knots untangled and tensions relieved, simply because the requisite alinements have been made.

Because the emphasis is placed on "being" rather than on "doing" some subjects may feel as though nothing much has happened. It can be hard for certain rigidly controlled and controlling people to drop their defenses sufficiently to realize that the general process of learning to direct mental energy can be as important as specific methods of information-gathering. "Letting the soul shine through" seems to them a less worthy occupation than bringing home a paycheck or tidying a house. In such cases the realization that life is not so much a problem to be solved as a reality to be experienced may represent a significant psychological advance.

On the whole, ketamine lends itself to an existential approach inasmuch as it demonstrates that many of our difficulties need not be "solved" as much as "resolved" by gaining a more elevated perspective. Then, even though the same conundrums may reemerge after the descent back into the valley of everyday living, they seem less opaque to the sunshine of reason and love. Some remembered essence of the self remains on top.

Even the "controlled insanity" of the deeper stages of the ketamine experience can be turned to good account. In *The Joyous Cosmology* Alan Watts says:

No one is more dangerously insane than one who is sane all the time; he is like a steel bridge without flexibility, and the order of his life is rigid and brittle. The manners and mores of Western civilization force this perpetual sanity upon us to an extreme degree.... There is no protected situation in which we can really let ourselves go. Day in and day out we must tick obediently like clocks, and "strange thoughts" frighten us so much that we rush to the nearest head doctor.

It is important for many people to realize that the temporary dissolution of the ego structure is not necessarily regressive. Dissociation may be a prelude to a more inclusive ordering of associations as old thought patterns are melted down to make way for the new. "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Essentially, samadhi therapy represents a growth-motivated rather than a deficiency-motivated approach to positive mental health. We are interested in working not with people who are sick as much as with those who are chronically well, but who nonetheless are aspiring toward higher stages of personal achievement. In LSD studies the healthier subjects were less likely to view the psychedelic state as fantastic or totally dissimilar to previous experiences. Our subjects also tend to feel that they are remembering something they have always known but just temporarily forgotten—the "home again" effect. In seeking transcendence they are at the same time endeavoring to re-collect themselves, realizing that by merging with the larger life of the universe they will not lose but find their eternal identity.

Educational: The study of cosmic laws, the investigation of alternative realities, penetration into inner realms of meaning—all these can be intensely valuable learning experiences. For those who have wished to use it that way, a "course in ketamine psychology" has been like going to school again. In the university of the universe all knowledge is available. But to receive it one must be willing to travel to the places where it is kept and from whence it is dispensed. Although walking will get you there, ketamine is like a nonstop jet.

Learning to navigate the starry seas of the unseen cosmos also enables an individual to deal more directly with causative factors and to be less a slave of effects. There can be no doubt but that in the right hands, ketamine not only reveals techniques which enable us to become masters of our own destinies, it also provides the incentive to progress toward the stage where we can make proper use of what we know.

The trouble with most ordinary educational institutions is that we are not told what to do with the information gained. Disparate facts lie in heaps like building blocks that cannot be assimilated into any serviceable structure. However, in the significance-saturated empyrean to which ketamine can lift the prepared mind, knowledge, understanding and wisdom—like body, soul, and spirit—can be more readily fused into a comprehensible and comprehending unity.

Esthetic: In the higher dimensions each one of us is a gifted artist and a supremely sensitive connoisseur of visual, auditory, tactile, gustatory, olfactory and kinesthetic effects. The extent to which drama, poetry, music, painting and the like could benefit from ketamine-induced flights of the imagination can hardly be overemphasized. It may well turn out that it is not the mental hospital that

needs this medicine, except in the sense that the whole Earth is a kind of lunatic asylum. Rather, it will find its place in the painter's studio, the writer's study and the creative individual's most private retreat.

It is our personal belief that the judicious use of ketamine by well-grounded people could stimulate a global renaissance of the arts which would lift the spirit of man to supernal realms of inspirational endeavor. Astrologically, Venus and Neptune would come into ascendancy, softening and balancing the aggressiveness of the Martian military-industrial complex which now dominates world affairs. At this time most of the members of humanity are starved for beauty. Until this nutritional need is met neither peace nor harmony can prevail.

Recreational: The simple fact that it is feasible to shed the ego and revel in an inner light show deserves some consideration. As one subject wrote to us, "Samadhi is a break from the on and on. Where other things and events serve as no jumping off point, samadhi does." Even when a person wishes nothing more than to enjoy a respite from cares it is hard to see what harm there can be in using this ticket to the inner dimensions to decompress. A simple interfusion of pleasure into an otherwise humdrum routine can make it possible to carry on from day to day. We have had subjects who, through expert mind control, have been able to maneuver themselves into one delightful visionary experience after another with all the skill of an expert surfer.

At the same time it should not be forgotten that this "samadhi medicine" is a powerful substance which should be treated with due respect. If it is just a question of "getting high" marijuana would probably be a more appropriate agent. Nonetheless, we do not begrudge those who wish merely to luxuriate in the froth and bubbles of a series of soothing sensations. They can be spiritually uplifted in spite of themselves. A person may take a bath only because it feels so good—but he will still come out clean.

Parapsychological: The main objection to scientific studies of paranormal phenomena is that they can seldom be replicated at will. With the assistance of ketamine it should prove far more feasible to conduct systematic investigations of telepathy, clairvoyance, the "third eye" and a multitude of other controversial abilities. Studies can be structured under laboratory conditions with carefully recorded doses. Even nonintuitive people can accomplish remarkable feats with this psychic stimulant. How much more valuable, then, it might be to administer ketamine to those naturally proficient in the arcane arts!

Scientific dogmas are rarely overthrown merely because they fail to work. There is something in our cultural set that makes it necessary for the new to rise in rebellion against the outmoded. Even then, the battle is seldom won until the members of the old guard die off—at which point another generation of truth seekers have jumped into the fray.

Now our crystallized heritage of medical materialism can hardly resist the youth and vigor of those who can see the potential benefits which can accrue from the study of altered states of consciousness. Even the most hard-shelled skeptics can, if they will, make their own journeys into the bright world safely and effectively. Thus they can gain some idea of what it is that the psychics are experiencing and thereby can better appreciate the problems of trying to reduce the ineffable to concrete terms. With the closing of the gap between believers and nonbelievers in extrasensory perception the way will be opened for a giant step forward in the utilization of the higher powers of man.

Thanatological: The conquest of death is the great challenge of our time, and one which is rapidly being met on many fronts. The fact that it is now possible to undergo a voluntary, nontraumatic out-of-the-body experience should eventually make the dying process easier for all. Those who have already enjoyed a preview of some of the attractions featured on "the other side" are far less likely to tremble in fear at the thought of making the final transition. Their reports and affirmative attitudes are bound to brighten the general climate of public opinion with regard to this issue.

At present we badly need a word to denote the process of deliberately quitting an outworn body, not through suicide or euthanasia, but rather as an exercise in reasoned self-mastery. "Thanascendance"—death with dignity and honor—will someday supersede the present agony of being squeezed unwillingly out of a pain-racked mass of quavering flesh. With the knowledge gained from "samadhi yoga" informed people will decide how and when they should make their departures, and these gracious exits will be regarded as fitting culminations to lives well lived.

Since ketamine is so effective an analgesic agent it may also serve to relieve some of the physical and mental anguish of the actual death process. There are times when it is a noble thing to be one of the pain-bearers of humanity. Sorrow and suffering are necessary for growth because it is so often easier to feel deeply sad than to feel deeply happy. Intense grief drills holes that are later filled by joy. In this sense our traumas are like earthquakes that shape the seas, lakes and riverbeds of earth. But it is the harmonious flow of feelings that nourishes the soil and brings forth flowers of love. Since the world has already known so much misery it may be that by now it is ready for a medicine that can simultaneously soothe the bodies and gladden the hearts of those who are ready to move on into a new cycle of experience.

For many people the fear of death is not basically a horror of pain, or even of the unknown, as much as a sense of depression at the thought that the personality they have worked so hard to perfect will be rudely obliterated. The loss of this disposable wrapper seems so fundamentally wasteful, such a deterrent to achievement, such a blot

on the escutcheon of divine beneficence that it throws suspicion upon the whole cosmic scheme—or Schemer.

However, in the course of a deep ketamine experience both body and ego are washed out. All that has formerly been associated with the self is totally gone—yet identity remains. An individual can then realize beyond any shadow of a doubt that there is some part of his being that functions continuously. Thus he takes a giant step toward the realization that he can live very well apart from the encircling snares of this world's illusions. Indeed, if he continues to rehearse his ultimate metamorphosis he may even come to suspect that he is already as firmly anchored in that other world as in this one. Then what we call death becomes only a way of walking over a bridge that has already been partially constructed, and that can be yet further improved.

Spiritual: Many people yammer at God and call it prayer. Others blank their minds and call it meditation. There are, however, ascending levels of prayer and meditation, of invocation and evocation, which reveal themselves naturally during the ketamine experience. Many of these states seem to have a validity far above and beyond doctrinaire interpretations; they simply don't lend themselves to quibbling. That is, if a group of people are enjoying a sunbath they don't have to argue as to whether the sun's rays feel good.

All ecstasy is linked to the experience of unity—to synthesis, synergy, the resolving of antitheses and the blending of opposites. In the transcendental realm where everything relates to everything else we all seem to be swimming together in the same sea of living energy and to arrive at a consensus with regard to universal principles. As Alan Watts expressed it in *The Joyous Cosmology*:

I can find no essential difference between the experiences induced, under favorable conditions, by these chemicals and the states of 'cosmic consciousness' recorded by R.M. Bucke, William James, Evelyn Underhill, Raynor Johnson, and other investigators of mysticism.

Owing to this unanimity, a growth of mysticism in the West might bring a better understanding of the "inscrutable" East. To a large extent a more syncretic attitude is already arising as offshoots of Hinduism, Buddhism, Zen and other oriental sects spring up in the Western world. Unquestionably this new appreciation of oriental philosophic attitudes has been encouraged by the widespread use of psychedelic substances.

It may not be possible to "prove" such concepts as the existence of the soul, the presence of an evolutionary purpose in nature, or the redemptive power of love. It does appear, however, that the means have been given whereby any openminded observer can experience such verities for himself. Above and beyond all else, the way is being

cleared for people en masse to cultivate the ability to perceive the workings of the divine plan which sorts out the muddle of mundane circumstances and to delight in the wondrous panoply of creation.

Now we have come to the end of our book and, as you our readers can see, our ketamine research has only just begun. Hopefully, however, the practice of samadhi therapy has been launched. A door has opened. Let us, therefore, proceed together to explore the shining empire that lies on the other side. It is our heartfelt prayer that the benefits of which we have spoken, and others of which we may yet be ignorant, will be conferred upon humanity, and that our species will thereby be better equipped to regenerate our beautiful and beloved planet Earth.



11: The Days Ahead

From the inception of this project we have made strenuous efforts to comply with the letter of the law. Since Howard is a physician, licensed to administer anesthetic and narcotic agents, we were able to obtain our supply of ketamine from a reputable pharmaceutical company.

It also should be pointed out that Howard is a member of the International Anesthesia Research Society, a non-profit scientific and educational corporation founded in 1922 to "foster progress and research in anesthesia." We both attended their annual congress and were impressed with our obligation to carry on the private research which this prestigious organization specifically encourages.

An extremely important point which we wish to emphasize is that ketamine is not on the "Schedule of Controlled Substances" issued by the federal government. This "Schedule" includes such psychedelics as DET, DMT, LSD, marijuana, mescaline, peyote and so forth.

Even with regard to these "controlled" psychedelic agents, there has been a considerable softening of opposition to experimentation and research within the last year. Since we keep up with half a dozen different medical journals we could not help being cognizant of this

changing attitude. A significant step was taken when the Department of Health, Education and Welfare decided to sponsor a project designed to explore the further reaches of human capability. This project, called "The Limits of Educability" was approved in December 1977. Its stated purpose is to inquire into such topics as altered states of consciousness, values, cultural "visions," emotional blocks to learning, new scientific paradigms, creativity, synergy, "myths of transformation," psychic phenomena, paradox, non-linear processing capabilities, extraordinary human capabilities, "superhealth," and the politics of personal growth. The project will culminate in articles, a book and a conference.

When we started our "pilot study" it was our understanding that because ketamine is not listed in the "Schedule of Controlled Substances" we did not need to apply for a medical "Researcher Registration." On conferring with the local Seattle office of the United States Department of Justice Drug Enforcement Administration we were assured that in our case no such registration was needed. Nevertheless we were extremely concerned about our legal status. The politics of the nervous system are still so murky that we frequently felt ourselves to be stumbling about in the hinterlands of respectability. Consequently, we both wrote to and called Parke-Davis, the company which developed and markets ketamine, and were told that it was necessary for us to submit to the United States Food and Drug Administration (FDA) a "Notice of Claimed Investigational Exemption for a New Drug." In addition, on May 11, Marcia Moore flew to Ann Arbor, Michigan, and conferred for two and a half hours with Dr. Robert Smith, Assistant Director of the Pharmaceutical Division of Parke-Davis.

Acquiring permission to pursue our samadhi therapy turned out to be an exceedingly complex affair during which we found ourselves enmeshed in a weird bureaucratic limbo. After extensive, expensive and exhausting efforts on our part to make our position clear to Parke-Davis and to the FDA, our application to investigate the psychotherapeutic uses of ketamine was finally accepted by the FDA. We were duly informed that we could begin our research on June 19.

Accordingly, early in June Howard resigned his appointment at the United States Public Health Services Hospital in Seattle. We booked patients, organized facilities and prepared to move full steam ahead. Suddenly, the FDA instructed us to halt all proceedings until new information could be gathered. We conscientiously complied with all their requests but remained unable to obtain the least help or cooperation, or even to communicate with the people in charge of our case. It seems ironic that ketamine in the dosages we are using is routinely given to burn patients and pregnant women on the point of delivery, yet we were strongly discouraged from making any effort to explore its psychological effects.

It was not until mid-September that after a long and occasionally bitter fight permission to continue our research was finally granted by the FDA. The matter was referred to the Neuropharmacology Department and reviewed by Dr. Jonas Cole, a psychiatrist in charge of reviewing psychotropic drugs. On September 6, 1978, Dr. Cole called Howard. He was very cordial and during a twenty-minute conversation Howard was able to alleviate the FDA's concern over patient care and safety. At the end of the discussion Dr. Cole said that he would write up the conversation and submit it to Dr. Phillip G. Walters, acting director of the Division of Surgical-Dental Drug Products at the FDA. Dr. Cole said that he would recommend that research permission be granted to carry out our investigation of ketamine therapy. He promised written verification in the near future.

As this book goes to press we are awaiting written confirmation from the FDA with regard to our application for an individual investigator's permit. Since one of the conditions of this application is that "the sponsor assures that clinical studies in humans will not be initiated prior to thirty days after the receipt of the notice by the Food and Drug Administration," we have temporarily suspended our research.

Although we do not know just where and under what conditions, we will be able to resume our samadhi therapy we feel hopeful that the work will proceed with minimal delays. If you, our readers, who are interested in undergoing this high adventure, will write to us in care of Para Research, Whistlestop Mall, Rockport, MA 01966, your applications will be directed to the persons or groups who are currently in a position to see that your requests are honored.

As a final word, we would like to affirm our belief that samadhi therapy will soon be a demonstrable power on this planet. We intend to continue to investigate ketamine's remarkable properties and to give guidance where needed. We pray that people everywhere will use it wisely and well.

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